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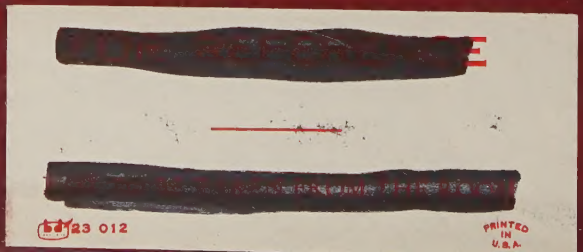

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THE TUDOR TRANSLATIONS

SECOND SERIES

EDITED BY

CHARLES WHIBLEY

XII

SENECA

HIS TENNE TRAGEDIES

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

EDITED BY

THOMAS NEWTON

ANNO 1581

With an Introduction by

T. S. ELIOT

SECOND VOLUME

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THE SIXTE TRAGEDIE OF THE MOST GRAVE AND PRUDENT AUTHOR LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA

ENTITULED TROAS

WITH DIVERS AND SUNDRYE ADDITIONS TO THE SAME, BY JASPER HEYWOOD

TO THE READER

LTHOUGH (Gentle Reader) thou mayst perhaps thinke mee arrogant, for that I onely among so many fine wittes and towardly youth (with which England this day florisheth) have enterprised to set forth in english this present piece of the flowre of all writers, Seneca, as who say, not fearing what graver heads might judge of me, in attempting so hard a thing, yet upon well pondering what next ensueth, I trust both thy selfe shalt cleare thine owne suspicion, and thy chaunged opinion shal judge of me more rightfull sentence. For neither have I taken this worke first in hand, as once entending it should come to light (of well doynge wherof I utterly dispayred) and beynge done but for myne owne private exercise, I am in myne opinion herein blameles, thoughe I have (to prove my selfe) privately taken the part which pleased me best of so excellent an author, for better is tyme spent in the best then other, and at first to attempt the hardest writers, shall make a man more prompt to translate the easier with more facility. But now since by request, and frendship of those, to whom I could denye nothinge, this worke agaynst my will extorted is out of my hands, I needes must crave thy pacience in reading, and facility of judgement: when thou shalt apparently se my witles lacke of learning, prayng thee to consider how hard a thing it is for mee to touch at ful in all poynts the authors mynd, (beyng in many places verye harde and doubtfull,

TO THE READER

and the worke much corrupt by the default of evil printed Bookes) and also how farre above my power to keepe that Grace and majestye of stile, that Seneca doth, when both so excellent a writer hath past the reach of all imitation, and also this our English toung (as many thinke, and I here fynd) is farre unable to compare with the Latten : but thou (good Reader) if I in any place have swerved from the true sence, or not kept the roialty of speach, meete for a Tragedie, impute the one to my youth and lacke of iudgement : the other to my lacke of Eloquence. Now as concerninge sondrye places augmented and some altered in this my translation. First forasmuch as this worke seemed unto mee in some places unperfite, whether left so of the Author, or parte of it loste, as tyme devoureth all thinges, I wot not, I have (where I thought good) with addition of myne owne Penne supplied the wante of some thynges, as the firste Chorus, after the first acte begynninge thus, O ye to whom etc. Also in the seconde Acte I have added the speache of Achilles Spright, rysyng from Hell to require the Sacrifyce of Polyxena begynning in this wyse, Forsakinge now, etc. Agayne the three laste staves of the Chorus after the same Acte : and as for the thyrde Chorus which in Seneca beginneth thus, Que vocat sedes ? For as much as nothing is therein but a heaped number of farre and straunge Countries, considerynge with my selfe, that the names of so manye unknowen Countreyes, Mountaynes, Desertes, and Woodes, shoulde have no grace in the Englishe tounge, but bee a straunge and unpleasant thinge to the Readers (excepte I should expound the Historyes of each one, which would be farre to tedious,) I have in the place therof made another, beginninge in this manner, O Jove that leadst, etc. Which alteration may be borne withall, seynge that Chorus is no part of the substaunce of the matter. In the rest I have for my slender learninge endevored to keepe touch with the Latten, not worde for woorde or verse for verse, as to expounde it, but neglectynge the placinge of the wordes, observed their sence. Take Gentle Reader this in good woorth with all

his faultes, favour my first beginninges, and amende rather with good will such things as herein are amisse, then to deprave or discommende my labour and paynes, for the faultes, seyng that I have herein, but onelye made waye to other that canne farre better doe this or like, desiryng them that as they can, so they would. Farewel gentle Reader and accept my good will

THE ARGUMENT

The ten yeares siege of Troy, who list to heare,
And of thaffayres that there befell in fight:
Reade ye the workes that long since written were,
Of all Thassaultes, and of that latest night,
When Turrets toppes in Troy they blased bright.
Good Clerkes they were that have it written well,
As for this worke, no word therof doth tell.

But Dares Phrygian, well can all report,
With Dictis eke of Crete in Greekish toung
And Homer telles, to Troye the Greekes resort
In scanned verse, and Maro hath it song
Ech one in writ hath pend a stoary long,
Who doubtes of ought, and casteth care to knowe
These antique Authors, shal the story showe,

The ruines twayne of Troy, the cause of each,
The glittering helmes, in fieldes the Banners spread,
Achilles yres, and Hectors fightes they teach.
There may the jestes of many a Knight be read:
Patroclus, Pyrrhus, Ajax, Diomed,
With Troylus, Parys, many other more,
That day by day, there fought in field full sore.

And how the Grekes at end an engine made:
A hugie horse where many a warlike Knight
Enclosed was: the Trojans to invade
With Sinons craft, when Greekes had fayned flight,
While close they lay at Tenedos from sight,
Or how Eneas els as other say,
And false Antenor did the towne betray.

THE ARGUMENT

But as for me I naught therof endight,
Myne Author hath not all that story pend:
My pen his wordes in English must resight,
Of latest woes that fell on Troy at end,
What finall fates the cruell God could send.
And how the Greekes when Troy was burnt gan wreake
Their ire on Trojans, therof shall I speake.

Not I with spere who pearced was in fielde,
Whose throate there cutte, or head ycorved was
Ne bloudshed blowes, that rent both targe and shield
Shal I resight, all that I overpasse.
The worke I wryght more woeful is alas,
For I the mothers teares must here complayne,
And bloud of babes, that giltles have bene slayne

And such as yet could never weapon wreast,
But on the lap are wont to dandled bee,
Ne yet forgotten had the mothers breast,
How Greekes them slew (alas) here shall ye see
To make report therof ay woe is mee,
My song is mischiefe, murder, misery,
And hereof speakes this doleful tragedy.

Thou fury fel that from the deepest den
Couldst cause this wrath of hell on Troy to light,
That worckest woe guyde thou my hand and pen,
In weeping verse of sobbes and sighes to wryght,
As doth myne author them bewayle aright:
Helpe woefull muse for mee besemeth wel
Of others teares, with weeping eye to tell.

When battered were to ground the towres of Troy
In writ as auncient authors do resight,
And Greekes agayne repayrde to Seas with joy,
Up riseth here from hel Achilles Spright,
Vengeance he craves with bloud his death to quight.
Whom Paris had in Phœbus temple slayne,
With guile betrapt for love of Polyxeine.

THE ARGUMENT

And wrath of hel there is none other pryce
That may asswage : but bloud of her alone
Polyxena he craves for sacrifyce,
With threatninges on the Grecians many one
Except they shed her bloud before they gone.
The Sprightes the hell, and depest pittes beneath,
O Virgin dere, (alas) do thrust thy death.

And Hectors sonne, Astyanax (alas)
Pore seely foole his Mothers onely joy,
Is judged to die by sentence of Calchas
Alas the whyle, to death is led the boy,
And tumbled downe from Turrets tops in Troy.
What ruthful teares may serve to wayle the woe
Of Hectors wyfe that doth her child forgoe.

Her pinching pange of hart who may expresse,
But such as of like woes, have borne a part ?
Or who bewayle her ruthful heavines
That never yet hath felt therof the smart ?
Ful well they wot the woes of heavy hart.
What is to leese a babe from mothers breast,
They know that are in such a case distrest.

First how the Queene lamentes the fall of Troy,
As hath mine author done, I shall it wryght :
Next how from Hectors wyfe they led the boy
To die, and her complayntes I shall resight,
The maydens death then I must last endight.
Now who that liste the Queenes complaint to here,
In following verse it shall forthwith appeare.

THE SPEAKERS NAMES

Hecuba Queene of Troy.
A company of women.
Talthybius a Grecian.
Agamemnon King of Greeks.
Astyanax.
Nuncius.
Calchas.
Pyrrhus.
Chorus.
Andromacha.
An old man Trojan.
Ulysses.
Helena.
The Spright of Achilles.

TROAS

THE FIRST ACTE

HECUBA

HO so in pompe of prowde estate, or kingdome sets delight:
Or who that joyes in Princes courte to beare the sway of might.
Ne dreads the fates which from above the wavering Gods downe flinges:
But fast affiance fixed hath, in frayle and fickle thinges:
Let him in me both se the Face, of Fortunes flattering joy:
And eke respect the ruthful end of thee (O ruinous Troy)
For never gave shee playner proofe, then this ye present see:
How frayle and britle is the state of pride and high degree,
The flowre of flowring Asia, loe whose fame the heavens resound,
The Worthy worke of Gods above, is batered downe to ground.
And whose assaultes they sought afar, from West with Banners spred
Where Tanais cold her braunches seven, abroad the world doth shed.
With hugie host and from the East, where springes the newest dea,
Where Lukewarme Tygris channell runnes, and meetes the ruddy sea.
And which from wandring land of Scythe, the band of widowes sought:
With fire and sworde thus battered be her Turrets downe to nought.
The walles but late of high renowne lo here their ruinous fall:
The buildinges burne, and flashing flame, swepes through the pallas al.
Thus every house ful hie it smoakes, of old Assarackes lande:
Ne yet the flames withholdes from spoyle, the greedy Victors hand,
The surging smoake, the asure skye, and light hath hid away:
And (as with cloude beset) Troyes Ashes staynes the dusky day.

THE SIXTH TRAGEDY

Through pearst with ire and greedy of hart, the victor from a farre
Doth view the long assaulted Troy, the gaine of ten yeares warre,
And eke the miseryes therof abhorres to looke uppon,
And though he se it yet scant himselfe, believes might be wonne,
The spoyles thereof with greedy hand they snatch and beare awaye :
A thousand shippes would not receive aboorde so huge a pray.
The yreful might I do protest of Gods adverse to mee,
My countryes dust, and Troyan King I call to witnes thee,
Whom Troy now hydes, and underneath the stones art overtrode :
With al the Gods that guides the Ghost, and Troy that lately stoode.
And you also you flocking Ghostes of al my children dere :
Ye lesser Sprightes what ever ill, hath hapned to us here.
What ever Phœbus watrish face, in fury hath foresayde :
At raging rise from seas when earst, the monsters had him frayde.
In childbed bandes I saw it yore, and wist it should be so :
And I in vayne before Cassandra told it long agoe.
Not false Ulysses kindled hath these fires, nor none of his :
Nor yet decepytful Sinons craft, that hath bene cause of this.
My fyre it is wherwith ye burne, and Parys is the brand
That smoaketh in thy towres (O Troy) the flowre of Phrygian land.
But ay (alas) unhappy age, why dost thou yet so sore
Bewayle thy Countries fatall fall, thou knewest it long before :
Behold thy last calamityes, and them bewayle with teares :
Account as old Troys overturne, and past by many yeares,
I saw the slaughter of the King, and how he lost his life :
By Th' aulter side (more mischiefe was) with stroake of Pyrrhus knife
When in his hand he wound his lockes, and drew the King to ground,
And hid to hiltes his wicked sword, in deepe and deadly wound.
Which when the gored King had tooke, as willing to bee slayne,
Out of the old mans throate he drew his bloudy blade agayne.
Not pitty of his yeares (alas) in mans extreamest age :
From slaughter might his hand withhold, ne yet his yre asswage :
The Gods are witnes of the same, and eake the sacrifyes,
That in his kingdome holden was, that flat on ground now lies.
The father of so many Kings Pryam of auncient name,
Untombed lieth and wants in blase of Troy his funerall flame.

Ne yet the Gods are wreakt, but loe his Sonnes and daughters all,
Such Lordes they serve as doth by chance of lot to them befall.
Whom shall I follow now for pray ? or where shall I be led ?
There is perhaps amonge the Greekes that Hectors wyfe wil wed.
Some man desyres Helenus spouse, some would Antenors have,
And in the Greekes their wantes not some that would Cassandra crave :
But I (alas) most woeful wight whom no man seekes to chuse,
I am the only refuge left, and me they cleane refuse.
Ye careful captive company, why stints your woful crye ?
Beate on your breastes and piteously complayne with voyce so hye,
As meete may be for Troyes estate, let your complayntes rebound
In toppes of Trees : and cause the hills to ring with terible sounde.

THE SECOND SCENE

THE WOMAN. HECUBA

Not folke unapt, nor new to weepe (O Queene)
Thou wilst to wayle by practise are wee taught,
For all these yeares in such case have we bene,
Since first the Troyan guest, Amiclas soughte
And saild the Seas, that led him on his way
With sacred ship, to Cibell dedicate
From whence he brought his unrepyning pray,
The cause (alas) of all this dire debate,
Ten tymes now hydde the hilles of Idey bee,
With snowe of Sylver hew all over layd.
And bared is, for Troyan rages each tree,
Ten tymes in field, the harvest man afrayde,
The spikes of Corne hath reapt, since never day
His wayling wantes new cause renewes our woe.
Lift up thy hand, (O Queene) crie well away :
We follow thee, we are wel taught thereto.
Hec. Ye faythful fellowes of your casualty,
Untie thattyre, that on your heads ye weare,
And as behoveth state of misery,
Let fall aboute your woeful neckes your hayre.

In dust of Troy rub all your armes about,
In slacker weede and let your breastes be tyed
Downe to your bellies, let your limmes lye out,
For what wedlocke should you your bosomes hyde ?
Your garmentes loose, and have in readines
Your furious handes uppon your breast to knocke.
This habite well beseemeth our distresse,
It pleaseth me. I know the Troyan flocke :
Renew agayne your longe accustomde cryes,
And more then earst lament your miseryes.
We bewayle Hector.
Wo Our hayre we have untide, now every chone,
All rent for sorrow of our cursed cace,
Our lockes out spreads, the knottes we have undone
And in these ashes stayned is our face.
Hec. Fill up your handes and make therof no spare,
For this yet lawful is from Troy to take :
Let downe your garmentes from your shoulders bare,
And suffer not your clamour so to slake.
Your naked breastes wayte for your handes to smight,
Now dolor deepe now sorrow shew thy might :
Make all the coastes that compas Troy about
Witnes the sounde of all your careful crye,
Cause from the Caves the eccho to cast out :
Rebounding voyce of all your misery :
Not as she wontes, the latter word to sound
But all your woe from farre let it rebound :
Let al the Seas it heare, and eke the land,
Spare not your breastes with heavy stroake to strike,
Beate ye your selves, ech one with cruell hand
For yet your wonted crie doth me not like.
We bewayle Hector.
Wo. Our naked armes, thus here we rent for thee,
And bloudy shoulders, (Hector) thus we teare :
Thus with our fistes, our heades lo beaten bee
And all for thee, behold we hale our heare,
Our dugges alas, with mothers hands be torne,
And where the flesh is wounded round about

Which for thy sake, we rent thy death to morne
The flowing streames of bloud, they spring thereout.
Thy countres shore, and destinies delay.
And thou to wearied Trojans wast an ayde,
A wall thou wast, and on thy shoulders Troy
Ten yeres it stode, on thee alone it staide,
With thee it fell : and fatall day alas
Of Hector both, and Troy but one there was.
Hec. Enough hath Hector : turne your plaint and mone
And shed your teares for Pryame every chone.
Wo. Receive our plaintes, O lord of Phrigian land
And old twise captive king, receive our feare,
While thou wert king Troy hurtles then could stand
Though shaken twise, with Grecian sword it weare,
And twise did shot of Hercles quiver beare,
At latter losse of Hecubes sonnes all
And roges for kings, that high on piles we reare :
Thou father shutst our latest funerall.
And beaten downe, to Jove for sacrifies.
Like liveles blocke, in Troy thy carkas lies.
Hec. Yet turne ye once your teares another way,
My pryams death should not lamented be.
O Troyans all, ful happy is Pryame say,
For free from bondage, downe descended hee,
To the lowest Ghoste : and never shall sustayne
His Captive necke with Greekes to yoked bee.
Hee never shal behold the Atrids twayne
Nor false Ulisses ever shall he see,
Not hee a pray for Greekes to triumph at.
His necke shall subject to their conquestes beare
Ne geve his handes to tye behynde his backe,
That to the rule of Scepters wonted weare,
Nor following Agamemnons chare, in bande
Shall he bee pompe, to proude Mycenas land.
Wo. Ful happy Pryame is, each one wee say
That toke with him his Kingdome then that stoode
Now safe in shade, he seekes the wandring way,
And treads the pathes of all Elizius wood,

And in the blessed Sprightes, ful happy hee,
Agayne there seekes to meete with Hectors Ghost.
Happy Pryam, happy who so may see,
His Kingdome all, at once with him be lost.

CHORUS ADDED TO THE TRAGEDY BY THE TRANSLATOR

O ye to whom the Lord of Lande and Seas,
Of Life and Death, hath graunted here the powre,
Lay downe your lofty lookes, your pride appeas,
The crowned King fleeth not his fatall howre.
Who so thou be that leadst thy land alone,
Thy life was limite from thy mothers wombe,
Not purple robe, not Glorious glittering throne,
Ne crowne of Gold redeemes thee from the tombe :
A King he was that wayting for the vayle,
Of him that slew the Minotaure in fight :
Begilde with blacknes of the wonted saile
In seas him sonke, and of his name they hight.
So he that wild, to win the golden spoyle
And first with ship, by seas to seeke renowne,
In lesser wave, at length to death gan boyle,
And thus the daughters, brought their father downe :
Whose songes, the woodes hath drawen, and rivers held,
And birdes to heare his notes, did theirs forsake,
In peece meale throwne, amid the Thracian field,
Without returne hath sought the Stigian lake.
They sit above, that holde our life in line,
And what we suffer downe they fling from hie,
No carke, no care, that ever may untwine
The thrids, that woven are above the skie,
As witnes he that sometyme King of Greece,
Had Jason thought in drenching seas to drowne,
Who scapt both death and gaind the Golden fleece,
Whom fates advaunce, there may no powre plucke downe
The highest God sometyme that Saturne hight
His fall him taught to credite their decrees

The rule of heavens : he lost it by their might,
And Jove his sonne now turnes the rolling Skies.
Who weneth here to win eternall welth,
Let him behold this present perfite proofe.
And learne the secrete stoppe of chaunces stelth,
Most nere alas, when most it seemes aloofe.
In slipper joy let no man put his trust :
Let none dispayre that heavy haps hath past :
The swete with sowre she mingleth as she lust
Whose doubtful web pretendeth nought to last.
Frailtie is the thride, that Clothoes rocke hath sponne,
Now from the Distaffe drawne now knapt in twaine
With all the world at length his end he wonne,
Whose works have wrought, his name should great remaine
And he whose travels twelve, his name display,
That feared nought the force of worldly hurt,
In fine (alas) hath found his fatall daye,
And died with smart of Dianyraes shurt.
If prowes might eternity procure,
Then Priam yet should live in lyking lust,
Ay portly pompe of pryde thou art unsure,
Lo learne by him, O Kinges yee are but dust.
And Hecuba that wayleth now in care,
That was so late of high estate a Queene,
A mirrour is to teach you what you are
Your wavering wealth, O Princes here is seene.
Whom dawne of day hath seene in high estate
Before Sunnes set, (alas) hath had his fall :
The Cradels rocke, appoyntes the life his date
From setled joy, to sodayne funerall.

THE SECOND ACTE

The Spright of Achilles added to the Tragedy by the Translator

THE FIRST SCENE

ORSAKING now the place tenebrouse,
And deepe dennes of thinfernall region
From all the shadowes of illusious
That wander there the pathes ful many one
Lo, here am I returned al alone,
The same Achil whose fierce and heavy hande
Of al the world no wight might yet withstand.

What man so stout of al the Grecians host,
That hath not sometyme crav'd Achilles aide,
And in the Troyans, who of prowes most
That hath not feard to see my Banner splaide ?
Achilles lo, hath made them all affrayde.
And in the Greekes hath bene a piller post,
That sturdy stode agaynst their Troyan host.

Where I have lackt the Grecians went to wracke,
Troy proved hath what Achills sword could doe,
Where I have come the Troyans fled a backe,
Retyring fast from field their walles unto :
No man that might Achilles stroke fordoe
I dealt such stripes amid the Trojan route,
That with their bloud I staynd the fields aboute.

Mighty Memnon that with his Persian band,
Would Pryams part with all might mayntayne,

Lo now he lyeth and knoweth Achilles hand,
Amid the field is Troylus also slayne.
Ye Hector great, whom Troy accompted playne
The flowre of chivalry that might be found,
All of Achilles had theyr mortall wound.

But Paris lo, such was his false deceipt,
Pretending maryage of Polixeine,
Behynd the aulter lay for me in wayte
Where I unwares have falne into the trayne
And in Appolloes church he hath me slayne,
Wherof the Hel will now just vengeance have,
And here agayne, I come my right to crave.

The deepe Averne my rage may not sustayne,
Nor beare the angers of Achilles spright.
From Acheront I rent the spoyle in twayne,
And though the ground I grate agayne to sight:
Hell could not hide Achilles from the light,
Vengeance and bloud doth Orcus pit require,
To quench the furies of Achilles yre.

The hatefull land, that worse then Tartare is
And burning thrust excedes of Tantalus,
I here beholde againe, and Troy is this
O, travell worse, then stone of Sisyphus
And paines that passe the panges of Tityus
To light more lothsome furie hath me sent
Then hooked wheele, that Ixions flesh doth rent.

Remembred is alowe where sprites do dwell
The wicked slaughter wrought by wyly way.
Not yet revenged hath the deepest hell,
Achilles bloud on them that did him slay
But now of vengeance come the yrefull day
And darkest dennes of Tartare from beneath
Conspire the fautes, of them that wrought my death.

THE SIXTH TRAGEDY

Now mischiefe, murder, wrath of hell draweth nere,
And dyre Phlegethon floud doth bloud require :
Achilles death shall be revenged here
With slaughter such as Stygian lakes desyre :
Her daughters bloud shall slake the spirites yre,
Whose sonne we slew, whereof doth yet remayne,
The wrath beneath, and hell shalbe their payne.

From burning lakes the furies wrath I threate,
And fire that nought but streames of bloud may slake
The rage of winde and seas their shippes shall beate,
And Ditis deepe on you shall vengeance take,
The sprites crie out, the earth and seas do quake,
The poole of Styx ungratefull Greekes it seath,
With slaughtred bloud revenge Achilles death.

The soyle doth shake to beare my heavy foote
And fearth agayne the sceptors of my hand,
The pooles with stroake of thunderclap ring out,
The doubtful starres amid their course do stand,
And fearfull Phœbus hides his blasing brande
The trembling lakes agaynst their course do flite,
For dread and terrour of Achilles spright.

Great is the raunsome ought of due to mee,
Wherwith ye must the sprightes and hell appease,
Polyxena shal sacrifysed be,
Upon my tombe, their yreful wrath to please,
And with her bloud ye shall asswage the seas,
Your ships may not returne to Greece agayne
Til on my tombe Polyxena be slayne.

And for that she should then have bene my wyfe,
I wil that Pyrrhus render her to mee,
And in such solemne sort bereave her life,
As ye are wont the weddings for to see,
So shal the wrath of Hel appeased bee,
Nought els but this may satisfy our yre,
Her wil I have and her I you require.

THE SECOND SCENE

TALTHIBIUS. CHORUS

Alas how long the lingring Greekes in haven do make delay,
When eyther warre by seas they seeke or home to passe theyr way.
Ch. Why, shew what cause doth hold your ships ? and Grecian navy stayes,
Declare if any of the Gods have stopt your homeward wayes.
Tal. My mynd is mas'd, my trembling sinewes quake and are affeard,
For straunger newes of truth then these I thinke were never heard.
Lo I my selfe have playnly seene in dawning of the day,
When Phœbus first gan to approch and drive the starres away,
The earth all shaken sodaynly and from the hollow grownde
My thought I hard with roaryng crye a deepe and dreadful sound:
That shoke the woods, and al the trees rong out with thunder stroke,
From Ida hils downe fel the stones, the mountayne toppes were broke.
And not the earth hath onely quakt, but all the Sea likewyse.
Achilles presence felt and knew, and high the surges ryse,
The cloven ground Erebus pittes then shewd and deepest dennes,
That downe to Gods that guyde beneath, the way appeard from hence,
Then shoke the tombe from whence anone in flame of fiery light,
Appeareth from the hollow caves Achilles noble spright.
As wonted he his Thracian armes and banners to disploy
And weild his weighty weapons wel agaynst thassaultes of Troy,
The same Achilles seemde he than that he was wont to bee
Amid the hostes and easly could I know that this was hee.
With carkasse slayne in furious fight, that stopt and fild each floude,
And who with slaughter of his hand made Xanthus runne with bloud.
As when in Chariot high he sate with lofty stomacke stoute,
Whyle Hector both and Troy at once he drew the walles aboute.
Alowd he cride, and every coast rang with Achilles sound,
And thus with hollow voyce he spake, from bottom of the ground.

The Greekes shal not with litle pryce redeeme Achilles yre,
A princely raunsome must they geve, for so the fates require :
Unto my ashes Polyxene spoused shal here be slayne
By Pyrrhus hand, and al my tombe her bloud shal overstayne.
This sayd, he strayght sanke downe agayne to Plutoes deepe region,
The earth then cloasd, the hollow caves were vanished and gon,
Therwith the wether waxed clere, the raging wyndes did slake,
The tombling seas began to rest and al the tempest brake.

THE THIRD SCENE

PYRRHUS. AGAMEMNON. CALCHAS

What tyme our sayles we should have spread, uppon Sygeon Seas,
With swift returne from long delay, to seeke our homeward wayes.
Achilles rose whose onely hand, hath geven Greekes the spoyle
Of Troia sore annoyde by him, and leveld with the soyle,
With speede requiting his abode and former long delay,
At Scyros yle, and Lesbos both amid the Ægæon sea.
Til he came here in doubt it stoode of fall or sure estate,
Then though ye hast to graunt his wil ye shall it geve to late.
Now have the other captaynes all the pryce of their manhood,
What els reward for his prowesse then her al onely blood ?
Are his desertes think you but light, that when he might have fled,
And passing Pelyus yeares in peace, a quiet life have led,
Detected yet his mothers craftes, forsooke his womans weede,
And with his weapons prov'd himselfe a manly man indeede :
The King of Mysya, Telephos that woulde the Greekes withstand,
Comming to Troy, forbidding us the passage of his land :
To late repenting to have felt Achilles heavy stroke,
Was glad to crave his health agayne where he his hurt had tooke :
For when his sore might not be salv'd as told Apollo playne,
Except the speare that gave the hurte, restoared help agayne.
Achilles plasters cur'd his cuttes, and sav'd the King alive :
His hand both might and mercy knew to slay and then revyve.
When Thebes fel : Eetion saw it and might it not withstand,
The captive King could nought redresse the ruin of his land.

Lyrnesus litle likewyse felt his hand and downe it fill,
With ruine overturned like from top of haughty hil.
And taken Bryseys land it is and prisoner is she caught
The cause of strife betweene the Kinges is Chryses come to naught.
Tenedos yle wel knowne by fame and fertile soyle he tooke
That fostreth fat the Thracian flockes and sacred Cilla shooke.
What bootes to blase the brute of him whom trumpe of fame doth show,
Through all the coastes where Caicus floud with swelling stream doth flow?
The ruthful ruine of these realmes so many townes bet downe,
Another man would glory count and worthy great renowne.
But thus my father made his way and these his journeys are,
And battayles many one he fought whyle warre he doth prepare.
As wisht I may his merits more shall yet not this remayne.
Wel knowne and counted prayse enough that he hath Hector slayne
Duryng whose life the Grecians al might never take the towne,
My father onely vanquist Troy, and you have pluct it downe.
Rejoyce I may your parentes prayse and brute abroade his actes,
It seemeth the sonne to follow well his noble fathers facts,
In sight of Priam Hector slayne, and Memnon both they lay,
With heavy cheere his parentes wayld to mourne his dying day.
Himselfe abhord his handy worke in sight that had them slayne,
The Sonnes of Goddes Achilles knew were borne to die agayne.
The woman queene of Amazons that grev'd the Greekes ful sore
Is turnd to flight then ceast our feare wee dread their bowes no more.
If ye wel waigh his worthynes Achilles ought to have
Though he from Argos or Mycenas would a Virgin crave,
Doubt ye herein? allow ye not that straight his wil be done.
And count ye cruel Pryams bloud to geve to Peleus sonne?
For Helen sake your owne childes bloud appeasd Dianas yre
A wonted thing and done ere this it is that I require.
Ag. The onely fault of youth it is not to refraine his rage
The Fathers bloud already sturres in Pryams wanton age:
Somtime Achilles grievous checkes I bare with pacient hart,
The more thou mayst, the more thou oughtst to suffer in good part
Wherto would yee with slaughtred bloud a noble spirit stayne?
Thinke what is meete the Greekes to do, and Troyans to sustayne.

THE SIXTH TRAGEDY

The proude estate of tyranny may never long endure.
The King that rules with modest meane of safety may be sure.
The higher step of princely state that fortune hath us signd
The more behov'th a happy man humility of mynd
And dread the chaunge that chaunce may bring, whose gifts so sone be lost
And chiefly then to feare the Gods, whyle they the favour most.
In beating downe that warre hath wonne, by proofe I have ben taught,
What pompe and pride in twinke of eye, may fall and come to naught.
Troy made me fierce and proude of mynde, Troy makes me frayd withal:
The Grekes now stand wher Troy late fel, ech thing may have his fal.
Sometyme I graunt I did my selfe, and Sceptors proudly beare,
The thing that might advaunce my hart makes me the more to feare
Thou Priam perfit proofe presentst thou art to mee eftsones:
A cause of pride, a glasse of feare a mirrour for the nones,
Should I accoumpt the sceptors ought but glorious vanity
Much like the borowed brayded hayre, the face to beautify.
One sodayne chaunce may turne to naught, and mayme the might of men
With fewer then a thousand shippes, and yeares in lesse then ten.
Not she that guydes the slipper wheele of fate, doth so delay:
That she to al possession grauntes, of ten yeares setled stay.
With leave of Greece I wil confesse, I would have wonne the towne
But not with ruine thus extreme to see it beaten downe.
But loe the battel made by night and rage of fervent mynd,
Could not abyde the brydling bitte that reason had assignd.
The happy sword once staind with blood unsatiable is,
And in the darke the fervent rage doth strike thee more amis.
Now are we wreakt on Troy so much let all that may remayne.
A Virgin borne of Princes bloud for offring to be slayne
And geven be to stayne the tombe and ashes of the ded,
And under name of wedlocke see the guiltles bloud be shed,
I wil not graunt for myne should bee thereof both fault and blame,
Who when he may, forbiddeth not offence: doth wil the same.

Pyr. And shall his sprights have no reward their angers to appeyse ?
Aga. Yes very great, for all the world shall celebrate his prayse,
And landes unknowen that never saw the man so praysd by fame,
Shall heare and kepe for many yeares the glory of his name.
If bloudshed vayle his ashes ought strike of an Oxes hed,
And let no bloud that may be cause of mothers teares, be shed.
What furious fransy may this be that doth your will so leade,
This earnest carefull suite to make in travayle for the dead ?
Let not such envy towarde your father in your heart remayne,
That for his sacrifice yee would procure an others payne.
Pyr. Proude tirant, while prosperity thy stomacke doth advaunce,
And cowardly wretch that shrinks for feare in case of fearefull chaunce.
Is yet agayne thy breast enflamde, with brand of Venus might ?
Wilt thou alone so oft deprive Achilles of his right ?
This hand shall give the sacrifice, the which if thou withstand
A greater slaughter shall I make, and worthy Pyrrhus hand.
And now to long from Princes slaughter doth my hand abide,
And meete it were that Polyxene were layde by Priams side.
Aga. I not deny, but Pyrrhus chiefe renowne in warre is this,
That Pryam slaine with cruell sworde, to your father humbled is.
Pyr. My fathers foes we have them known, submit themselves humbly,
And Pryam presently yee wot, was glad to crave mercy.
But thou for feare not stout to rule, liest close from foes up shit :
While thou to Ajax, and Ulysses, dost thy will commit.
Aga. But needes I must, and will confesse, your father did not feare :
When burnt our fleete with Hectors brands, and Greeks they slaughtred weare.
While loytring then a loofe he lay, unmindfull of the fight,
In steede of armes with scratch of quill, his sounding harp to smight.
Pyr. Great Hector then despising thee, Achilles songes did feare :
And Thessale ships in greatest dread, in quiet peace yet weare.
Aga. For why aloofe the Thessale fleete, they lay from Troyans handes,
And well your father might have rest, he felt not Hectors brandes.

PYR. Well seemes a noble king to give an other king reliefe.
AGA. Why hast thou then a worthy king berieved of his life ?
PYR. A poinct of mercy sometime is, what lives in care to kill.
AGA. But now your mercy mooveth you a virgins death to will.
PYR. Account yee cruell now her death whose sacrifice I crave.
Your own deere daughter once yee knowe, your selfe to th'aulters gave.
AGA. Naught els could save the Greekes from seas, but th' only bloud of her :
A king before his children ought, his countrey to prefer.
PYR. The law doth spare no captives bloud nor wil'th their death to stay.
AGA. That which the law doth not forbid, yet shame doth oft say nay.
PYR. The conquerour what thing he list, may lawfully fulfill.
AGA. So much the lesse he ought to list, that may do what he will.
PYR. Thus boast ye these as though in all ye onely bare the stroke :
When Pyrrhus loosed hath the greekes, from bond of ten yeres yoke.
AGA. Hath Seyros yle such stomaks bred ? PYR. No bretherns wrath it knoes.
AGA. Beset about it is with wave. PYR. The seas it do enclose.
Thyestes noble stocke I know and Atreus eke full well,
And of the bretherns dire debate, perpetuall fame doth tell.
AGA. And thou a bastard of a mayde, defloured prively.
Whom (then a boy) Achilles gat, in filthy lechery.
PYR. The same Achill that doth possesse, the raigne of Gods above,
With Thetys seas : with Æacus sprights, the starred heaven with Jove.
AGA. The same Achilles that was slaine, by stroke of Paris hande.
PYR. The same Achilles, whom no god, durst ever yet withstand.
AGA. The stoutest man I rather would his checkes he should refraine
I could them tame, but all your bragges, I can full well sustaine.
For even the captives spares my sword : let Calchas called be.
If destynies require her bloud, I will thereto agree.
Calchas whose counsel rulde our ships, and navy hither brought,
Unlookst the poale and hast by arte the secretes thereof sought,
To whome the bowelles of the beast, to whom the thunder clap,
And blasyng starre with flaming traine, betokeneth what shall hap.

Whose words with dearest price I bought, now tell us by what meane
The will of Gods agreeth that we returne to Greece againe.
CAL. The fates apoint the Greekes to buy their waies with wonted price.
And with what cost ye came to Troy, ye shal repayre to Greece.
With bloud ye came, with bloud ye must from hence returne againe,
And where Achilles ashes lieth, the virgin shal be slaine,
In seemely sort of habite, such as maydens wont ye see,
Of Thessalie, or Mycenas els, what time they wedded be.
With Pyrrhus hand she shal be slaine, of right it shalbe so
And meete it is that he the sonne, his fathers right should do.
But not this onely stayeth our shippes, our sayles may not be spred,
Before a worthier bloud then thine, (Polixena) be shed,
Which thirst the fates, for Priames nephew, Hectors litle boy:
The Grekes shal tumble hedlonge down, from highest towre in Troy.
Let him there die, this onely way ye shal the gods appeas,
Then spread your thousand sayles with joy ye neede not feare the seas.

CHORUS

May this be true, or doth the Fable fayne,
When corps is deade the Sprite to live as yet?
When Death our eies with heavy hand doth strain,
And fatall day our leames of light hath shet,
And in the Tombe our ashes once be set,
Hath not the soule likewyse his funerall,
But still (alas) do wretches live in thrall?

Or els doth all at once togeather die?
And may no part his fatal howre delay.
But with the breath the soule from hence doth flie?
And eke the Cloudes to vanish quite awaye,
As danky shade fleeth from the poale by day?
And may no jote escape from desteny,
When once the brand hath burned the body?

What ever then the ryse of Sunne may see,
And what the West that sets the Sunne doth know.
In all Neptunus raygne what ever bee,
That restless Seas do wash and overflow,
With purple waves stil tombling to and fro.
Age shal consume : each thing that livth shal die,
With swifter race then Pegasus doth flie.

And with what whirle, the twyse sixe signes do flie,
With course as swift as rector of the Spheares,
Doth guide those glistering Globes eternally.
And Hecate her chaunged hornes repeares,
So drauth on death, and life of each thing weares,
And never may the man returne to sight
That once hath felt the stroke of Parcas might.

For as the fume that from the fyre doth passe,
With tourne of hand doth vanish out of sight
And swifter then the Northren Boreas
With whirling blaste and storme of raging might,
Drivth farre away and puttes the cloudes to flight,
So fleeth the sprighte that rules our life away,
And nothing taryeth after dying day.

Swift is the race we ronne, at hand the marke
Lay downe your hope, that wayte here ought to win,
And who dreads ought, cast of thy carefull carke :
Wilt thou it wot what state thou shalt be in,
When dead thou art as thou hadst never bin.
For greedy tyme it doth devoure us all,
The world it swayes to Chaos heape to fall.

Death hurtes the Corpes and spareth not the spright,
And as for all the dennes of Tænare deepe,
With Cerberus kingdome darke that knowes no light,
And streightest gates, that he there sittes to keepe,
They Fancies are that follow folke by sleepe
Such rumors vayne, but fayned lies they are,
And fables like the dreames in heavy care.

THESE THREE STAVES FOLLOWING ARE ADDED BY THE TRANSLATOUR

O dreadful day, alas, the sory time.
Is come of all the mothers ruthful woe,
Astianax (alas) thy fatal line
Of life is worne, to death strayght shalt thou goe,
The sisters have decreed it should be so,
There may no force (alas) escape there hand,
There mighty Jove their will may not withstand.

To se the mother, her tender child forsake,
What gentle hart that may from teares refrayne
Or who so fierce that would no pity take,
To see (alas) this guiltles infant slayne,
For sory hart the teares myne eyes do stayne
To thinke what sorrow shall her hart oppresse,
Her litle child to leese remedilesse.

The double cares of Hectors wife to wayle,
Good Ladies have your teares in readines,
And you with whom should pity most prevayle,
Rue on her griefe : bewayle her heavines.
With sobbing hart, lament her deepe distresse,
When she with teares shall take leave of her son,
And now (good Ladies) heare what shall be done.

THE THIRD ACTE

ANDROMACHA. SENEX. ULISSES

ALAS ye careful company, why hale ye thus your hayres ?
Why beate you so your boyling breasts and stayne your eyes with tears ?
The fall of Troy is new to you but unto me not so,
I have foreseene this careful case ere this tyme long agoe
When fierce Achilles Hector slew and drew the Corpes aboute
Then then me thought I wist it well, that Troy should come to naught
In sorrowes sonke I senceles am and wrapt (alas) in woe,
But sone except this babe me held, to Hector would I goe :
This seely foole my stomacke tames amid my misery,
And in the howre of heaviest happes permittes me not to die,
This onely cause constraynes me yet the gods for him to pray
With tract of tyme prolonges my payne, delayes my dying day :
He takes from me the lacke of feare the onely fruit of ill.
For while he lives yet have I left wherof to feare me still.
No place is left for better chaunce with worst wee are opprest
To feare (alas) and see no hope is worst of all the rest.

SEN. What sodayne feare thus moves your mynd, and vexeth you so sore ?

AND. Stil stil (alas) of one mishap there ryseth more and more,
Nor yet the doleful destenies of Troy be come to end.

SEN. And what more grievous chaunces yet prepare the Gods to send ?

AND. The caves and dennes of hel be rent for Troyans greater feare,
And from the bottoms of their tombes the hidden sprightes appeare.

May none but Greekes alone from hel returne to life agayne ?
Would God the fates would finish soone the sorrowes I sustayne.
Death thankful were, a common care the Troyans all oppresse,
But me (alas) amaseth most the feareful heavines.
That all astonied am for dreade, and horrour of the sight :
That in my sleepe appeard to mee by dreame this latter night.
Sen. Declare what sightes your dream hath shewd, and tell what doth you feare.
And. Two parts of al the silent night almost then passed were,
And then the cleare seven clustered beams of starres were fallen to rest,
And first the sleepe so long unknowne my wearyed eyes opprest.
If this be sleepe the astonied mase of mynd in heavy moode,
When sodaynly before myne eyes the spright of Hector stoode.
Not like as he the Greekes was wont to battail to require :
Or when amid the Grecians shippes, he threw the brandes of fyre.
Nor such as raging on the Trees, with slaughtring stroake had slayne
And bare indeede the spoyles of him that did Achilles fayne.
His countenaunce not now so bright, nor of so lively cheere,
But sad and heavy like to owres and clad with ugly hayre
It did me good to see him though when shaking then his head :
Shake of thy sleepe in hast he sayd, and quickly leave thy bed :
Convay into some secrete place our sonne (O faythful wife)
This onely hope there is to helpe find meane to save his life.
Leave of thy piteous tears he sayd, dost thou yet wayle for Troy ?
Would God it lay on Ground ful flat so ye might save the boy.
Up stirre he sayd thy selfe in hast convay him privily.
Save if ye may the tender bloud of Hectors progeny
Then strayght in trembling feare I wake and rold myne eyes aboute
Forgettyng long my child pore wretch, and after Hector sought.
But strayght (alas) I wist not how the Spright away did passe,
And mee forsooke before I could my husband once embrasse.
O childe, O noble fathers broode and Trojans only joy,
O worthy seede of thauncient bloud, and beaten house of Troy.
O ymage of thy father loe, thou lively bearst his face,
This countnaunce lo my Hector had, and even such was his pace.

The pitch of all his body such, his handes thus would he beare.
His shoulders high, his threatning browes, even such as thine they were
O sonne : begot to late for Troy, but borne to soone for mee,
Shal ever tyme yet come agayne, and happy daye may be,
That thou mayst once revenge and build agayne the towres of Troy,
And to the towne and Troyans both restore their name with joy ?
But why do I (forgetting state of present destenye),
So great thinges wish ? enough for captives is to live only :
Alas what privy place is left my litle childe to hide ?
What seate so secret may be found where thou maist safely bide ?
The towre that with the walles of gods so valiaunt was of might,
Through all the world so notable, so flourishing to sight,
Is turnde to dust : and fire hath al consumd'e that was in Troy,
Of all the towne not so much now is left to hide the boy.
What place were best to choose for guile, the holy tombe is heere,
That thenmies sword will spare to spoile wher lythe my husband deere.
Which costly worke his father built, king Pryame liberall :
And it up raisde with charges great, for Hectors funerall.
Herein the bones and ashes both of Hector (loe) they lie,
Best is that I commit the sonne to his fathers custodie.
A colde and fearefull sweat doth runne, through out my members all,
Alas I carefull wretch do feare, what chaunce may thee befall.
Sen. Hide him away : this onely way hath saved many more,
To make the enmies to beleve, that they were dead before.
He wil be sought : scant any hope remaineth of safenes,
The paise of his nobility doth him so sore oppres :
And. What way wer best to worke : that none our doings might bewray ?
Sen. Let none beare witnes what ye do, remove them all away.
And. What if the enmies aske me : where Astianax doth remaine ?
Sen. Then shall ye boldelie answere make that he in Troy was slaine.
And. What shal it helpe to have him hid ? at length they will him finde.
Sen. At first the enmies rage is fierce, delay doth slake his minde.

AND. But what prevailes, since free from feare we may him never hide ?
SEN. Let yet the wretch take his defence, me carelesse there to bide.
AND. What land unknowne out of the way, what unfrequented place
May keepe thee safe ? who ayds our feare ? who shall defend our case ?
Hector, Hector that evermore thy friendes didst wel defend
Now chiefly ayde thy wyfe and child and us some succour send.
Take charge to keepe and cover close the treasures of thy wyfe,
And in thy Ashes hyde thy sonne, preserve in tombe his life.
Draw neare my Childe unto the Tombe, why fliest thou backward so ?
Thou takst great scorne to lurke in dens, thy noble hart I know.
I see thou art asham'd to feare shake of thy princely mynd,
And beare thy breast as thee behoves as chaunce hath thee assynd.
Behold our case : and se what flocke remayneth now of Troy
The tombe : I woeful captive wretch and thou a seely boy,
But yeeld we must to sory fates thy chaunce must breake thy breast,
Go to, creepe underneath thy fathers holy seats to rest.
If ought the fates may wretches helpe thou hast thy savegard there.
If not : already then pore foole thou hast thy sepulchere.
SEN. The tombe him closely hides : but least your feare should him betray
Let him here lie and farre from hence goe ye some other way.
AND. The lesse he feares that feares at hand, and yet if neede be so,
If ye thinke meete a little hence for safety let us goe.
SEN. A litle whyle keepe silence now, refrayne your plaint and crie,
His cursed foote now hether moves the Lord of Cephalie.
AND. Now open earth, and thou my spouse from Stix rend up the ground,
Deepe in thy bosome hyde thy sonne that he may not be found.
Ulysses comes with doubtful pace and chaunged countenaunce,
He knittes in hart deceiptful craft for some more grievous chaunce.
UL. Though I be made the messenger of heavy newes to you,
This one thing first I shal desyre that ye take this for true,
That though the wordes come from my mouth, and I my messuage tell
Of truth yet are they none of myne ye may beleve me wel.

It is the word of al the Greekes, and they the authors be,
Whom Hectors bloud doth yet forbid their countries for to see.
Our careful trust of peace unsure doth stil the Greekes detayne,
And evermore our doubtful feare yet drawth us backe agayne.
And suffreth not our wearyed handes our weapons to forsake,
In child yet of Andromacha, while Troyans comfort take.
And. And sayth your Augure Calchas so? Ul. Though Calchas nothing sayde
Yet Hector telles it us himselfe, of whose seede are we frayde.
The worthy bloud of noble men oft tymes we se it playne,
Doth after in their heires succede and quickly springes agayne.
For so the hornles youngling yet, of high and sturdy beste,
With lofty necke and braunched brow, doth shortly rule the rest.
The tender twig that of the lopped stocke doth yet remayne,
To match the tree that bare the bough, in time startes up again
With equall top to former wood the roume it doth supply,
And spreads on soyle alow the shade, to heaven his braunches hye.
Thus of one sparke by chaunce yet left it hapneth so ful oft.
The fyre hath quickly caught his force and flamth agayn aloft.
So feare we yet least Hectors bloud might rise er it be long,
Feare castes in all thextremity and oft interprets wrong.
If ye respect our case ye may not blame these old soldiars
Though after years and monthes twice five, they feare again the wars.
And other travails dreadyng Troy, not yet to be wel wonne,
A great thing doth the Grecyans move, the feare of Hectors son.
Rid us of feare, this stayeth our fleete, and pluckes us back agayne,
And in the haven our navy stickes, til Hectors bloud be slayne.
Count me not feerce for that by fates I Hectors sonne require,
For I as wel if chaunce it would Orestes should desyre.
But since that needes it must be so, beare it with pacient hart:
And Suffer that which Agamemnon suffred in good part.
And. Alas my child would God thou wert yet in thy mothers hand.
And that I knew what destenies thee held or in what land.
For never should the mothers fayth her tender child forsake:
Though through my breast the enmies al, their cruell weapons strake.

Nor though the Greekes with pinching bondes of yron my handes had bound,
Or els in fervent flame of fyre beset my body rounde.
But now my litle Child (pore wretch alas) where might he bee ?
Alas, what cruel desteny what chaunce hath hapt to thee ?
Art thou yet ranging in the fieldes and wandrest ther abroad ?
Or smothred else in dusty smoake of Troy : or overtroad ?
Or have the Greekes thee slayne (alas) and laught to see thy bloud ?
Or torne art thou with jawes of beastes ? or cast to foules for foode ?
Ul. Dissemble not, hard is for thee Ulisses to deceave,
I can ful wel the mothers craftes and subtilty perceave.
The pollecy of Goddesses Ulisses hath undone,
Set al these fayned wordes assyde, tel mee where is thy sonne ?
An. Wher is Hector ? where al the rest that had with Troy their fall ?
Where Priamus ? you aske for one but I require of all.
Ul. Thou shalt constrayned be to tell the thing thou dost deny.
And. A happy chaunce were Death to her that doth desyre to dye.
Uli. Who most desires to die, would faynest live when death drawth on,
These noble wordes with present feare of death woulde soone be gone
And. Ulisses if ye wil constrayne Andromacha with feare,
Threaten my life for now to dye my cheefe desyre it were.
Ul. With stripes with fyre tormenting death we wil the truth out wrest
And dolour shal thee force to tel the secrets of thy brest.
And what thy hart hath depest hid for payne thou shalt expresse,
Oft tymes thextremity prevayles much more then gentlenesse.
And. Set me in midst of burning flame, with woundes my body rent,
Use al the meanes of cruelty that ye may al invent.
Prove me with thirst and hunger both, and every torment trye,
Pearce through my sides with burning yrons, in prison let me lie.
Spare not the worst ye can devyse (if ought be worse then this)
Yet never get ye more of me. I wot not where he is.
Uli. It is but vayne to hyde the thinge that strayght ye wil deteckt,
No feares may move the mothers hart, she doth them al neglect.
This tender love ye beare your child, wherin ye stand so stoute,
So much more circumspectly warnth the Greekes to looke about.

Least after ten yeares tract of tyme and battell borne so farre,
Some one should live that on our children might renew the warre,
As for my selfe, what Calchas sayth, I would not feare at all
But on Telemachus I dread, the smart of warres would fall.
And. Now will I make Ulisses glad and all the Greekes also,
Needes must thou woeful wretch confesse declare thy hidden woe.
Rejoyce ye sonnes of Atreus there is no cause of dread.
Be glad Ulisses tell the Greekes that Hectors sonne is dead.
Ul. By what assurance proves thou that ? how shal we credite thee ?
And. What ever thing the enmies hand may threaten hap to me
Let speedy fates me slay forthwith, and earth me hyde at ones
And after death from tombe agayne, remove yet Hectors bones,
Except my sonne already now, do rest among the dead.
And that except Astianax into his tomb be led.
Uliss. Then fully are the fates fulfild with Hectors childes disceace,
Now shal I beare the Grecians word, of sure and certayne peace.
Ulisses why what dost thou now ? the Greekes wil every chone,
Beleeve thy wordes, whom creditst thou ? the mothers tale alone.
Thinkst thou for savegard of her child the mother wil not lye ?
And dread the more the worse mischaunce to geve her sonne to die ?
Her fayth she byndes with bond of oth, the truth to verify,
What thing is more of weight to feare, then so to sweare and lye ?
Now call thy craftes togeather al, bestirre thy wittes and mynd,
And shew thy selfe Ulisses now, the truth herein to find.
Search wel thy mothers mynd: behold shee weepes and wayleth out,
And here and ther with doubtful pace, she raungeth al aboute,
Her careful ears she doth apply to harken what I say,
More frayd shee seemes then sorrowful. Now worke some wily way.
For now most neede of wit there is and crafty pollecy,
Yet once agayne by other meanes I wil the mother trye.
Thou wretched woman maist rejoyce, that dead he is : (alas)
More doleful death by destenie for him decreed ther was.
From Turrets top to have bene cast and cruelly bene slayne.
Which onely towre of all the rest doth yet in Troy remayne.
And. My spright failth me, my limmes do quake, fear doth my wits confounde.
And as the Ise congeals with frost, my bloud with could is bound.

Ul. She trembleth loe: this way, this way I wil the truth out wreaste,
The mothers fear detecteth all the secrets of her breast:
I wil renew her feare goe sirs bestir ye spedely
To seeke this enmye of the Greekes where ever that he lie.
Wel done he wil be found at length, goe to stil seke him out,
Now shal he dye, what dost thou feare, why dost thou looke about?
And. Would God that any cause there were yet left that might me fray,
My hart at last now all is lost hath layd all feare away.
Uliss. Sins that your child now hath ye say already suffred death,
And with his bloud we may not purge the hostes as Calchas sayth.
Our fleete passe not (as wel inspired doth Calchas prophecy)
Till Hectors ashes cast abroad the waves may pacify.
And tombe be rent now sins the boy hath skapt his desteny.
Needes must we breake this holy tombe wher Hectors ashes lie.
An. What shal I do? my mynd distracted is with double feare,
On thone my sonne, on thother syde my husbandes ashes deare.
Alas which part should move me most, the cruel Goddes I call
To witnes with me in the truth, and Ghostes that guide thee all
Hector that nothing in my sonne is else that pleaseth me.
But thou alone God graunt him life he might resemble thee:
Shal Hectors ashes drowned bee? hide I such cruelty,
To see his bones cast in the Seas? yet let Astyanax die,
And canst thou wretched mother bide thyne owne childes death to see?
And suffer from the hie towres top that headlong throwne he be?
I can and wil take in good part, his death and cruel payne,
So that my Hector after death be not remov'd agayne.
The boy that life and sences hath may feele his payne and dye,
But Hector lo his death hath plast at rest in tombe to lie.
What dost thou stay? determine which thou wilt preserve of twayne.
Art thou in doubt? save this: loe here thy Hector doth remayne,
Both Hectors be, thone quicke of spright and drawing toward his strength
And one that may perhaps revenge his fathers death at length.

Alas I cannot save them both : I thinke that best it were,
That of the twayne I saved him that doth the Grecians feare.
Ul. It shalbe done that Calchas words to us doth prophecye,
And now shall all the sumptuous worke be throwne downe utterly.
An. That once ye sold ? Ul. I wil it all from toppe to bottome rend.
An. The fayth of Goddes I call uppon Achilles us defend,
And Pyrrhus ayd thy fathers right. Ul. This tombe abroad shall lye :
An. O mischiefe, never durst the Greekes show yet such cruelty.
Ye straine the temples and the Gods that most have favourd you,
The dead ye spare not, on their tombes your fury rageth now.
I wil their weapons all resist my selfe with naked hand,
The yre of hart shal geve me strength their armour to withstand.
As fierce as did the Amazones beate down the Greekes in fight,
And Menas once enspierd with God, in sacrifyce doth smyght,
With speare in hand, and while with furyous pace she treads the ground
And wood as one in rage she strykes, and feeleth not the wound
So wil I runne on midst of them and on theyr weapons dye,
And in defence of Hectors tombe among his ashes lie.
Ul. Cease ye : doth rage and fury vayne of women move ye ought ?
Dispatch with speede what I commaund, and plucke downe al to naught.
An. O slay me rather here with sword rid me out the way,
Breake up the deepe Avern, and rid my destenies delay.
Rise Hector and beset thy foes, breake thou Ulisses yre,
A spright art good enough for him, behold he casteth fire,
And weapon shakes with mighty hand do ye not Greekes him see ?
Or els doth Hectors spright appear but onely unto me ?
Ul. Downe quight withal. An. What wilt thou suffer both thy sonnes be slayne,
And after death thy husbandes bones to be remov'd agayne ?
Perhaps thou mayst with prayer yet appease the Grecians all.
Els downe to ground the holy tombe of Hector streight shall fal.
Let rather die the childe pore wretch and let the Greekes him kil,
Then father and the sonne should cause the tone the others yll.

Ulisses, at thy knees I fal, and humbly aske mercie,
These handes that no mans feete els knew, first at thy feete they lye.
Take pitty on the mothers case and sorrowes of my breast,
Vouchsafe my prayers to receive and graunt me my request.
And by how much the more the Goddes have thee advaunced hie
More easely stryke the pore estate of wretched misery.
God graunt the chast bed of thy godly wyfe Penelope,
May thee receive, and so agayne Laerta may thee see,
And that thy sonne Telemachus may meete thee joyfully,
His graundsires yeares, and fathers witte, to passe ful happely.
Take pity on the mothers teares, her litle child to save,
He is my onely comfort left, and th' onely joy I have.

UL. Bryng forth thy sonne and aske.

THE SECOND SCENE

ANDROMACHA

COME hither child out of the dennes to mee,
Thy wretched mothers lamentable store,
This Babe Ulisses (loe) this Babe is hee,
That stayeth your ships and feareth you so sore.
Submit thy selfe my sonne with humble hand,
And worship flat on ground thy maysters feete,
Thinke it no shame as now the case doth stand:
The thing that Fortune wilth a wretche is meete,
Forget thy worthy stocke of Kingly kynd,
Thinke not on Priams great nobility,
And put thy father Hector from thy mynde,
Such as thy Fortune let thy stomacke bee,
Behave thy selfe as captive bend thy Knee,
And though thy grief pearce not thy tender yeares,
Yet learne to wayle thy wretched state by mee,
And take ensample at thy mothers teares.
Once Troy hath seene the weeping of a child,
When litle Priam turnde Alcides threats,
And he to whom all beastes in strength did yelde,
That made his way from hel, and brake their gates,

His litle enmies teares yet overcame.
Priam he sayd receive thy liberty,
In seat of honor kepe thy Kingly name,
But yet thy Sceptors rule more faythfully.
Lo such the conquest was of Hercules.
Of him yet learne your hartes to mollify,
Do onely Hercles cruel weapons please,
And may no end be of your cruelty ?
No lesse then Pryam, kneeles to thee this boy,
That lieth and asketh onely life of thee.
As for the rule and governaunce of Troy
Where ever Fortune wil ther let it bee.
Take mercy on the mothers ruthful teares
That with their streames my cheekes do overflow,
And spare this guiltles infantes tender yeares
That humbly falleth at thy feete so lowe.

THE THIRD SCENE

ULISSES. ANDROMACHA. ASTIANAX

Of truth the mothers greate sorow, both move my hart full sore.
But yet the mothers of the Greekes of neede must move me more,
To whom this boy may cause in time a great calamitie.
Andr. May ever he the burnt ruines of Troy reeviste ?
And shall these handes in time to come, ereckt the towne againe ?
If this be thonely helpe we have, there doth no hope remain
For Troy, we stand not now in case to cause your feare of mynde,
Doth ought avayle his fathers force, or stocke of noble kinde ?
His fathers heart abated was, he drawen the walles abought.
Thus evil haps, the haughtiest heart at length they bring to nought,
If ye wil needes oppresse a wretch what thing more grievous were
Then on his noble neck he should the yoke of bondage bere ?
To serve in life doth any man this to a King denye ?
Ul. Nor Ulisses with his death, but Calchas prophecy.
An. O false inventor of deceipt and hainous cruelty,
By manhode of whose hand in warre no man did ever dye

But by disceipt and crafty trayne of mynd that mischiefe seekes,
Before this time ful many one dead is, yea of the Greekes,
The Prophets wordes and guiltles Gods saist thou my sonne require,
Nay : mischiefe of thy breast it is, thou dost his death desyre.
Thou night souldier, and stout of hart a little child to slay.
This enterprise thou takste alone and that by open day.
Ul. Ulisses manhood wel to Greekes to much to you is knowne,
I may not spend the tyme in wordes, our Navy wil be gone.
And. A little stay, while I my last farewel geve to my child,
And have with oft embracing him my greedy sorrowes fild.
Uli. Thy grievous sorrowes to redresse, would God it lay in mee,
But at thy wil to take delay of tyme I graunt it thee.
Now take thy last leave of thy Sonne, and fil thy selfe with teares,
Oft tymes the weeping of the eyes, the inward griefe out weares.
An. O deere, O sweete, thy mothers pledge, farewel my onely joy,
Farewel the flowre of honor left of beaten howse of Troy.
O Troyans last calamity and feare to Grecians part
Farewel thy mothers onely hope, and vayne comfort of hart.
Oft wisht I thee thy fathers strength and halfe thy graundsires yeares
But all for naught the Gods have all dispoynted our desires.
Thou never shalt in regal court thy sceptors take in hand,
Nor to thy people geve decrees nor leade with law thy land.
Nor yet thine enmies overcome by might of handy stroke,
Nor sende the conquerde nations all under thy servile yoke.
Thou never shalt beat downe in fight, and Greekes with sword pursew.
Nor at thy Charyot Pyrrhus plucke, as Achill Hector drew
And never shal these tender handes thy weapons weild and wrest,
Thou never shalt in woods pursue the wyld and mighty beast.
Nor as accustom'd is by guyse and sacrifice in Troy,
With measure swift : betweene the aulters shalt thou daunce with joy.
O grievous kind of cruel death that doth remayne for thee,
More woeful thinges then Hectors death the walles of Troy shall see.
Uliss. Now breake of al thy mothers tears, I may no more tyme spende,
The grievous sorrowes of thy hart wil never make an end.

AN. Ulisses spare as yet my teares and graunt awhyle delay,
To close his eyes yet with my handes er he depart away.
Thou diest but young : yet feard thou art thy Troy doth wayte for thee,
Goe noble hart thou shalt agayne the noble Troyans see.
ASTI. Helpe me mother ? AN. Alas my child why tak'st thou holde by me ?
In vayne thou calst where helpe none is I can not succour thee.
As when the litle tender beast that heares the Lyon crye,
Straight for defence he seekes his damme, and crouching downe doth lye,
The cruel beast when once removed is the damme away,
In greedy jaw with ravening bit doth snatch the tender pray :
So straight the enmies wil thee take, and from my side thee beare
Receive my kisse and teares pore childe, receive my rented hayre,
Depart thou hence now ful of mee, and to thy father goe,
Salute my Hector in my name and tel him of my woe :
Complayne thy mothers griefe to him if former cares may move
The sprightes : and that in funerall flame thy leese not all their love.
O cruel Hector suffrest thou thy wyfe to be opprest ?
With bond of Grecians heavy yoke, and liest thou still at rest ?
Achilles rose : take here agayne my teares and rented heare,
And (al that I have left to send) this kisse thy father beare.
Thy coat yet for my comfort leave, the tomb hath touched it
If of his ashes ought here lye Ile seeke it every whit.
UL. There is no measure of thy teares, I may no longer stay,
Deferre no further our returne, breake of our shippes delay.

CHORUS ALTERED BY THE TRANSLATOUR

O Jove that leadst the lampes of fire, and deckst with flaming starres the skye,
Why is it ever thy desire to care their course so orderly ?
That nowe the frost the leaves hath worne, and now the spring doth close the tree.
Now fiery Leo rypes the corne, and stil the soyle should chaunged be ?

But why art thou that all dost guide, betweene whose hands the poale doth sway,
And at whose wil the Orbs do slyde, careles of mans estate alway?
Regarding not the goodmans case, not caryng how to hurt the yll.
Chaunce beareth rule in every place and turneth mans estate at will.
She geves the wronge the upper hand, the better part she doth oppresse,
She makes the highest low to stand, her Kingdome all is orderlesse.
O parfite profe of her frailty, the princely towres of Troy beat downe,
The flowre of Asia here ye see with turne of hand quight overthrowne.
The ruthful ende of Hectors son, whom to his death the Greekes have led,
His fatall howre is come and gone, and by this tyme the Child is ded:
Yet still (alas) more cares encrease, O Troyans doleful destenie,
Fast doth approach the maydes decease, and now Polixena shall die.

THE FOURTH ACTE

HELENA. ANDROMACHA. HECUBA

HAT ever woeful wedding yet, were cause of funerall,
Of wayling, teares, bloud, slaughter els or other mischiefes all,
A worthy match for Helena, and meete for me it ware,
My wedding torch hath bene the cause of al The Troyans care.
I am constraynd to hurt them yet, after their overthrow,
The false and fayned mariages of Pyrrhus must I showe.
And geve the mayde the Greekes attyre and by my pollecy :
Shal Paris sister be betrayd and by disceypt shal die.
But let her be beguiled thus, the lesse should be her payne
If that unware without the feare of death she might be slayne.
What ceasest thou the wil of Greekes, and messuage to fulfill ?
Of hurt constraynd the fault returnth to th' auter of the ill.
O noble Virgin of the famous house and stocke of Troy,
To thee the Grecians have me sent, I bring thee newes of joy,
The Gods rue on thy afflicted state, more merciful they bee,
A greate and happy maryage loe they have prepard for thee.
Thou never should if Troy had stoode, so nobly wedded be,
Nor Priam never could prefer thee to so hie degree.
Whom flowre of all the Grecians name the prince of honour hie,
That beares the Scepters over all the lande of Thessaly
Doth in the law of wedlocke chose, and for his wyfe require.
To sacred rightes of lawful bed, doth Pyrrhus thee desyre :
Loe Thetis great with al the rest, of Gods that guide by sea.
Each one shall thee accompt as theirs and joy by wedding day

And Peleus shal thee daughter call when thou art Pirrhus wyfe,
And Nereus shall accompt thee his the space of all thy life.
Put of thy mourning garment now, this regall vesture weare,
Forget henceforth thy captive state and seemly broyd thy hayre.
Thy fall hath lift thee higher up, and doth thee more advaunce,
Oft to be taken in the warre doth bring the better chaunce.
An. This ill the Troyans never knew in all their griefs and payne,
Before this tyme ye never made us to rejoyce in vayne.
Troy towres geve light, O seemely tyme for mariage to be made,
Who would refuse the wedding day that Helayne doth perswade ?
The plague and ruine of each parte behold dost thou not see,
These tombes of noble men, and how their bones here scattered bee ?
Thy brydebed hath bene cause of this, for thee all these be ded,
For thee the bloud of Asia both and Europe hath bene shed.
When thou in joy and pleasure both the fighting folke from farre,
Hast viewde : in doubt to whom to wish the glory of the warre.
Goe to, prepare the mariages, what neede the Torches light ?
Behold the Towres of Troy do shine with brands that blase ful bright.
O Troyans all set to your handes, this wedlocke celebrate :
Lament this day with woeful cry and teares in seemly rate.
Hel. Though care do cause the want of wit, and reasons rule denye,
And heavy hap doth ofttymes hate his mates in misery,
Yet I before most hateful judge dare wel defend my part,
That I of all your grevous cares sustayne the greatest smart.
Andromacha for Hector weepes, for Priam Hecuba,
For onely Paris privily bewayleth Helena.
A hard and grievous thing it is captivity to beare,
In Troy that yoke I suffred long a prisoner whole ten yeare.
Turnd are the fates, Troy beaten downe, to Greece I must repeare,
The native countrey to have lost is ill, but worse to feare
For dread therof you neede not care your evilles all be past,
On me both partes wil vengeance take al lightes to me at last.
Whom each man prisoner takes God wot shee standes in slipper stay,
And me not captive made by lot yet Paris led away,
I have bene cause of all these wars, and then your woes were wrought,
When first your shippes the Spartayn Seas and land of Grecia sought.

But if the Goddesse wild it so that I their pray should be,
And for reward to her beautyes judge shee had appoynted me,
Then pardon Paris : thinke this thing in wrathful judge doth lie,
The sentence Menelaus geves, and he this case shall trye.
Now turne thy playntes Andromacha, and weepe for Polyxeyne
Mine eyes for sorrowes of my hart theyr teares may not refrayne.
An. Alas, what care makes Heleyn weepe ? what griefe doth she lament ?
Declare what craftes Ulisses castes, what mischiefe hath he sent ?
Shall shee from height of Idey hil be hedlong tombled downe ?
Or else out of the turrets toppe in Troy shal she be throwne ?
Or wil they cast her from the clieves into Sygeon seas ?
In bottom of the surging waves to end her ruthful days ?
Show what thy countnaunce hides and tell the secrets of thy breast :
Some woes in Pyrhus wedding are farre worse then all the rest.
Go to, geve sentence on the mayd, pronounce her desteny :
Delude no longer our mishappes, we are prepard to die.
Hel. Would God the'xpounder of the Gods would geve his dome so right
That I also on poynt of sword might leese the lothsome light,
Or at Achilles tombe with stroake of Pyrrhus hand be slayne :
And beare a part of al thy fates O wretched Polixeyne
Whom yet Achilles woeth to wed, and where his ashes lie,
Requireth that thy bloud be shed, and at his tombe to die.
An. Behold loe how her noble mynd of Death doth gladly heare,
She deckes her selfe : her regal weede in seemely wyse to weare,
And to her head she settes her hand the broyded hayre to lay,
To wed she thought it Death, to die she thinkes a wedding day.
But helpe (alas) my mother sounds to heare her daughters death,
Aryse plucke up your heart and take agayne the panting breath.
Alacke good mother how slender stay, that doth thy life sustayne ?
A little thinge shall happy thee thou art almost past payne.
Her breath returnes : she doth revyve, her lims their life do take.
So see when wretches fayne would die, how death doth them forsake.
Hec. Doth yet Achilles live (alas) to work the Troyans spight ?
Doth he rebell agaynst us yet ? O hand of Paris light.
The very tombe and ashes loe, yet thirsteth for our bloud,
A happy heape of children late on every syde mee stoode.

It wearied me to deale the mothers kisse among them al,
The rest are lost, and this alone now doth me mother call.
Thou onely child of Hecuba, a comfort left to me,
A stayer of my sory state and shall I now leese thee ?
Depart O wretched soule, and from this carefull carcas flie,
And ease me of such ruthfull fates, to see my daughter die.
My weepyng wets (alas) my eyes, and staines them over al,
And downe my cheekes the sodeine streames and showres of teares do fal.
But thou deare daughter maist be glad, Cassandra would rejoyse,
Or Hectors wife thus wed to be if they might have their choyse.
And. We are the wretches Hecuba in cursed case we stande,
Whom straight the shippe shal tosse by seas into a forraine land.
But as for Heleyns grieves be gone and turned to the best,
She shal againe her natyve countrey se and live at rest.
Hele. Ye would the more envy my state if ye might know your owne.
Andr. And grouth there yet more griefe to me that erst I have not known ?
Hele. Such masters must ye serve as doth by chaunce of lots befal.
Andr. Whose servaunt am I then become, whom shall I maister call ?
Hele. By lot ye fall to Pyrhus hands, you are his prisoner.
Andr. Cassandra is happy, fury saves perhaps and Phœbus her.
Hele. Chiefe kinge of Greekes Cassandra keepes and his captive is shee.
Hec. Is any one amonge them all that prysoner would have me ?
Hele. You chaunsed to Ulysses are his pray ye are become.
Hec. Alas what cruell, dyre and yrefull dealer of the dome.
What god unjust doth so devide the captives to their lordes ?
What grievous arbiter is he ? that to such choyce accordes,
What cruel hand to wretched folke, so evil fates hath caste ?
Who hath amonge Achilles armour, Hectors mothers plaste ?
Now am I captive, and beset with all calamitie.
My bondage grieves me not, but him to serve it shameth mee.
He that Achilles spoyles hath won, shall Hectors also have :
Shall barraine lande enclosde with seas receive my boanes in grave ?
Leade me Ulysses where thou wylt, leade me I make no stay,
My master I, and me my fates, shall follow every way.

Let never calme come to the seas, but let them rage with winde,
Come fire and sword, mine owne mischaunce and Priams let me finde.
In meane time haps this deepe distres my cares can know no calme :
I ran the race with Priamus, but he hath won the Palme,
But Pyrrhus comes with swiftned pace and thretning browes doth wrest.
What stayste thou Pyrrhus ? strike thy sword now through this woful brest.
And both at ones the parents of thy fathers wife now slay,
Murderer of age, likes thee her bloud ? he draw my daughter away
Defile the gods and staine the sprights, of hel with slaughtred bloud,
To aske your mercy what avayles ? our prayers do no good.
The vengeance aske I on your ships, that it the gods may pleas,
According to this sacrifice, to guide you on the seas.
This wishe I to your thousand sayles, Gods wrath light on them all,
Even to the ship that beareth me, what ever may befall.

CHORUS

A Comfort is to mans calamity
A dolefull flocke of felowes in distres.
And sweete to him that mournes in miserie
To here them wayle whom sorowes like oppres
In deepest care his griefe him bites the les,
That his estate bewayles not all alone,
But seeth with him the teares of many one.

For still it is the chiefe delight in woe,
And joy of them that sonke in sorrowes are,
To see like fates by fall to many moe,
That may take part of all their wofull fare,
And not alone to be opprest with care.
There is no wight of woe that doth complayne,
When all the rest do like mischaunce sustayne.

In all this world if happy man were none,
None (though he were) would thinke himselfe awretch,
Let once the ritch with heapes of Gold be gone,
Whose hundred head his pastours overretch,
Then would the poore mans hart begin to stretch.
There is no wretch whose life him doth displease,
But in respect of those that live at ease.

Sweete is to him that standes in deepe distresse,
To see no man in joyful plight to bee,
Whose onely vessel wind and wave oppresse,
Ful sore his chaunce bewayles and weepeth hee,
That with his owne none others wracke doth see
When he alone makes shipwracke one the sand,
And naked falles to long desyred land.

A thousande sayle who seeth to drench in Seas,
With better will the storme hath overpast
His heavy hap doth him the lesse displease
When broaken boardes abroade be many cast,
And shipwrackt shippes to shore they flit ful fast,
With doubled waves when stopped is the floud,
With heaps of them that there have lost theyr good.

Ful sore did Pirrhus Helens losse complayne,
What time the leader of his flocke of shepe,
Uppon his backe alone he bare them twayne,
And wet his Golden lockes amid the deepe,
In piteous playnt (alas) he gan to weepe.
The death of her it did him deepe displease,
That shipwracke made amid the drenching seas.

And piteous was the playnt and heavy moode
Of woful Pyrrha and eke Deucalion
That nought beheld aboute them but the floud,
When they of all mankynd were left alone
Amid the seas ful sore they made their mone
To see themselves thus left alive in woe
When neyther land they saw, nor fellowes moe.

Anone these playnts and Troyans teares shall quaile,
And here and there the ship them tosse by seas :
When trompets sound shal warne to hoyse up sayle,
And through the waves with wind to seeke their waies
Then shall these captives goe to ende their dayes
In land unknowne : when once with hasty ore
The drenching deepe they take and shunne the shore.

What state of mynd shal then in wretches bee?
When shore shall sinke from sight and seas aryse?
When Idey hill to lurke aloofe they see?
Then poynt with hand from farre wher Troia lies,
Shall child and mother : talking in this wyse :
Loe yonder Troy, where smoke it fumeth hie,
By this the Troyans shal their countrey spie.

THE FIFTH ACTE

NUNCIUS. ANDROMACHA. HECUBA

DYRE, fierce, wretched, horrible, O cruell fates accurste,
Of Mars his ten yeares bloudshed blows the wofulst and the worst.
Alas which should I first bewayle? thy cares Andromacha?
Or els lament the wretched age of woful Hecuba?

Hec. What ever mans calamityes ye wayle for myne it is.
I beare the smart of al their woes, each other feeles but his
Who ever he, I am the wretch all happes to me at last.
Nun. Slayne is the mayd, and from the walles of Troy the child is cast.
But both (as them became) they toke their death with stomacke stout.
And. Declare the double slaughters then, and tell the whole throughout.
Nun. One towre of all the rest ye know doth yet in Troy remayne,
Where Pryam wonted was to sit, and view the armies twayne.
His litle Nephew eke with him to lead, and from a farre,
His fathers fightes with fire and sword, to show on feats of war.
This towre, sometyme wel knowne by fame, and Troyans honor most,
Is now with captaynes of the Greekes, beset on every coast.
With swift recourse and from the shippes, in clustred heaps anone,
Both tagge and ragge they runne to gase what thing should ther be done.
Some clime the hilles to seeke a place where they might see it best,
Some one the rockes a tiptoe stande to overloke the rest.

Some on their temples weare the pine, some beech, some crownes of bay,
For garlandes torne is every tree, that standeth in theyr way :
Some from the highest mountaynes top aloofe beholdeth all,
Some scale the buildinges halfe burnt, and some the ruinous wall.
Yea some there were (O mischief loe) that for the more despyghts,
The tombe of Hector sits uppon beholders of the sight.
With princely pace Ulisses then past through the preased band
Of Greekes, King Priams litle nephew leading by the hand.
The Child with unrepyning gate past through his enmies handes,
Up toward the walles, and as anone in turrets top he standes,
From thence adowne his lofty lookes he cast on every part,
The neerer death more free from care he seemd and feare of hart.
Amid his foes his stomacke swelles, and fierce he was to sight,
Like Tygers whelpe, that the rats in vayne with tothles chap to bight.
Alas, for pitty then each one, rew on his tender yeares,
And al the route that present were, for him they shed their teares.
Yea not Ulisses them restraynd, but trickling downe they fal,
And onely he, wept not (poore foole) whom they bewayled al.
But whyle on Gods Ulisses cald, and Calchas wordes expound,
In midst of Pryams land (alas) the child leapt downe to ground.
And. What cruel Calchas could or scith such slaughter take in hand ?
Or by the shore of Caspyan Sea, what barbarous lawles land.
Busyridis to th'aulters yet no infantes bloud hath shed,
Nor never yet were children slayne for feast of Diomed.
Who shal alas in tombe thee lay, or hyde thy limmes agayne ?
Nu. What limmes from such a headlong fall could in a child remayne ?
His bodies payse throwne downe to ground, hath batred al his bones.
His face, his noble fathers markes are spoyld agaynst the stones.
His necke unjoynted is, his head so dasht with flint stoane stroake
That scattered is the brayne about, the scul is al to broake.
Thus lieth he now dismembred corpes, deformd and all to rent.
And. Loe herein doth he yet likewyse, his father represent.
Nun. What time the Child hath headlong falne thus from the walls of Troy,
And al the Greekes themselves bewaild the slaughter of the Boy,

Yet strayght returne they backe, and at Achilles tombe agayne
The second mischiefe goe to worke, the death of Polixeine.
This tombe the waves of surging seas, beset the utter side,
The other part the fields encloase aboute, and pastors wyde.
In vale envyroned with hils, that round aboute do ryse,
A sloape on height erected are the bankes in Theatre wyse.
By al the shore then swarme the Greekes, and thicke on heaps they prease
Some hope that by her death they shall theyr shippes delay release.
Some other joy their enmies stocke thus beaten downe to bee :
A greate part of the people, both the slaughter hate, and see.
The Troyans eke no lesse frequent their owne calamityes
And all affrayd, beheld the last of all their miseryes.
When first proceeded torches bright as guise of wedlocke is.
And author therof led the way the Lady Pindaris.
Such wedlocke pray the Troyans then, God send Hermiona
And would God to her husband so, restoard were Helena.
Feare masd each part, but Polixeine her bashful looke downe cast :
And more then earst her glittering eyes and beauty shyn'd at last.
As sweetest seems then Phœbus light, when downe his beams do sway,
When starres agayne with night at hand opprest the doubtful day.
Astonnied much the people were, and all they her commende,
And now much more then ever earst, they prays'd her at her end.
Some with her beauty moved were, some with her tender yeares :
Some to behold the turnes of chaunce, and how each thing thus wears.
But most them moves her valiant minde, and lofty stomacke hie,
So strong, so stout, so ready of hart and wel prepard to dye.
Thus passe they forth and bold before King Pirrhus goeth the mayde,
They pitty her, they marvel her, their hartes were all affrayde.
As sone as then the hard hil top (where die she should) they trode,
And hie uppon his fathers tombe the youthful Pyrrhus stoode.
The manly mayd she never shronke one foote, nor backward drew,
But boldely turnes to meete the stroke, with stoute unchanged hew,
Her corage moves eche one, and loe a strange thing monstrous like,
That Pyrhus even himselfe stoode stil for dread, and durst not strike.

But as he had, his glittring sword in her to hilts up doon,
The purple bloud, at mortall wound, then gushing out it spoon.
Ne yet her corage her forsooke, when dieng in that stounde,
She fell as the'rth should her revenge with ireful rage to ground.
Each people wept, the Troyans first with privy fearful crye,
The Grecians eake, each one bewayld her death apparantly.
This order had the sacrifyce, her bloud the tombe up dronke,
No drop remaynth above the ground, but downe forthwith it sonke.
Hec. Now go, now goe ye Greekes, and now repayre ye safely home.
With careles shippes and hoised sailes now cut the salt sea fome.
The Child and Virgin both be slaine, your battels finisht are.
Alas where shal I end my age ? or whether beare my care ?
Shal I my daughter, or my nephew, or my husband mone ?
My countrey els, or all at once ? or else my selfe alone ?
My wish is death that children both and virgins fiercely takes
Where ever cruel death doth hast to strike, it me forsakes,
Amid the enmies weapons all, amid both sword and fyre,
All night sought for, thou fleest from me, that do thee most desyre.
Not flame of fyre, not fall of towre, not cruel enmies hand
Hath rid my life, how neere (alas) could death to Priam stand ?
Nun. Now captives all with swift recourse repayre ye to the saies,
Now spread the ships their sayls abroad, and forth they seeke theyr waies.

FINIS

THE SEVENTH TRAGEDYE OF L. ANNAEUS SENECA

ENTITULED MEDEA

TRANSLATED OUT OF LATIN INTO ENGLISHE

BY JOHN STUDLEY

THE ARGUMENT TO THE TRAGEDY,

BY THE TRANSLATOR

Care sore did grype Medeas heart to see
Her Jason, whom shee tendred as her lyfe,
And rescued had from plunge of perills free,
Renouncing her, to take another wyfe.
Love spent in vayne breedes hate and malice rife,
Enkindling coales whose heate and greedy flame
(Save streames of bloud,) nought els can quench the same.

Medea mad in troubled mynde doth muse,
On vengeaunce fell, to quit her grievous wrong.
Rough plagues at length entendeth shee to use :
Yll venemous thinges shee charmes with charming song,
Seekes out a Bane made of their poyson strong,
In Trayterous gifts a Robe, and chayne of Golde,
Nycely shee doth the hidden poyson folde.

Sent are the Gyfts to Creuse and her Syre,
They taking them that brought their dole to passe,
Unware are burnt by meanes of charmed fyre.
Due vengeaunce yet for Jason greater was,
Lyfe first on chylde by Mothers hande (alas)
Expired hath, which though it him aggryse,
Yet his other chylde shee slayes before his eyes.

THE SPEAKERS NAMES

Medea.
Chorus.
Nutrix.
Creon.
Jason.
Nuntius.

MEDEA

THE FIRST ACTE

MEDEA

GODS whose grace doth guide their ghostes that joy in wedlocke pure,
O Juno thou Lucina hight, on whom the chary cure
Alotted is of those that grone in paynfull chyld-bed bandes,
O Pallas by whose heavenly arte, Sir Typhis cunning handes
Have learnde to bridle with his helme his newly framed boate,
Wherewith the force of fighting fluds hee breaking rides a floate.
O God whose forked Mace doth stormes in rigour rough appeas,
And cause the ruffling surges couch amid the rampinge Seas:
O Titan who upon the swift and werling Hemisphær
Devides the chearefull day and night by egall turnes t'appere,
O threefolde shapen Hecate that sendest forth thy light,
Unto thy silent Sacrifice that offered is by night,
By whom my Jason sware to mee O heavenly powers all,
And yee on whom Medea may with safer conscience call,
O Dungeon darke, most dreadfull den of everlasting night,
O dampned Ghosts: O kingdome set against the Gods aright:
O Lord of sad and lowring lakes, O Lady dyre of Hell,
(Whom though that Pluto stale by force yet did his troth excell
The ficle fayth of Jasons love, that hee to mee doth beare,)
With cursed throate I conjure you, O grisly Ghostes appeare.
Come out, come out, yee hellish hagges, revenge this deede so dyre,
Bring in your scratting pawes a burning brand of deadly fyre.
Rise up yee hiddeous divelish Feendes, as dreadfull as yee weare,
When unto me in wedlocke state yee did sometime appeare.
Worke yee, worke yee, the dolefull death of this new wedded Wyfe,
And martir yee this Father in lawe: depryve of breath and lyfe

THE SEVENTH TRAGEDY

King Creons ruthfull family : in plunge of passing payne
Torment yee mee, that on my spouse doe wishe this woe to raygne :
Preserve my Jasons life, but yet let him be bayted out
A myching, raging, runnagate, in forren townes about.
To passe from dore to dore, with care to begge his needy bread,
Not knowing in what harbring place to couch his curssed head :
A banisht wretch, disdaynde of all, and still in feare of lyfe,
Then let him wish ten thousand times for me agayne his Wyfe :
This famous gest whom every man will entertayne and have,
Let him be driven at straungers gates the table crummes to crave.
And that my bytter bannings may with mischiefe most abounde,
God graunt in gulph of like distresse his chyldren may be drounde,
To synke in sorrowes stormes, that doe their mother overflowe :
Now, now, I have, I have the full reveng of all my woe,
I have dispatcht : my pyteous playnt and wordes in vayne I lose :
What shall not I with vyolence get up agaynst my foes ?
And wring out of theyr wrested hands the wedding torch so bryght ?
Shall I not force the firmament to lose his shrinking lyght ?
What doth my Graundsirs Phœbus face this heavy hap beholde ?
And standing gasyng at this geare yet westwarde is he rolde,
On glystring chariot hoysted hyghe, and keepes his beaten Race,
Amid the christall colourde skye, why turnes hee not his Face,
Retyring fast into the East backe up the day to twyne ?
O Father Phœbe to me, to me, thy Chariot reynes resigne,
That I advaunced up, about the marble skyes may ryde,
Bequeath thy brydle unto mee, and give me grace to guide
Thy yoked prauncing teame, with yerking lasshe of burning whip,
That with thy fervent fyry beames on purple poale doe skip.
Let Corynth countrey burnt to dust by force of flame and fyre
Gyve place, that both the tumbled seas may joyne : whom to retyre
It doth compell, and dassheth of from banke on eyther syde,
Least meete in one their chanels might, whose streames hee doth devide
No way to worke theyr deadly woe I have but this at hande,
That to the wedding I should beare a ruthfull brydall brande,
Anoying Creons carelesse Court : when finished I have
Such solemne service, as that ryght of sacrafice doth crave.

Then at the Aulters of the Gods my chyldren shalbe slayne,
With crimsen colourde bloud of Babes their Aulters will I stayne,
Through Lyvers, Lungs, the Lights and Heart, through every gut and gal
For vengeaunce breake away perforce, and spare no bloude at all:
If any lusty lyfe as yet within thy soule doe rest,
If ought of auncient corage still doe dwell within my brest,
Exile all foolysh Female feare, and pity from thy mynde,
And as th' untamed Tygers use to rage and rave unkynde,
That haunt the croking combrous Caves, and clumpred frosen clives,
And craggy Rockes of Caucasus, whose bitter colde depryves
The soyle of all Inhabitours, permit to lodge and rest,
Such salvage brutish tyranny within thy brasen brest.
What ever hurly burly wrought doth Phasis understand,
What mighty monstrous bloudy feate I wrought by Sea or Land,
The like in Corynth shalbe seene in most outragious guise,
Most hyddious, hatefull, horrible, to heare, or see wyth eyes,
Most divelish, desperate, dreadfull deede, yet never knowne before,
Whose rage shall force heaven, earth, and hell to quake and tremble sore.
My burning breast that rowles in wrath, and doth in rancour boyle,
Sore thrysteth after bloud, and wounds with slaughter, death, and spoyle,
By renting racked lyms from lyms to drive them downe to grave:
Tush, these be but as Fleabytings, that mentioned I have:
As weyghty things as these I did in greener girlishe age,
Now sorrowes smart doth rub the gall and frets with sharper rage,
But sith my wombe hath yeelded fruict, it doth mee well behove,
The strength and parlous puissaunce of weightier illes to prove.
Be ready wrath, with all thy might that fury kindle may,
Thy foes to their destruction bee ready to assay:
Of thy devorsement let the Pryce to match, and counterpayse
The proude and precious pryncely pomp of these new wedding dayes.
How wilt thou from thy spouse depart? as him thou followed hast
In bloud to bath thy bloudy handes and traytrous lyves to wast.
Breake of in time these long delayes, abanden now agayne,
This lewd alliaunce, got by guilt, with greater guilt refrayne.

THE SEVENTH TRAGEDY

CHORUS ALTERED BY THE TRANSLATOUR

Who hath not wist that windy words be vayne,
And that in talke of trust is not the grounde,
Heere in a mirrour may hee see it playne,
Medea so by proofe the same hath founde.
Who being blind by blinded Venus Boy,
Her bleared Eyes could not beholde her blisse :
Nor spy the present poyson of her Joy,
While in the grasse the Serpent lurked is,
The shaft that flew from Cupids golden bowe,
With feathers so hath dimd her daseld Eyes,
That cannot see to shun the way of woe :
The ranckling head in dented heart that lyes,
So dulles the same, that can not understand
The cause that brought false Jason out of Greece,
To come unto her fathers fertile Land,
Is not her love, but love of golden Fleece.
Yet was his speache so pleasaunt and so milde,
His tongue so filde, his promises so fayre,
Sweete was the fowlers Song that hath beguilde
The seely byrd, brought to the limed snare.
Faith in his Face, trust shined in his Eyes,
The blushing brow playne meaning seemde to showe,
In double hearte blacke treason hydden lies,
Dissembling thoughts that weave the webbe of woe.
The honyed Lyppes, the tongue in suger dept
Doe sweete the poyson rancke within the breast,
In subtle shew of paynted sheath is kept,
The rusty knife of treason deemed least :
Lyfe seemes the bayte to sight that lyeth brim,
Death is the hooke that underlies the same,
The Candell blase delights with burning trim
The Fly, till shee bee burned in the flame.
Who in such showes least deemed any ills.
The hungry fyshe feares not the bayte to Brooke,
Till up the lyne doe pluck him by the gylls,
And fast in throate hee feeles the deadly hooke.
Woe Jason, woe to thee most wretched man,
Or rather wretch Medea woe to thee,

MEDEA

Woe to the one that thus dissemble can,
Woe to the other that trayned so might bee.
Thoughtst thou Medea his eyes to bee the glasse,
Wherein thou might the Face of thoughts beholde?
That in his breast with wordes so covered was,
As cancred brasse with glosse of yealow golde?
Did thou suppose that nature (more then kinde)
Had placde his heart his lying lyppes betweene,
His lookes to be the mirrour of his minde?
Fayth in fayre Face hath sildome yet ben seene.
Who listneth to the flatering Maremaides note
Must needes commit his tyred eyes to sleepe,
Yeelding to her the taking of his boate,
That meanes unware to drowne him in the deepe.
What booteth thee Medea to betray
The golden Fleece to fawning Jasons hande,
From Dragons teeth him safely to convay,
And fyry Bulles the warders of the lande?
Why for his sake from father hast thou fled,
And thrust thy selfe out from thy native soyle?
Thy brothers bloud what ayled thee to shed,
With Jason thus to travell and to toyle?
Beholde the meede of this thy good desarte,
The recompence that hee to thee doth gyve.
For pleasure, payne, for joy, most eger smarte,
With clogging cares in banishment to live.
Thou, and thy Babes, are like to begge and starve
In Nation straunge, (O myserable lyfe)
Whyle Jason from his promyses doe swarve,
And takes delight in his new wedded Wyfe.
O Ground ungrate, that when the husband man
Hath tilled it, to recompence his toyle
No Corne, but Weedes, and Thystles render can,
To stinge his handes, that Fruict seekes of his Soyle.
Such venome growes of pleasaunt coloured flower:
Loe, Prynces loe, what deadly poyson sup
Of Bane, erst sweete, now turned into sower,
Medea dranke out of a goulden Cup.

THE SECOND ACTE

MEDEA. NUTRIX

YE mee, (alas) I am undone, For at the Brydall cheare,
The warble note of wedding songs resounded in mine eare.
Yet for all this scant I my selfe, yet scant beleve I can,
That Jason would play such a prancke, as most unthanckfull man,
Both of my Countrey, and my Syre, and kingdome me to spoyle,
And yet forsake mee wretch forlorne, to stray in forrein soyle.
O hath he such a stony heart, that doth no more esteeme,
The great good turnes, and benefits that I imployde on him ?
Who knowes, that I have lewdly used enchauntments for his sake,
The rigour rough, and stormy rage, of swelling Seas to slake.
The grunting firy foming Bulles, whose smoking guts were stuft
With smoltring fumes, that from theyr Jawes, and nosthrils out they puft.
I stopt their gnashing mounching mouths, I quencht their burning breath,
And vapors hot of stewing paunch, that els had wrought his death,
Or feedes hee thus his fansy fond, to thinke my skill of charme
Abated is, and that I have no power to doe him harme ?
Bestract of wits, with wavering minde perplext on every part,
I tossed, and turmoyled am, wyth wayward crasy hart.
Now this, now that, and neyhter now, but now another way,
By divers meanes I toyle, that so my wrong reveng I may.
I would the wretch a brother had : but what ? he hath a Wyfe.
Goe cut her throate, with gastly wounds bereve her of her lyfe.
On her ile worke my deadly spight : her, her alone I crave,
To quit such bitter sowsing stormes, as I sustayned have.

If any graund notorious guilt in all Pelasga Land
Be put in practise, yet unknowne unto thy harming hand,
Thereof to get experience the time doth now begin :
Thy former feates doe byd thee take good hope to thryve herein :
Let all thy guilts with thronging thick assemble thee to ayde,
The golden Fleece (the chiefe Novell) of Colchis Ile betrayde.
My tender Brother eke, that with my Syer did mee pursue,
Whom with his secret partes cut of, I wicked Virgin slewe,
Whose shreaded and dismembred corps, with sword in gobbits hewd,
(A wofull Coarse to th' Fathers heart) on Pontus ground I strewd.
How hóry héadded Pelias his wythred age to shyft
To greener yeares, for longer lyfe : his daughters by my dryft
His members all and mangled flesh with licour scalding hot
Ysodden, and perboyled have, in seething brasen pot.
How oft in haynous bloud have these my cruell handes bene dyed ?
And never any guilt as yet by wrath inflamde I tryed.
But now the parlous poysning wound of Cupids percing dart,
Doth boyle and rage within my breast, it ranckles at my hart.
But how could Jason it redresse, whom fortunes froward wyll
Hath yeelde unto anothers hande, at lust to save or spill ?
O rage of rusty cancred minde, this sclaundrous talke amende,
If Fortunes grace will graunt it thus, let him unto his ende
Lyve still my Jason as he was : but if not Jason myne,
Yet caytife suffer Jason live, though Jason none of thyne :
Who being mindefull still of us some favour let him showe,
For these good turnes that our good will could earst on him bestowe :
King Creon is in all the fault, and onely worthy blame,
Who puffed up with Scepter proude, unable for to frame
His fickle minde to modesty, made breach twixt us agayne,
Whom Hymens bands, and link of love had made but one of twayne,
By whom eke from her tender brats the mother (wretch) is drawne,
Hee breakes the vowe, that gaged is with such a precious pawne.
Seeke after such a villaynes bloud, in daunting pangs of smart,
Let him alone bee surely dowst, such is his due desart,
A dungell hept of Cinders burnt his Pallayce make I shall,
That Malea where in winding strights, the lingring ships doe crall,
Shall gase on smolthring turrets tops turmoylde in crackling flame.
Nu. For godsake (Madame) I you pray your tongue to silence frame.

Eke hyde your privy languishing and greefe in secret vayne :
Who with a modest minde abides the Spurs of pricking payne,
And suffereth sorrowes paciently, may it repay agayne.
Who beares a privy grudge in breast, and keepes his malyce close,
When least suspection is thereof, may most annoy his Foes.
He leeseth oportunity who vengeaunce doth requyre,
That shewes by open sparkes the flame the heate of kindled fyre.
Me. Small is the grype of griefe that can to reasons lore obay,
And sneking downe with stealing steps can slyly slip away.
But they that throughly sowsed are with showers of greater payne,
Can not digest such corsyes sharpe, but cast it up agayne :
Fayne would I give them trouncing girds. Nu. Good daughter deare asswage
Th'unbrydled sway and boyling heate of this thy gyddy rage :
Scant maist thou purchase quietnesse, although thou held thy tongue.
Me. The valiaunt heart dame Fortune yet durst never harme with wrong,
But dreading dastards downe she drives. Nu. If any corage dure,
And harbred be in noble breast, now put the same in ure.
Me. The show of sturdy valiant heart, at any time doth shyne.
Nu. No hope doth in adversity thy way to scape assygne.
Me. Hee that hath none affiaunce left, nor any hope at all,
Yet let him not mystrust the luck of ought that may befall.
Nu. Thy Countrey cleane hath cast thee of, to let thee sinke or swim,
As for thy husband Jason hee, there is no trust in him :
Of all the wealth and worldly mucke wherewith thou didst abounde
No porcion remaynes at all, whereby some helpe is founde.
Me. Medea yet is left, (to much) and here thou mayst espy
The Seas to succour us in flyght, and landes aloofe that ly :
Yea yron tooles, with burning brands we have to worke them woe,
And Gods that with the thunder dint shall overquell our foe :
Nu. Who weares the goldencrested crowne him dred with awe yee should.
Me. My Father was a King, yet I betrayed his Fleece of gould.
Nu. Can not the deadly vyolence of weapons make thee feare ?
Me. No, though such grisly Lads they were, as whilom did appeare,

That bred of gargell Dragons teeth in holow gaping grounde,
When mutually in bloudy fight eche other did confounde.
Nu. Then wilt thou cast thy self to death. Me. Would God that I were dead.
Nu. Fly, fly to save thy life. Me. Woe worth the time that once I fled.
Nu. What O Medea. Me. Why shall I fly? Nu. A mother deere art thou,
Fly therefore for thy childrens sake. Me. Yee see by whom, and how,
A wretched Mother I am made. Nu. Thy lyfe by flight to save
Dost thou mistrust? Me. Nay, fly I will, but vengeaunce first ile have.
Nu. Then some shall thee at heeles pursue, to wrecke the same agayne.
Me. Perhap ile make his comming short. Nu. Be still, and now refrayne
O despret dame thy thundring threates, and slake your raging ire.
Apply, and frame thy froward will as time and tides requyre.
Me. Full well may fortunes welting wheele to begging bring my state,
As for my worthy corage, that shee never shall abate.
Who bouncing at the Gates, doth cause the creaking dores to Jar?
It is the wretch (Creon his selfe,) whom princely power far
Hath lift aloft, with lordly looke, puft up with pouncing pryde,
That hee may Corinth countrey, with the sway of Scepter guide.

CREON. MEDEA

Medea that ungracious Imp, King Ætas wicked chylde,
Yet hath not from our careful realme her lingring foote exilde.
Som naughty drift she goes about, her knacks of old we kno,
Her jugling arts, her harming hands are known wel long ago.
From whom will shee withhold her harme? whom will this cruel beast
Permit to live, from perrill free, in quietnesse and rest?
Cleane to cut of this parlous plague it was our purpose bent,
But Jason by entreting hard, did cause us to relent.

At his request we graunted have, her life she shall enjoy,
Let her acquit our countrey free from feare of all annoy :
Yea saufely let her pack her hence, in eger giddy fit,
With lumpish lowring looke shee comes in talke with me to knit :
Sirs keepe her of and set her hence, least us she touch perhap,
And drive her backe from comming nigh, commaunde her keepe her clap.
And let her learne at length, how that her selfe submit she may,
The puissaunt payse and majesty of Princes to obay.
Run, hie thee quickly, trudge apace, have hence out of my sight
This horrible, most odious quean, this monstrous wicked wight.
Me. My soveraygne liege, what greater crime have I or lesse offence
Commit against thy majesty, to be exiled hence ?
Cr. Alas, the guiltlesse woman doth demaunde a reason why :
Me. If thou be Judge indifferent, ordaynde my cause to try,
Consider then my doubtfull case, and wey the ground of it :
If thou be king, commaund a Judge for such a matter fit.
Cr. The princes powre thou shalt obey, b' it eyther right or wrong.
Me. The prosperous pryde of wronging crownes cannot endeuer long.
Cr. Avaunt, and yell out thy complaynts at Colchis, get thee hence.
Me. Full gladly will I get mee home, if he that brought me thence,
Vouchsafe to beare me backe agayne. Cr. Alas, to late aryse
Entreating wordes, when as decree is taken otherwise.
Me. He that not hearing eyther part, pronounceth his decree,
Unrighteous man accoumpted is, though ryght his sentence bee.
Cr. Whyle Pelias trusted to thy talke, from lyfe to death hee fell.
Go to, begyn, we gyve you leave your goodly tale to tell.
Me. That type of Regall majesty, that erst by Fortunes hand,
Advaunced to I dyd attayne, hath taught mee understand,
How hard a thing it is of wrath the rygour to asswage,
When burning heate of boyling breast in flames begins to rage.
Eke for th' advauncement of their power more to display in sight
Theyr kingly corage bolstred out with majesty of might.
They deeme it doth import asway, and hath a greater grace,
Whome stately scepter causde to climbe aloft to prouder place.
To persever with fansye fonde, in that to reasons spyght,
Whose greedy choyce attaynted fyrst his minde with vayne delight.

THE SECOND ACTE

For though in piteous plyght I lye, throwne downe to great decay,
With beauty hap, and ruthfull chaunce, to myserable stay,
Thus hunted out from place to place, forsoke and left alone,
A wyddow while my husband live, with cause to wayle and mone,
Perplext in maze of misery, wyth cloying cares so ryfe,
Yet whylom I in golden trone have led in happy lyfe.
By high and noble parentage my bryght renowne doth shyne.
From Phœbus eake my Graundsire great deryved is my ligne.
Whear sylver streamed Phasis flood his wasshing waves doth shed,
Or with contrary croking wayes his bathing channell spred,
What ever wandring coast stretcht out is left aloofe behynde,
From whence the roaming Scithyan Sea his channell forth doth fynde,
Where as Mæotis fenny plashe with pure fresh water sprynges,
Doth season sweete the briny Sea, that tyde in thyther brynges.
Eke all the coastes envyroned and kept within the bankes
Of Thermodon, where warlike troupes, and armed wyddowes ranckes,
With paynted bucklers on their armes holde all the land in feare,
With rigour rough of threatning sword, with force of denting speare.
So farre to all these wandring coastes and countreyes round about,
My Fathers ample regiment at large is stretched out.
I being thus of noble Race, and in an happy plight,
With glorious glosse of pryncely pomp in honour shining bright,
Then pearelesse Peares my Spousall bed did seeke and sue to have,
But those to be theyr loving Feeres, now other Ladyes crave:
Rashe, ficle, pevish, undiscreete, and wavering Fortunes wheele,
Hath cast me out, the crusshing cares of banishment to feele.
In Scepter proude and hauty Crowne fix thine affyaunce fast.
Sith upsidowne with welkin wheele, whole mounts of wealth is cast.
This Prynces doe possesse, that should theyr royalty display,
Whose fame shall never razed be, with storme of lowring day,
To succour those whom misery in pit of paynes doth souse,
To shield and harber suppliaunts in roofe of loyall house.
This onely brought I from my Realme, the precious golden Fleece,
That Jewell chiefe, and eke the flower of Chyvalry in Greece,
The sturdy prop, the Rampter strong the bulwarke of your wealth,
And Hercules the boystrous Imp of Jove I kept in health.

THE SEVENTH TRAGEDY

It was by meanes of my good will that Orpheus did escape,
Whose harmony the livelesse Rocks with such delight did rape,
That forced even the clottred lumpes with hobling prickt to praunce,
And eke the jocond nodding woods with footing fine to daunce.
And that those heavenly twins Castor, and Pollux did not dy,
My dew desart is doubled twise, sith them preserved I.
Of Boreas blustring out with puffed Cheekes, his blasing Breath,
His wynged Sons I kept alive both Calais, and Zeath.
And Linceus that with pearcing beames, and sharper sight of Eye,
Could Navies on the farther banke of Sicill shore espy.
And all the Mynians that did come the golden Fleece to win.
As for the Prince of Princes all, I will not bring him in.
With silence Jason will I passe, for whom though him I save,
Yet is not Greece in debt to mee, no recompence I crave.
To no man him I doe impute, the rest I brought agayne
For your avayle, that you thereby some profit might attayne.
But onely on my Jason deare, him for my owne loves sake
I kept in store, that hee of mee his wedded Wyfe should make.
None other fault (God wot) yee have to charge mee with but this
That Argo Ship by meanes of mee returned saufely is.
If I a shamefast mayde had not with Cupids bayte bene caught,
If more my Fathers health to have then Jasons I had sought,
Pelasga land had bene undone, and falne to great decay,
The lusty valiaunt Capitaynes, had cleane bene cast away :
And joly Jason fyrst of all this now thy sonne in lawe,
The Buls had rent his swalowed lims in fiery chomping jawe.
Let Fortune fight agaynst my case as list her elvish will,
Yet never shall it grieve my heart, repent my deede I nill,
That I should for so many kings their reling honour save,
The guerden due that I for this my crime commit must have,
It lyeth Creon in thy hande, if thus it lyketh thee,
Condemne my guilty ghost to death, but render fyrst to mee
My fault that forced me offend, then Creon graunt I this,
Receaving Jason (cause of cryme) I guilty did amisse.
Thou knowst that I was such an one when couring low I lay,
Before thy feete in humble wise and did entreating pray,
Thy gracious goodnes mee to graunt some succour at thy hande.
For me a wreatch and wreatched Babes I aske within this lande

Some cotage base, in outcast hole, some couching corner vile,
If from the towne thou drive us out to wander in exile,
Then some by place aloofe within this realme let us obtayne.
Cr. How I am none that tyrant like with churlish Scepter raygne,
Nor proudly or disdaynfully, with hawty corage hie,
With vaunting foote doe stamp them downe that undertroden lye,
And daunted are in carefull vale, thys playnly doth disclose,
In that to mee of late I such a sonne in lawe have chose,
Who was a wandring pilgrim poore, with sore afflictions fraight,
Dismayde with terrour of his foe, that lay for him in wayght.
Because Acastus having got the crowne of Thessail lande,
Requyreth in thy guilty bloude to bath his wreackfull hande.
He doth bewayle that good olde man his feeble father slayne,
Whom waight of yeres with bowing back to stoupe alow constrayne
The godly mynded systers, all yblinde with misty vale
And cloking colour of thy craft durst ventrusly assayle.
That mount of myschiefe marveylous, to mangle, heaw, and cut,
Theyr Fathers dere unjoynted limmes in boyling Caldron put.
But for thy open guiltinesse if thou can purge the same,
Strayght Jason can discharge him selfe from blot of guilty blame :
His gentle handes were never staynde with goare of any bloude.
Aloofe from your conspyracie refrayning farre hee stoode.
His harmelesse handes put not in ure with goary tooles to mell.
But thou that setst on fyre fyrst these mighty mischiefes fell,
Whom shamelesse womans wily braine and manly stomack stout
Doe set a Gog, for to attempt to bring all ils about.
And no regarde at all thou hast, how sounding trumpe of fame
With ringing blast of good or ill doe blowe abrode thy name :
Get out and clense my fyled realme, away together beare
Thyne hearbes unmilde of sorcery, my Lyeges ryd fro feare.
Transporte thee to some other lande, whereas thou may at ease
With odious noyse of divelish charme, the troubled Gods disease.
Me. If needes thou wylt have mee avoyde, my shyp to mee restore,
Or els my mate with whom I fyrst aryved on this shore :
Why dost thou bid that by my selfe I onely should be gone ?
I came not heather at fyrst wythout my company alone.
If this do thee aggryese, that brunt of warres thou shalt sustayne,
Commaund us both the cause thereof to shun thy realme agayne :

Sith both are guilty of one art, why dost thou part us twayne ?
For Jasons sake, not for myne owne, poore Pelias was slayne.
Annex unto my traytrous flight the conquerde booty brave,
My hoary headded naturall sier, whom I forsaken have,
With brothers bloudy flesh that mangled was with carving knife,
Or ought of Jasons forged lies he gabbes unto his wyfe.
These dreary deedes are none of myne, so oft as I offend,
Not for myne owne commodity, to come thereby in thende.
Cr. Time is expierd, by which thou ought to have bene gone away,
Wyth keeping such a chat, why dost thou make so long delay ?
Me. Yet of thy bounty ere I goe, this one boone will I crave.
Although the mother banished, so sore offended have,
Let not the vengeaunce of my fault through wrathfull deadly hate,
Myne innocent and guiltlesse Babes torment in wreached state.
Cr. Away : with loving friendly grype thy children I embrace,
And as a father naturall take pity on theyr case.
Me. Even for the prosperous good encreace of fertill spousall bed,
Of Glauce bright thy Daughter deare, whom Jason late hath wed,
And by the hope of fruictfull seede, whose flowre in time shall bloome ;
By th' onour of thy glystring crowne, ythralde to fortunes doome,
Whych shee so full of chop and chaunge, with ficle turning wheele
Whirls up and downe, in staggring state makes to and fro to reele,
I thee beseech, sith to exile I am departing now
O Creon but a litle pawse for mercy mee alow,
Whyle of my mourning brats with kysse, my last farewell I take,
Whyle gaspe of fayling breath perhap my shyvering lyms forsake.
Cr. With craft entending some deceipt thou cravest this delay.
Me. What falshode for so litle time be cause of terrour may ?
Cr. No jot of time is short ynough displeasure to prevent.
Me. Can not one jot to weeping Eyes, and trylling teares be lent ?
Cr. Although agaynst thy ernest suite unlucky dread do stryve,
One day to settle thee away, content I am to gyve.
Me. This is to much, and of the same somwhat abrydge yee may.
Cr. Make speede apace if from our land thou get thee not away,
Ere Phœbus horse with golden gleede theyr streaming beames doe shed,
Of dawning lampe, thou art condemde to leese thy wretched hed.

The holy day, and brydall both doe call me hence away :
And wils mee at the sacred aare of Hymeneus to pray.

THE SECOND ACTE

CHORUS

Lavish of life and dreadlesse was the wyght,
Attempting fyrst in slender tottring Barge
Wyth sliving Ore the slyced wave to smyte,
And dyrst commit the dainty tender charge
Of hazered life to inconstant course of wynde,
That turnes with chaunge of chaunces evermore,
To vew the land forsooke aloofe behynde,
And shooving forthe the Ship fro safer shore,
And glauncing through the fomy Channell deepe
On sunder cut with slender Stemme the wave,
Twixt hope of lyfe, and dread of death to sweepe,
In narrow gut him selfe to spill or save :
Experience yet of Planets no man had,
They needed not the wandring course to knowe
Of Starres, (wherewith the paynted sky is clad,)
Nor Pleiads, (which returne of sayling show)
Nor Hyads (that with showrs the Seas doe beate)
No nor the sterne Amaltheas horned head
(Who gave the lyppes of sucking Jove the Teate)
Were wont to put the blundering ships in dread.
They feared not the northerne Isy wayne,
Whych lazy olde bootes wieldes behinde,
And twynes about, no name yet could they fayne
For Boreas rough, nor smother western wynde.
Yet Typhys bould on open seas durst show
His hoysted sayles, and for the wyndes decree
New lawes : as now full gale aloofe to blow,
Now tackle turnde to take syde wynde alee,
Now up to farle the crossayle on the mast,
There safe to hang, the topsayle now to spred,
Now missel sayle, and drabler out to cast,
When dagling hanges his shottring tackle red

THE SEVENTH TRAGEDY

Whyle stearsman stur, and busye never blin,
With pyth to pull all sayles eke to display,
With tooth and nayle all force of wynde to wyn,
To sheare the seas and quick to scud anaye.
The golden worlde our fathers have possest,
Where banysht fraude durst never come in place,
All were content to live at home in rest,
With horye head, gray beard, and furrowed face
Whych tract of time within his countrey brought.
Riche having lytle, for more they did not toyle,
No vente for wares, nor Traficque far they sought,
No wealth that sprange beyond theyr native soyle,
The Thessail shyp together now hath set,
The Worlde that well with Seas dissevered lay,
It biddes the flouds with Oares to be bet,
And streames unknowen with shipwrack us to fray
That wicked Keele was lost by ruthfull wrack
Ytossed through such perylles passing great,
Where Cyanes Rocks gan rore as thunder crack,
Whose bouncing boult the shaken soyle doth beat.
The sowsing Surges dasshed every starre,
The pesterd seas the cloudes aloft berayde,
This scuffling did bould Typhis minde detarre,
Hys helme did slip from trembling hande dismayde.
Then Orpheus with his dronping Harp was mum,
Dead in her dumpes the flaunting Argos glee,
All husht in rest with silence wexed dum,
What hardy heart astound heere would not bee?
To see at once eche yawning mouth to gape,
Of Syllas gulph compact in wallowing paunch,
Of dogges, who doth not loth her mongrell shape,
Her visage, breast, and hyddeous ugly haunch:
Whom erketh not the scoulde with barking still?
To here the Mermaydes dyre who doth not quayle,
That lure the Eares with pleasaunt singing shrill
Of such as on Ausonius Sea doe sayle:
When Orpheus on his twanckling Harpe did play,
That earst the Muse Calliop gave to him.

Almost those Nymphes that wonted was to stay
The shyps, he causd fast followinge him to swim.
How deerely was that wicked journey bought?
Medea accurst, and eke the golden Fleece,
That greater harme then storme of seas hath wrought
Rewarded well that voyage first of Greece.
Now seas controulde doe suffer passage free,
The Argo proude erected by the hand
Of Pallas first, doth not complayne that shee
Conveyde hath back the kynges unto theyr land.
Eche whirry boate now scuddes aboute the deepe,
All stynts and warres are taken cleane away,
The Cities frame new walles themselves to keepe,
The open worlde lettes nought rest where it lay:
The Hoyes of Ind Arexis lukewarme leake,
The Perseans stout in Rhene and Albis streame
Doth bath their Barkes, time shall in fine out breake
When Ocean wave shall open every Realme.
The wandring World at will shall open lye.
And Typhis will some newe founde Land survay,
Some travelers shall the Countreys farre escrye,
Beyonde small Thule, knowen furthest at this day.

THE THIRD ACTE

NUTRIX. MEDEA

HY trotst thou fisking in and out so rash from place to place ?
Stand styll, and of thyne eger wrath suppresse the ruthfull race,
The rigour rough of ramping rage from burning breast out cast,
As Bacchus bedlem priestes that of his spryte have felt the blast,
Run franticke, hoyting up and downe with scitish wayward wits,
Not knowing any place of rest, so prickt with frowarde fits,
On cloudy top of Pindus Mounte all hyd with Snow so chyll :
Or els upon the lofty riddge of braunched Nisa hyll :
Thus starting still with frounced mynde she walters to and froe,
The signes pronouncing proofe of pangues her frensy Face doth show
With glowing cheekes and bloud red Face, with short and gasping breath,
Shee fetcheth deepe ascending sighes from sobbing heart beneath,
Now blyth she smiles, ech tumbled thought in pondring braine she beats,
Now stands she in a mammering, now myschiefe sore she threats.
With chafing fume she burnes in wrath, and nowe she doth complayne,
With blubbering teares a fresh bylive shee weepes and wayles agayne.
Where will this lumpish loade of cares with headlong sway allight ?
On whom entendeth shee to worke the threates of her despight ?
Where will this huge tempestious surge slake downe it selfe agayne ?
Enkindled fury new in breast begins to boyle a mayne.

Shee secretly entendes no mischiefe small nor meane of sise
To passe her selfe in wickednes her busy braynes devise.
The token olde of pinching ire full well ere this know I :
Some haynous, huge, outragious, great, and dredfull storme is nye :
Her firy, scowling, steaming Eyes, her hanging Groyne I see,
Her powting, puffed, frowning Face, that signes of freating bee.
O myghty Jove beguile my feare. Me. O wretch if thou desire,
What measure ought to payse thy wrath then learne by Cupids fire
To hate as sore as thou didst love, shall I not them anoy
That doe unite in spousall bed, theyr wanton lust t'enjoy ?
Shall Phœbus fiery footed horse goe lodge in western wave
The drowping day, that late I did with humble crowching crave,
And with such ernest busie suite so hardly graunted was ?
Shall it depart ere I can bring my devylish dryft to passe ?
Whyle hovering heaven doth counterpaysed hang with egall space,
Amid the marble Hemispheares, whyle rounde with stinted race,
The gorgeous Sky above the Earth doth spinning roll about,
Whyles that the number of the sandes, lyes hid unserched out,
While dawning day doth keepe his course with Phœbus blase so bright,
While twinkling starres in golden traynes doe garde the slumbry nyght,
While Isie under propping poale with whyrling swyng so swift,
The shyning Beares unbathde about the frosen Sky doe lift,
While flushing floudes the frothy streames to rustling Seas doe send,
To gird them gript with plonging pangues my rage shall never end.
With greater heate it shall reboyle, lyke as the brutishe beast,
Whose tyranny most horrible, exceedeth all the rest,
What greedy gaping whyrle poole wide what parlous gulph unmilde,
What Sylla coucht in roring Rockes, or what Charybdes wylde,
(That Sicill, and Ionium Sea by frothy waves doth sup)
What Ætna bolking stifling flames, and dusky vapours up,
(Whose heavy payse with stewing heate hath smoldring crush beneath
Encelades, that fiery flakes from choked throte doth breath)
Can with such dreadfull menaces in sweeting fury fry ?
No ryver swift no troubled surge of stormy Sea so hye,

Nor sturdy seas (whom ruffling winds with raging force to rore)
Nor puissaunt flash of fyre, whose might by bosytrous blast is more,
May byde my angers violence : my fury shall it foyle :
His court Ile over hourle, and lay it leavell with the soyle.
My Jasons heart did quake for feare of Creon cruell king,
And least the king of Thessaly would warre upon him bring.
But loyall Jove that hardens hearts makes no man be afright.
But beete, that he convict hath yeelde himselfe to Creons might.
Yet once hee might have visited, and come to me his wyfe,
To talke, and take his last farewell, if daunger of his life
In doing this (hard harted wretch most cruell) he should feare,
He being Creons sonne in law, for him it lefull were,
To have proroged somwhat yet my heavy banishment,
To take my leave of chyldren twayne one onely day is lent :
Yet doe I not complayne, as though the time to short I thought.
As proofe shall playne pronounce, to day, to day, it shall bee wrought,
The memory whereof no tract of time shall wype away.
With malice bent agaynst the Gods my wrath shall them assay :
And rifling every thing, both good, and bad, I will turmoyle.
Nu. Madame thy minde that troubled is, and tost with such a broyle
Of swarming ills, thy vexed breast now set at rest agayne,
The pevish fond affections all of troubled mynde refrayne.
Me. Then onely can I be at rest, when every thing I see
Throwne headlong topsie turvey downe to ruthfull ende with mee.
With mee let all things cleane decay : thy selfe if thou doe spill,
Thou maist drive to destruction what els with thee thou will :
Nu. If in this folly stiffe thou stand, beholde what after clappes
Are to bee fearde, none dare contrive for Prynces trayning trappes.

JASON. MEDEA

O luckless lot of frowarde Fates, O cruell Fortunes hap,
Both when she list to smite, or spare, in woe she doth us wrap
A like, the salve that God hath geven so oft to cure our griefe
More noyeth then the sore it selfe, and sendeth lesse reliefe :
If for her good deserts to me, amendment I should make,
I hazard should my ventrous lyfe to leese it for her sake.

If I will shun my dismall day, and will not for her dy,
Then want the love of loyalty, O wretched man must I.
No dastards dread my stomacke stout can cause to droupe and shrynke,
But meere remorse appaulleth me, when on my babes I thynke.
For why ? when carefull parents are once reft of lyfe and breath,
Sone after them their wretched seede are drawne to dolefull death.
O Sacred righteousnesse (if thou enjoye thy worthy place
In perfect blisse of happy heaven) I call upon thy grace,
And thee for witnesse here alledge, how for my childrens part
With pity prickt I have commit these things agaynst my hart.
And so I thinke Medea her selfe the Mother rather had,
(Though frantickly as now she fares with rage of heart so mad
And doth abhor with paynfull yoke of combrous cares to toyle)
Her spousall bed, then that her seede should take the plunging foyle.
I did determine in my minde, to goe her to entreate
With gentle wordes, and pray her cease in fervent wrath to freate.
And loe, on me when once she caste the beames of glauncing Eye,
Full blythe she leapes, she jumpes for joy, in fits she ginnes to fry.
Deepe deadly blackish hate she seemes in outwarde brow to beare,
And wholly in her frowning face doth glutting griefe appeare.
Me. I packing, packing, Jason, am : this still to chop, and chaunge
The fleeting soyle of my abode, to mee it is not straunge.
The cause of my departure yet (to me is straung) and new.
I wonted was in followinge thee all places to eschew :
I will depart, and get me hence, to whom for helping hande
Entendest thou to sende us forth, whom hence to fly the land
Thou dost compell with thine alies ? shall I repayre agayne
To Phasis flood, to Colchis Isle, or to my fathers raygne ?
Or goary sweeting fieldes, that with my brothers blood do reeke ?
What harbring lands aloofe dost thou commaund us out to seeke ?
What seas appoint yee me to passe ? shall I my journey dryve,
Uppon the parlous hatefull jawes of Pontus to arrive,
By which I did saufe conduct home kings valiaunt armies great,
Where roaring rocks with thundring noise the flapping waves do beate,
Or on the narrow wrackfull shore of Simplegades twayne ?
Or els to small Hiolcos towne can I retourne agayne ?
Or toyle, the gladsome pleasaunt lands of Tempes to attayne ?

All places that I opened have unto thy passage free,
I shut them up agaynst my selfe, now whether sendste thou mee ?
A banisht wretch to banishment thou wouldest have encline,
Yet to the place of her exyle, thou canst not her assygne.
Yet for all that without delay I must depart and go :
And why ? forsoth the king his sonne in law commaundeth so.
Well : nothing will I stand against, with grypes of passing payne
Let me be scourgde, of my desarts such is the gotten gayne.
Let Creon in his pryncely ruffe lay to his heavy handes,
To whyp an whore in torments sharp, with iron gives and bandes
Let her be chaynd, in hydeous hole of night for aye her locke :
Let her be cloyed with pestring payse of restlesse rowling rocke.
Yet lesse than I deserved have, in all this shall I finde :
O thou uncurteous Gentleman, consider in thy mynde
The flamy puffes, and firy gaspes of gastly gaping bull,
And Ætas catell rych with Fleece of gorgeous golden wooll,
That went to graze amid so great and mighty feares in fielde,
Of uncontrouled Nation, whose soyle doth armies yeelde.
Revoke to minde the deadly dartes of sodayne starting foe,
When gastly warriour (Tellus broode) to ground agayne did goe,
Through slaughter red of mutuall launce, to this yet further passe,
The lurched Fleece of Phrixes Ramme, that all thine errand was.
And ugsome Argos slumberlesse, whom fast I causde to keepe
His wery watching winking eyes with unaquaynted sleepe.
My brother eke, whose fatall twist of feeble lyfe I shred,
And guilt that wrought so many guiltes when as with thee I fled.
The daughters whom I set on worke entrapt in wily trayne,
To stay theyr fire, that shall not ryse to quickned lyfe agayne.
And how to travell other realmes, I set myne owne at nought.
By that good hope which of thy seede conceaved is in thought,
Eake by thy stable Mansion place, and mighty monsters, that
Downe beaten for thy health, I causde before thy feete to squat,
And by these drudging hands of myne unspared for thy sake,
For dread of daungers over past that caused thee to quake,
By heavens above, and seas belowe, that witnesse bearers bee,
To knitting of our maryage up, thy mercy vayle to mee.
Of all the heapes of treasure great so farre of being fet,
Which Ætas savage Scythians dyd travell for to get

From Ind, where Phœbus scorching blase doth dye the people blacke.
Of all this golde which in our bowers wee coulde not well compacke,
But tricke and trym wee garnished our groves with golde so gay,
I banisht wretch of all this stuffe gat nought with mee away,
Except my brothers slaughterd flesh, yet I employed the same
On thee : the cares of countreyes health, my honesty and shame.
My Father, and my brother both hath yeelded place to thee,
This is the dowry that thou had my wedded spouse to bee.
To her whom thou dost abrogate restore her goods agayne.
Ja. When Creon in malicious moode had thought thee to have slayne,
Entreated with my teares, exyle and life he gave to thee.
Me. I tooke it for a punishment, but surely as I see
This banishment is now become a friendly good rewarde.
Ja. While thou hast time to goe, be gone, for most seveare and harde
The kings displeasure ever is. Me. Thus wouldst thou dodge mee out ?
Thy hated trull cast of thou dost, that please Creuse thou mought.
Ja. Dost thou Medea upbrayde mee with the breach unkynde of love ?
Me. And slaughter vyle, with trechery, whereto thou didst mee move.
Ja. When all is done what canst thou lay my guiltines to stayne ?
Me. Even whatsoever I have done. Ja. Yet more this doth remayne :
That thy ungracious wickednes of harme should mee accuse.
Me. Thine, thine they are, they are all thine what ever I did use
Who that of lewdnesse reapes the fruict, is grafter of the same
Let every one with infamy thy wretched Spouse defame,
Yet doe thou onely take her part, her onely doe thou call
A just and undefiled wight, without offence at all.
If any man shall for thy sake polute his hand with ill,
To thee let him an innocent yet be accompted still.
Ja. The life is lothsome that doth worke his shame who hath it chose.
Me. The life whose choyse doth worke thy shame thou ought againe to lose.
Ja. Let reason rule thy eger mynde so vext with crabbed ire,
And for thy tender childrens case to bee at rest requyre.

Me. I doe defy it, wholy I detest it, I forsweare
That bretheren bred unto my barnes Creusas wombe shall beare
Ja. It will be trim, when as a Queene of majesty and myght
Hath issue, kinne unto the seede of thee a banisht wight.
Me. So cursed day shall never on my wretched children shine,
To mingle base borne basterdes with the bloud of noble Lygne.
Shall Phœbus stocke (that beares the lamp of heaven in starry throne)
Be macht with drudging Sisiphus that roules in hell the stone ?
Ja. What meanest thou wretch, both thee and mee in banishment to yoke ?
I pray then hence. Me. When humbly I my mynde to Creon broke,
Hee gave an eare unto my suite. Ja. What lyeth in my myght
To doe for thee ? Me. If no good turne, then doe thy worst dispyght.
Ja. On this side with his swerd in hand king Creon doth mee scarre:
On other part with armed hoast Acast doth mee detarre.
Me. Medea eke to coape with these, that more apaull us may:
Go to, to skyrmishe let us fall, let Jason be the pray:
Ja. I yeelde whom sore adversities have tyerd with heavy sway.
Learne thou to dred thy lucklesse lot that ofte doth thee assay.
Me. I evermore have rulde the swinge of fortunes wavering will.
Ja. Achastus is at hand, and nygh is Creon thee to spyll:
Me. Take thou thy heeles to scape them both, I doe not thee advise
That thou agaynst thy father in lawe in traytrous armes should ryse.
Nor in Achast thy cosens bloud thy wounding handes to gore,
The vowes unto Medea made, doe trouble thee so sore.
Whyle yet thou hast not spilt there bloud, yet fly with mee away.
Ja. When armies twayne their banners of defiance shall display,
And marching forth in fielde to fyght seeke battayle at my hande,
Who then for us encounter shall their puissaunce to withstand ?
Me. If Creon and Achastus king encampe together shall,
Admit that these in one with them should joyne their powers all
My Countreymen of Colchis Ile, and Ætas lusty kyng,
Suppose the Scythians joyne with Greekes, to ground I wil them bring,

Cleane put to foile. Ja. The puissaunt power of hawty mace I feare.
Me. Take heede, least more thou do affect the same, then for to cleare
Thy selfe of Creons servile yoke. Ja. Least some suspicion grow,
Of this our tatling long here let us make an ende and goe.
Me. Now Jove hurle out thy flames and force thy thundring bolts to fly,
With fiery drakes bright brandishing disparst in burning sky :
Strayne forth thy dreadfull threatning arme, dispose in due aray
The tossing dint of lightning flashe, that wrecke our quarrell may.
With rumbling cracke of renting cloud cause all the world to quake,
And levell not thy hovering hand to stryke with firy flake
Uppon my pasht and crushed corpes, or Jasons Carcasse slayne :
For whether of us thou smight to death his due rewarde shall gayne,
Thy thumps of thwacking boltes on us amisse they cannot light.
Ja. Fy, let thy mynde on matters runne that seeme a modest wight,
And use to have more cheerefull talke : if any thing thou crave,
Within my fathers house to ease thy flyght, thou shalt it have.
Me. Thou knowst my minde both can, and eke is wont, to doe no lesse,
Then to contemne the brittell wealth that Prynces doe possesse.
This, this shalbe the onely boone that at thy hande I crave,
As mates with me in banishment, my children let mee have,
That resting on theyr sighing breastes my carefull mourning hed,
I may my chrystall teary streames into theyr bosomes shed.
But as for thee, new gotten sonnes of wife new wed doe stay.
Ja. I graunt that unto thy request I wishe I might obey :
But nature mee with pity pryckes, that needes I must deny.
For though both Creon and Achast, in torments force mee lye,
I could not yeelde unto theyr willes : on this my lyfe doth rest :
In times of teares this is the joy of dull afflicted brest,
For better farre I can abyde the wante of vitall breath,
And succour of my lymmes, or loose the light of worlde by death.
Me. What love unto his seely Babes is deeply graft in him ?
This worketh well I have him tript, loe now there lyeth brim.
An open place whereby receave a venny soone hee may.
Let mee or I departe, unto my seely children say.

THE SEVENTH TRAGEDY

These lessons of my last adewe, and graunt to mee the space,
With tender grype of colling last theyr loving limmes t' embrace :
This wilbe comforte to my heart : yet at the latter woorde
I aske no more but onely that you shoulde mee this affoorde.
If eger anguish cause my tongue to cast out woords unkinde,
Let all thing fly, let nothing be engraved in your minde,
But let remembraunce otherwhyle of mee to touch your thought,
Let other thinges be wypte away that byle of wrath hath wrought.
Ja. I have forgotten every whit, God graunt thou may of shake
These surging qualmes of frounced minde and milder mayste it make :
For quietnesse doth worke theyr ease that dented are with woe.
Me. What is he slily slipt and gon ? falles out the matter so ?
O Jason dost thou sneake away, not having minde of mee,
Nor of those former great good turnes that I have done for thee ?
With thee now am I cleane forgot : but I will bryng about
That from thy carefull sighing minde shall not bee banisht out :
Apply to bring this to effect, call home thy wits agayne,
And all thy wyly fetches farre, eache artificiall trayne.
This is the perfect fruict that may to thee of mischiefe spryng,
To presuppose that mischiefe is not graft in any thing.
Scant have I opportunity for my pretensed guile,
Because wee are mistrusted sore : but try I will the whyle
To set upon them in such sort, as none can deeme my sleyght :
March forth, now venture on, fall to, both what lyeth in thy myght,
And also what doth passe thy power. O faythfull nourse and mate
Of all my heavy heart breaking, and dyvers cursed fate.
Come help our simple meane device. Remayning yet I have
A robe of Pall the present that our heavenly Graundsire gave,
Chiefe monument of Colchis Ile, which Phœbus did bestow
On Ætas for a pledge, that him his father he might know.
A precious fulgent gorget eake, that bravely glytters bryght,
And with a seemely shyning seame of golden thryds is dight,
Through wrought betwene the row of pirles doe stand in borders round,
Wherewith my golden crispen Locks is wonted to be cround.
My lytle children they shall beare these presents to the Bryde,
That first with slibber slabbar sosse of chauntments shalbe tryde.

Request the ayde of Hecate in redinesse prepare
The lamentable sacrifice upon the bloudy Aare
Enforce the fiers catching holde upon the rafters hye
With crackling noyse of flamy sparkes rebound in azur sky.

THE THIRD ACTE

CHORUS

No fiers force, nor rumbling rage of boistrus blustring winde,
No dart shot whirling in the skies, such terrour to the minde
Can drive, as when the ireful wife doth boile in burning hate
Deprived of her spousall bed, and comfort of her mate,
Nor where the stormy southerne winde with dankish dabby face,
Of hoary winter sendeth out the gusshing showres apace.
Where veighment Isters waumbling streame comes waltring downe amayne,
Forbidding both the banks to meete, and cannot oft contayne
Him selfe within his channels scoupe, but further breakes his way,
Nor Rodanus whose russhing streame doth launch into the sea,
Or when amid the floured spring with hotter burning sunne,
The winters snowes disolvde with heate downe to the ryvers runne :
The clottred top of Haemus hill to water thin doth turne,
Such desperate gogin flame is wrath that inwardly doth burne,
And modest rule regardeth not, nor brydels can abyde,
Nor dreading death, doth wish on dinte of naked blade to slyde.
O Gods be gratious unto us, for pardon we do crave,
That him who tamde the scuffling waves, vouchsafe yee would to save.
But Neptune yet the Lord of Seas with frowning face will lower,
That over his second Scepter men to tryumph have the power.
The boy that rashly durst attempt that great unweldy charge
Of Phœbus everlasting Carte, and roving out at large,
Not bearing in his recklesse breast his fathers warnings wyse,
Was burned with the flames which he did scatter in the Skyes.
None knew the costly glimsing glades, where straggling Phaëton rode,
Passe not the path, where people safe in former tyme have trode.
O fondling, wilfull, wanton boy, doe not dissolve the frame
Of heaven, sith Jove with sacred hand hath halowed the same.
Who rowde with valiaunt Oares tough, that were for Argo made,
Hath powled naked Pelion mounte of thycke compacted shade.

THE SEVENTH TRAGEDY

Who entred hath the fleeting rockes and serched out the toyle
And tyring travels of the seas, and hath on salvage soyle
Knit fast his stretched Cable rope, and going forth to land,
To cloyne away the forren golde with greedy snatching hand.
Unto the seas (because that hee transgrest theyr lawes devin)
By this unlucky ende of his, he payes his forfeyte fine.
The troubled seas of theyr unrest for vengeaunce howle and weepe,
Syr Typhis who did conquer fyrst the daunger of the deepe,
Hath yeelded up the cunning rule of his unweldy sterne,
To such a guide, as for that use hath neede as yet to learne.
Who giving up his Ghost aloofe from of his native lande,
In forreyn more lyes buryed vile with durty soddes in sande.
He sits among the flittring soules that straungers to him weare.
And Aulis Isle that in her minde her masters losse doth beare,
Held in the Ships, to stand and wayle in croking narrow nooke :
That Orpheus Calliops sonne who stayde the running Brooke,
Whyle he recordes on heavenly Harpe with twanckling finger fine,
The wynde layde downe his pipling blastes : his harmony divine
Procurde the woods to styr them selves, and trees in traynes along
Came forth with byrds that held their layes and listned to his song.
With lims on sunder rent in fielde of Thrace he lyeth dead.
Up to the top of Heber floude, eke haled was his head.
Gone downe he is to Stygian dampes, which seene hee had before,
And Tartar boyling pits, from whence returne hee shall no more.
Alcydes banging bat did bringe the Northern laddes to grounde.
To Achelo of sundry shapes he gave his mortall wounde.
Yet after he could purchase peace both unto sea and land,
And after Ditis dungeon blacke rent open by his hand,
He lyving spred himselfe along on burning Oetas hill :
His members in his proper flame the wretche did thrust to spill :
His bloud he brewd with Nestors bloud, and lost his lothsome lyfe
By traytrous gyft that poysoned shyrt receaved of his wyfe.
With tuske of bristled groyning Bore Anceus lyms were torne.
O Meleagar (wicked wight) to grave by thee were borne
Thy mothers brethren twayne, and shee, for it with ruthfull hand,
Hath wrought thy dolefull desteny, to burne thy fatall brand.
The rash attempting Argonantes deserved all the death
That Hylas whom Alcides lost bereft of fading breath.

That springall which in sowsing waves of waters drowned was :
Goe now yee lusty bloudes, the Seas with doubtfull lot to passe,
Though Idmon had the calking skyll of destenies before,
The serpent made him leave his lyfe in tombe of Liby shore.
And Mopsus that to other men could well theyr fates escry,
Yet onely did deceyve him selfe uncertayne where to dy,
And he that could the secret hap of things to come unfoulde,
Yet dyde not in his countrey Thebes. Dame Thetis husband oulde
Did wander like an outlawde man. Our Palimedes syre
Did headlong whelm him selfe in seas. Who at the Greekes retyre
From Troy, to rushe on rockes did them alure with wily light,
Stout Ajax Oleus did sustayne the dint of thunder bright,
And cruell storme of surging seas, to quite the haynous guilt,
That by his countrey was commit, in seas he lyeth spilt.
Alceste to redeeme her husbands Phereus lyfe from death,
The godly Wyfe upon her spouse bestowed her panting breath.
Proude Pelias that wretch him selfe who had them first assay
The golden Fleece that booty brave by ship to fetch away,
Perboylde in glowing cauldron hoate with fervent heate hee fryes,
And fleeting peecemeale up and downe in water thin he lyes.
Inough, inough, revenged are O Gods the wronges of seas,
Be good to Jason, doing that hee did, his Eame to please.

THE FOURTH ACTE

NUTRIX

MY shivering minde amazed is, agast, and sore dismayde :
My chillish lims with quaking colde do tremble all afrayde :
Such plagues and vengeance is at hand, in what exceeding wise
Do sharp assaults of greedy griefe still more and more arise,
And of it selfe in smothering breast enkindlesse greater heate ?
Oft have I seene how ramping rage hath forced her to freate,
With franticke fits, mad, bedlem wise, against the Gods to rayle,
And eke bewitched ghosts of heaven in plunging plagues to trayle :
But now Medea beates her busie brayne to bring to passe
A myschiefe greater, greater farre, then ever any was.
Erewhile when hence she tript away astonished so sore,
And of her poyson closset close shee entred had the dore :
Shee powreth out her Jewels all, abrode to light shee brings
That which she dreading lothed long, most irksome ugly things :
She mumbling conjures up by names of ills the rable rout,
In hugger mugger cowched long, kept close, unserched out :
All pestlent plagues she calles upon, what ever Libie lande,
In frothy boyling stream doth worke, or muddy belching sande :
What tearing torments Taurus breedes, with snowes unthawed still
Where winter flawes, and hory frost knit hard the craggy hill,
She layes her crossing hands upon each monstrous conjurde thing,
And over it her magicke verse with charming doth she sing :
A mowsie, rowsie, rusty route with cancred Scales Iclad
From musty, fusty, dusty dens where lurked long they had,
Doe craull : a wallowing serpent huge, his combrous Corps out drags
In fiery foming blaring mouth his forked tongue hee wags.

He stares about with sparkling eyes, if some he might espy,
Whom snapping at with stinging spit he might constrayne to dy :
But hearing once the magycke verse he husht as all a gast,
His body boalne big, wrapt in lumps on twining knots hee cast.
And wambling to and fro his tayle in linkes he rowles it round.
Not sharp enough (quoth she) the plagues and tooles that hollow ground
Engenders for my purpose are, to heaven up will I call,
To reach me stronger poyson down, to frame my feate with all.
Now is it at the very poynt, Medea thou assay,
To bring about some farther fetch then common Witches may.
Let downe, let downe, that sprawling Snake that doth his body spred,
As doth a running brooke abroade his myghty channell shed.
Whose swelling knobs of wondrous sise and boystrous bobbing bumpes
Doth thumpe the great and lesser beare that feele his heavy lumpes.
The bygger beare with golden gleede the greekish fleete doth guyde,
But by the lesse the Sidon ships their passage have espide.
He that with pinch of griping fist doth bruse the adders twayne,
His strening hard and clasping hande, let him unknit agayne.
And crushe their squeased venome out, come further thou our charme
O slymy serpent Python, whom Dame Juno sent to harme
Diana, and Apollo both, (those heavenly spyrites twayne)
With whom Latona traveling did grone with pynching payne.
O Hydra whom in Lerna poole Alcides gave the foyle,
And all the noysome vermen vyle that Hercules did spoyle.
Which when on sunder they were cut with slysing deadly knyfe,
Can knit agayne their sodred partes, and so recover lyfe.
Help wakefull Dragon Argos, whom first magicke wordes of myne
Made Morpheus locke thy sleepy liddes, and shut thy slugring eyne.
Then having brought above the ground of Serpents all the rout,
Of filthy weedes the ranckest bane shee pyckes, and gathers out,
That spryng on knotty Eryx hill where passage none is founde,
Among the ragged Rockes, or what on Caucasus his grounde
Doth grow that still is clad in Coate of hoary moary frost.
That evermore unmelt abydes, whose spattred fylde is softe

With gubbs of bloud, that spowteth from Prometheus gaping maw,
Whose guts with twitching talent out the gastly gripe doth draw.
Or any other venemous herbe amonge the Medes that growes,
That with their sheafe of arowes sharp in field do scare their foes.
Or what the light held Parthian to serve her turne can sende,
Or els the rych Arabians, that dyp theyr arrowes ende
In poyson strong : the juyce of all Medea out doth wrynge,
That underneath the frosen poale in Swevia land doth sprynge.
Whose noble state Hircinus woode doth high enhaunce and reare.
Or what the pleasaunte soyle doth yeelde in pryme of smiling veare,
When nature byddes the byrd begin her shrowding nest to builde,
Or when the churlyshe Boreas blast sharpe winter hath exilde,
The trym aray of braunche and bough to cloth the naked tree,
And every thinge with bitter coulde of Snowe congealed bee.
In any pestilent flower on stalke of any hearbe doth growe,
Or noysome juyce doth lye in rotten wrythen rootes alowe,
Hath any force in breading bane, those takes shee in her hande.
Some plaugy hearbes did Athos yeelde that mount of Thessayle lande.
And other Pindus roches hye and some uppon the top
Of Pingeus, but tender twigges the cruell Sythe did lop :
These Tigris ryver norisht up, that choakes his whyrlpoale deepe
With stronger streame. Danubius those in fostring wave did keepe.
Those did Hidaspus mynister, who by the parching zone
With lukewarme silver channell runnes, so rych with precious stone.
And Bethis sonne, who gave the name unto his countrey great,
And with his shallowe foarde agaynst the Spanyshe seas doth beat.
This hearbe aboade the edge of knyfe in dawning of the day
Ere Phœbus Face gan peepe, bedect with glittring goulden spray
His slender stalke was snepped of in deepe of silent nyght,
His corne was cropt, whyle she with charme her poysned nayles did dight.
Shee chops the deadly hearbes, and wrings the squesed clottered bloud
Of Serpentes out, and filthy byrdes of irkesome miry mud
She tempers with the same, and eake she brayes the heart of Owle
Foreshewing death with glaring Eyes, and moaping Vysage foule,

Of shryke Owle hoarce alyve she takes the durty stinking guts,
All these the framer of this feate in dyvers percels puts.
This hath in it devouring force of greedy spoyling flame,
The frosen ysle dulling coulde engenders by the same.
Shee chauntes on those the magicke verse, that workes no lesser harme,
With bustling frantickely shee stampes, and ceaseth not to charme.

MEDEA

O FLITTRING Flockes of grisly ghostes that sit in silent seat
O ougsome Bugges, O Gobblins grym of Hell I you intreat :
O lowryng Chaos dungeon blynde, and dreadfull darkned pit,
Where Ditis muffled up in Clowdes of blackest shades doth sit,
O wretched wofull wawling soules your ayde I doe implore,
That linked lye with gingling Chaynes on wayling Limbo shore,
O mossy Den where death doth couche his gastly carrayne Face :
Relesse your pangues, O spryghts, and to this wedding hye apace.
Cause yee the snaggy wheele to pawse that rentes the Carkas bound,
Permit Ixions racked Lymmes to rest upon the ground :
Let hungry bytten Tantalus wyth gawnt and pyned panche
Soupe up Pirenes gulped streame his swelling thyrst to staunche.
Let burning Creon byde the brunt and gyrdes of greater payne,
Let payse of slyppery slyding stone type over backe agayne
His moylyng Father Sisyphus, amonges the craggy Rockes.
Yee daughters dyre of Danaus whom perced Pychers mockes
So oft with labour lost in vayne this day doth long for you
That in your lyfe with bloudy blade at once your husband slewe.
And thou whose aares I honored have, O torch and lampe of night,
Approche O Lady myne with most deformed vysage dight :
O threefolde shapen Dame that knitst more threatning browes then one,
According to the countrey guise with dagling locks undone
And naked foote, the secrete grove about I halowed have,
From dusky dry unmoysty cloudes the showers of rayne I crave.
Through me the chinked gaping ground the soked seas hath drunk,
And mayner streame of th' ocian floud beneath the earth is sunk,

That swelteth out through hollow gulph with stronger gushing rage.
Then were his suddy wambling waves whose power it doth asswage
The heavens with wrong disturbed course and out of order quight,
The darkned sonne, and glimmering stars at once hath shewed theyr light,
And drenched Charles his stragling wayne hath ducte in dasshing wave,
The framed course of roaming time racte out of frame I have.
So my enchauntments have it wrought, that when the flaming sunne
In sommer bakes the parched soyle then hath the twigges begunne,
With sprowting blossom fresh to blome, and hasty winter corne
Hath out of harvest seene the fruite to barnes on suddein borne.
Into a shallowe foorde his sture distreame hath Phasis wast,
And Isters channell being in so many braunches cast,
Abated hath his wrackfull waves, on every silent shore
He lyeth calme : The tumbled flouds with thundring noyse did rore,
When couched close the windes were not moving pippling soft,
With working wave the prauncing seas have swolne and leapt aloft,
Whereas the wood in alder time with thicke and braunched bowe
Did spread his shade on gladsome soyle no shade remayneth now.
I rolling up the magicke verse at noone time Phœbus stay,
Amyd the darkned Sky, when fled was light of drowsy day.
Eke at my charme the watry flockes of Heyæds went to glade.
Time is it Phœba to respect the service to thee made :
To thee with cruell bloudy hands these garlands greene were twynde
Which with his folding circles nyne the serpent rough did bynde.
Have here Tiphoias fleshe, that doth in Ætnas Fornace grone,
That shoke with battery violent king Joves assaulted trone.
This is the Centaures paysoned bloud which Nessus villayne vyle
Who made a rape of Dianire entending her to fyle,
Bequethed her when newly wounde he gasping lay for breath,
While Hercles shaft stack in his Ribs, whose launce did worke his death :
Beholde the Funerall cinders heere which up the poyson dryed
Of Hercules who in his fyre on Oeta mountayne dyed :
Loe heere the fatall brand, which late the fatall sisters three
Conspyred at Meleagers byrth, such should his destny bee,

To save alyve his brethyng corpes, while that might whole remayne,
Which saufe his mother Althe kept, till he his uncles twayne,
(That from Atlanta would have had the head of conquered Bore,)
Had reft of lyfe whose spightfull death Althea tooke so sore,
That both she shewed her ferventnesse in systers godly love,
When to revenge her brothers death meere nature did her move,
But yet as mother most unkynde, of nature most unmylde,
To hasten the untymely grave of her beloved chylde,
Whyle Meleagers fatall brande she wasted in the flame,
Whose swelting guts and bowels moult consumed as the same,
These plumes the Harpyes ravening fowles for hast did leave behinde
In hidden hole whose cloase accesse no mortall wight can fynd.
When fast from Zethes chasing them with speedy flight they fled.
Put unto those the fethers which the Stymphal byrde did shed,
Whom duskyng Phœbus dymned lyght syr Hercules did stynge,
And galled with the shafte, that he in Hydraes hyde did flynge.
You Aares have yeelde a clattring noyse I knowe, I knowe of olde,
How unto mee my Oracles are wonted to bee toulde,
That when the trembling flowre doth shake then hath my Goddes great,
Vouchsafe to graunt mee my request as I did her intreate,
I see Dianas waggon swife, not that whereon shee glydes,
When all the night in darkned Sky with Face full ope shee rydes :
With countnaunce bright and blandishing but when with heavy cheare,
With dusky shimmering wanny globe, her lampe doth pale appeare.
Or when shee trots about the heavens wyth horseheade rayned strayte,
When Thessayle Witches with the threats of charming her doe bayte.
So with thy dumpish dulled blase, thy cloudy faynting lyght,
Sende out, amid the lowring sky, the heart of people smyght
Wyth agonies of suddeyne dread, in straung and fearefull wyse,
Compell the pretious brasen pannes with jarring noyse to ryse
Through Corinth countrey every where, to shielde thee from this harme,
Least headlong drawne thou be from heaven to earth by force of charme.

An holy solempne sacryfice to worship thee wee make,
Imbrewed with a bloudy turphe the kindled Torche doth take
Thy sacred burning night fyre at the dampishe mory grave.
Sore charged with thy troubled ghost my head I shaken have,
And ducking downe my Necke alowe with shryking lowde have shrig,
And groveling flat on floore in traunce have lyen in deadmans plight.
My ruffled Lockes about myne eares downe dagling have ben bownd,
Tuckt up about my temples twayne with gladsome garland crownde
A drery braunche is offred thee from filthy Stigis flood.
As is the guise of Bacchus priestes the Coribanthes wood,
With naked breast and dugges layde out Ile pricke with sacred blade
Myne arme, that for the bubling bloude an issue may bee made,
With trilling streames my purple bloude let drop on Th'aulter stones.
My tender Childrens crusshed fleshe, and broken broosed bones
Lerne how to brooke with hardned heart : in practise put the trade
To florishe fearce, and keepe a coyle, with naked glittring blade :
I sprinkled holy water have, the launce once being made,
If tyred thou complaynest that my cryes thee overlade,
Give pardon to my ernest suite, O Perseus sister deare,
Still Jason is the onely cause that urgeth mee to reare
With squeking voyce thy noysome beames, that sting like shot of bo
So season thou those sawced robes to worke Creusas woe,
Wherewith when shee shall pranke her selfe the poyson by and by
To rot her inward mary out, within her bones may fry,
The secret fyer bleares their eyes with glosse of yeallow golde,
The which Prometheus gave to mee that fyer fylcher bolde.
On whom for robbery that he did in heavens above commit,
With massy payse great Caucasus th'unweldy hill doth sit,
Where under with unwasted wombe he lyes, and payes his payne,
To feede the cramming foule with gubs of guts that growes agayne.
He taught mee with a prety sleyght of conning, how to hyde
The strength of fyer close kept in, that may not be espyde,
This lyvely tinder Mulciber hath forged for my sake,
That tempred is with brymstone quick at fyrst touch and take.
Eke of my Cosen Phaëton a wyldefyer flake I have
His flames the monstrous staghard rough Chimera to mee gave,

In head and breast a Lyon grim, and from the Rump behynde
He sweepes the flower with lagging Tayle of Serpent fearce by kynde
In Rybbes, and Loynes along his paunche yshaped lyke a Goate.
These Fumes that out the Bull perbrakte from fyry spewinge throat
I gotten have and brayde it with Medusas bitter gall
Commaunding it in secret sorte to duske and cover all :
Breath on these venoms Hecate, with deadly myght inspyre,
Preserve the touching poulder of my secret covert fyre,
O graunt that these my cloked craftes so may bewitch theyr Eyes,
That lykelyhoode of treason none they may heerein surmyse :
So worke that they in handling it may feele no kynde of heate :
Her stewing breast, her seathing vaynes, let fervent fyer freate
And force her rosted pyning lymmes to drop and melt away,
Let smoke her rotten broyling bones : enflame this bryde to day
To cast a lyght with greater gleede on fryseled blasing heare
Then is the shyning flame that doth the wedding torches beare.
My suite is harde, thryse Hecate a dreadfull barking gave
From dolefull cloude a sacred flash of flamy sparkes shee drave.
Eche poysons pryde fulfilled is : call forth my chyldren deare,
By whom unto the cursed Bryde these presentes you may beare :
Goe forth, goe forth my lytle Babes, your mothers cursed fruite,
Goe, goe, employ your paynes with brybe and earnest humble suite
To purchase grace, and eke to earne you favour in her sight.
That both a mother is to you, and rules with Ladies might.
Goe on, apply your charge apace, and hye you home agayne,
That with embracing you I may my last farewell attayne.

CHORUS

What sharpe assaultes of cruell Cupids flame
Wyth gyddie heade thus tosseth to and froe
This bedlem Wyght, and divelysh despret dame
What roving rage her pricks to worke this woe?
Rough rancours vile congeales her frosen face,
Her hawty breast bumbasted is wyth pryde,
Shee shakes her heade, shee stalkes wyth stately pace,
Shee threates our king more then doth her betyde.

Who would her deeme to bee a banisht wyght,
Whose skarlet Cheekes doe glowe with rosy red?
In faynting Face, with pale and wanny whyght
The sanguyne hewe exyled thence is fled.
Her chaunging lookes no colour longe can holde,
Her shifting feete still travasse to and froe.
Even as the fearce and ravening Tyger olde
That doth unware his sucking whelpes forgoe,
Doth rampe, and rage, most eger ferce and wood,
Among the shrubs and bushess that doe growe
On Ganges stronde that golden sanded flood,
Whose silver streame through India doth flowe.
Even so Medea sometime wantes her wits
To rule the rage of her unbrydeled ire,
Nowe Venus Sonne, wyth busie froward fits,
Nowe Wrath, and Love enkyndle both the fire.
What shall shee doe? when will this heynous wyght
With forwarde foote bee packing hence away
From Greece? to ease our Realme of terrour quight,
And prynces twayne whom she so sore doth fray:
Nowe Phœbus lodge thy Charyot in the West,
Let neyther Raynes, nor Brydle stay thy Race,
Let groveling light with Dulceat nyght opprest
In cloking Cloudes wrapt up his muffled Face,
Let Hesperus the loadesman of the nyght,
In Western floode drench deepe the day so bryght.

MEDEA

THE FIFTH ACTE

NUNTIUS. CHORUS. NUTRIX. MEDEA. JASON

LL things are topsy turvy turnde, and wasted cleane to nought.
To passing great calamity our Kingdome State is brought.
The Syre and Daughter burnt to dust in blendred Cynders lye.
Ch. What trayne hath them entrapt? Nu. Such as are made for Kinges to dye,
False traitrous gifts. Ch. What privy guile could wrapped be in those?
Nu. And I doe mervayle at this thing and skant I can suppose
That such a mischiefe might be wrought by any such device.
Ch. Report how this destruction and ruine should aryse.
Nu. The fyzzing flame most egerly doth scoure with sweeping sway
Eache corner of the Prynces court, as though it should obay,
Commaunded thereunto so flat on flowre the Pallace falles:
Wee are in dread least further it will take the townishe walles.
Ch. Cast quenching water on it then to slake the greedy flame.
Nu. And this that seemeth very straunge doe happen in the same,
The water feedes the fier fast, the more that wee doe toyle
It to suppresse, with hotter rage the heate begins to boyle:
Those thinges that wee have gotten for our help it doth enjoy.
Nut. Medea thou that doest so sore king Pelops lande anoy,
Twine hence in hast thy forwarde foote, at all assayes depart
To any other kinde of coaste. Me. Can I finde in my hart
To shun this lande? if hence I had first falne away by flight,
I would have traveled backe agayne, to gase at such a sight.
To stande and see this wedding new, why stayst thou doting mynde?
Apply, apply, thy sore attempt, that good successe doth finde.
What great exployt is this, that thou of vengeaunce dost injoy?
Still art thou blynded witlesse wench with vale of Venus boy?

Is this suffisaunce for the griefe ? is roote of rancour ded,
If Jason leade a single lyfe in solitary bed ?
Some netling, thorny, stinging plagues unpractised devise :
Prepare thy selfe in redines and fall to on this wyse :
Let all bee fishe that commes to Net, have no respect of ryghte,
From mynde on mischiefe fixed fast let shame be banisht quyte :
The vengeaunce they receaved at my lytle chyldrens hand,
Is nothing worth : in earnest ire ententive must thou stand.
When heate of wrath begins to coole, cheere up thy selfe agayne :
Rayse up those touches olde that wonted were in thee to raygne,
That buried deepe in breast doe lye : and as for all the same
That yet is wrought : Of godlinesse let it usurpe the name :
Doe this, and I shall teach them learne, what tryfling cast it was,
And common practisde flimflam trick that erst I brought to passe.
By this my raging malady a preamble hath made,
To shew what howgier heapes of harmes shall shortly them invade
What durst my rude unskilfull hand assay that was of wayght ?
What could the mallice of a Gyrle invent her foes to bayte ?
Still conversaunt with wicked feates Medea am I made.
My blunt and dulled braynes hath so ben beate about this trade.
O so I joy, I joy, that I smote of my brothers head,
And slasht his members of : eake that from parents had I fled :
And filched have the privy fleece, loe Mars that sacred was.
It glads my heart that I to bring olde Pelias death to passe :
Have set his daughters all on worke : O griefe picke out a way
Not any guilt thou shalt with unacquainted hand assay
Against whom wrath entendest thou to bend thyne Irefull might ?
Or with what weapon dost thou meane thy trayterous foes to smight?
I know not what my wrathfull minde consulted hath within,
And to bewray it to himselfe, I dare not yet begin.
O rash and unadvised foole, I make to hasty speede :
O that my Foe had gotten of his Harlots body Seede :
But what so ever thou by him enjoyest, suppose the same
To bee Creusas Babes, of them let her enjoy the name.
This vengeaunce, this doth like mee well good reason is there, why,
The last attempt of ils, thou must with stomacke stout apply.
Alas yee litle seely fooles that erst my children were,
The plaguing price of Fathers fault submit your selves to beare.

O, horrour huge with sodayne stroke my heart doth overcom :
With ycie dulling colde congealde my Members all benum.
My shivering lims appauled sore for gastly feare doe quake,
And banisht rage of malice hoate begins it selfe to slake :
The hatefull heart of wife agaynst her Spouse hath yeelded place,
And pitious mothers mercy milde restoreth natures face.
O shall I shed their guiltlesse bloude ? shall I the frame unfoulde
Of that which loving natures hande hath wrought in me her moulde ?
O doting fury chaunge thy minde, conceive a better thought,
Let not this haynous savage deede by meanes of mee be wrought.
What cryme have they (poore fooles) commit, for which they should abye ?
Upon theyr Father Jason right all blot of blame should lye.
Medea yet theyr Mother I am worser farre then hee.
Tush let them frankly goe to wracke, no kith nor kin to mee
They are : dispatch them out of hand : holde, holde, my babes they be
God wot, most harmelesse lambes they are, no crime nor fault have they :
Alas they bee mere innocents, I doe not this denay :
So was my brother whom I slew : O false revolting mynde,
Why dost thou staggring to and fro such chaunge of fancies fynde ?
Why is my Face be sprent with teares, what makes mee falter so,
That wrath and love with striving thoughts doe leade me to and fro ?
Such fighting fancies bickringe stormes my swarving minde detarre,
As when betweene the wrestling windes is raysed wrangling warre,
Echewhere the tumbling wallowing waves, are hoyst and reared hye
Amid the justling swolves of seas, that hot in fury frye :
Even so my hart with strugling thoughts now sinks, now swells amaine,
Wrath sometyme chaseth vertue out, and vertue wrath agayne.
O yeelde thee, yeelde, a grising griefe, to vertue yeelde thy place :
Thou onely comforte of our stocke in this afflicted case,
Come heather, come deere loved Impe, with colling mee imbrace,
Whyle that by me your mother deere sweete Boyes yee are enjoyed,
So long God graunt your Father may you kepe from harme uncloyed,
Exile and flight approach on mee, and they shall by and by
Be pulde perforce out of myne armes, with vapourde weeping Eye,

Sore languishing with mourning heart, yet let them goe to grave
Before their fathers Face, as they before their mothers have :
Now rancorus griefe, with firy fits begins to boyle agayne,
The quenched coales of deadly hate do fressher force attayne.
The rusty rancour harbred long within my cancred brest
Starts up, and stirres my hand anew in mischiefe to bee prest.
O that the rablement of brats which swarmde aboute the syde
Of Niobe that scornefull Dame, who perisht by her pryde
Had taken lyfe out of his lymmes, O that the fates of heaven
A fruictfull mother had me made of chyldren seven and seven.
My barreyne wombe for my revenge hath yeelded litle store :
Yet for my sire and brother, twayne I have, there needes no more :
Whom seeke this rufflyng rowt of Feendes with gargell Visage dight?
Where will they deale theyr stripes, or whom with whips of fiersmight?
Or whom with cruell scorching brande and Stygian faggot fell,
With mischief great to cloy, entendes this army black of hell ?
A chopping Adder gan to hisse with wrethings wrapped rounde,
As soone as did the lasshing whyp flerte out with yerking sounde.
Whom bumping with thy rapping post Megæra wilt thou crush ?
Whose ghost doth heere mishapt from hell with scatered members rush ?
My slaughtred brothers ghost it is that vengeaunce coms to crave :
According to his dyre request due vengeaunce shall hee have.
But flap thou fearce the fierbrandes full dasshed in myne Eyes,
Dig, rent, scrape, burne, and squeas them out, loe ope my breast it lyes,
To fighting furies bobbing strokes, O brother, brother bid
These royles, that preasse to worrey mee, them selves away to rid.
Downe to the silent soules alowe not taking any care :
Let mee be left heare by my selfe alone, and doe not spare
To bast and capperclaw these armes that drewe the bloudy blade :
To quench the furies of thy sprite, that thus doe mee invade,
With this right hand the sacrifice on thaulter shalbe made.
What meanes this sudden trampling noyse ? a band of men in Armes
Come bustling towarde us, that mee will cloy with deadly harmes.
To ende this slaughter set upon I will my selfe convay
Up to the garrets of our house, come Nurce with me away,
Bestow thy body hence with mee from daunger of our foes.
Now thus my mynde on mischiefe set thou must thy selfe dispose,

Let not the flickering fame and prayse in darkenesse bee exilde
Of stomack stout, that you did use in murthering of thy childe.
Proclaime in peoples eares the prayse of cruell bloudy hand.
Ja. If any faythfull man here bee, whom ruine of his land,
And slaughter of his Prynce doe cause in pensive heart to bleede,
Step forth that yee may take the wretch that wrought this deadly deede.
Heere, heere, yee joly champions lay loade with weapons heere,
Have now, hoyst up this house, from low Foundacion up it reare.
Me. Now, now my Scepter guilt I have recovered once agayne:
My Fáthers wronges revenged are, and eke my brother slayne:
The goulden cattels Fleece returnde is to my native land,
Possession of my realme I have reclaymed to my hand:
Come home is my virginity, that whilom went astray.
O Gods as good as I coulde wisshe, O joyfull wedding day,
Goe shrowde thy selfe in darknesse dim, dispatcht I have this feate:
Yet vengeaunce is not done inough, to coole our thristy heate.
O soule why dost thou make delay? Why dost thou doubting stande?
Goe foreward with it yet thou mayst, whyle doing is thy hande:
The wrath that might should mynister doth qualefy his flame:
The pryckes of sorrow twitch my heart attayne with blusshing shame:
Through rygour of thy heynous gore, O wretch, what hast thou done?
Though I repent a caityfe vile I am, to slea my sonne:
Alas I have committed it, importunate delight,
Still egged on my frowarde mynde that did against it fight:
And loe the vayne conject of this delight increaseth still,
This onely is the thing that wants unto my wicked will,
That Jasons eyes shoulde see this sight as yet I doe suppose,
Nothing it is that I have done, my travell all I lose,
That I employde in dyry deedes, unlesse hee see the same.
Ja. Loe heere shee looketh out, and leanes upon the houses frame,
That pitchlong hanges with falling sway: here heape your fiers fast,
Whereby the flames that shee her selfe enkindled, may her wast.
Me. Goe Jason, goe the obit rights the windinge sheete and grave
Make ready for thy sonne, as last behoveth him to have,
Thy spouse and eke thy father in lawe that are entomde by mee
Received have the dutyes that to deade mens ghostes agree.
This childe hath felt the deadly stroke and launch of fatall knife,
And this with wailesome murther like shall lose her tender life.

THE SEVENTH TRAGEDY

JA. By all the sacred ghostes of heaven, and by thy oft exile,
And spousall bed, which breach of love in mee did not defile,
Now spare, and save the life of him my childe and also thyne :
What ever cryme committed is, I graunt it to be myne :
Make mee a bloudy sacrifice to dew deserved death,
Take from my sinfull guilty head the use of vitall breath.
ME. Nay sith thou wilt not have it so as greeves thy pynched minde,
Heere way to wreck my vengeaunce fell, my burning blade shall finde.
Avaunt, now hence thou pesaunt prowd employ thy busy payne,
To reape the fruites of virgins bed, and cast them of agayne
When mothers they are made. JA. Let one for dew revenge suffice.
ME. If greedy thyrst of hungry handes that stil for vengeaunce cries,
Myght quenched bee with bloude of one, then aske I none at all,
And yet to staunche my hungry griefe the number is to small,
If onely twayne I slea, if pleadge of love lye secrete made,
My bowels Ile unbreast, and search my wombe with poking Blade.
JA. Now finish out thy deadly deede, that enterprised is,
No more entreataunce will I use, yet onely graunt mee this,
Delay awhyle his dolefull death, that I may take my flyght,
Least that myne eyes with bleeding hearte should vew that heavy sight.
ME. Yet linger eger anguishe yet to slea this chylde of thyne.
Ronne not to rashe with hasty speede, this dolefull day is myne :
The time that wee obtayned have of Creon wee enjoy.
JA. O vile malitious mynded wretch my lothsome life destroy.
ME. In craving this thou speakst, that I should shew thee some releefe,
Well goodinough, all this is done : O ruthfull giddy greefe,
This is the onely sacrifice that I can thee provide,
Unthankfull Jason hether cast thy coyesh lookes asyde.
Loe heare dost thou beholde thy wyfe ? thus ever wonted I,
When murther I had made, to scape, my way doth open lye
That I may spring into the skyes : the flying serpents twayne
Submitted have theyr scaly Neckes to yoake of ratling wayne,
Thon Father have thy sonnes agayne, I in the wandring Skye
In nymble wheeled Waggon swyfte, will ryde advaunced hye.
JA. Goe through the ample spaces wyde, infect the poysoned Ayre,
Beare witnesse, grace of God is none in place of thy repayre.

FINIS

THE EIGHTH TRAGEDYE OF L. ANNAEUS SENECA

ENTITULED AGAMEMNON

TRANSLATED OUT OF LATIN INTO ENGLISHE

BY JOHN STUDLEY

THE ARGUMENT

Agamemnon, Generall of that Noble Army of the Greekes, which, after tenne yeares siege wanne Troy, committed the entyer Government of his Countrey and Kingdome (duringe his absence) to his Wyfe Clytemnestra. Who forgetting all Wyvely loyalty, and Womanly chastity, fell in lawelesse love and used adulterus company with Ægysthus, sonne to Thyestes, whom aforetime Atreus being his owne naturall Brother, and Father to this Agamemnon, in reveng of a former adultry had, caused to eate hys owne two Children.

At length, understandinge by Eurybates, that Troy was wonne, and that her husband Agamemnon was comming homewarde with a yonge Lady named Cassandra, daughter to king Priamus : partly enraged with jealousy, and disdaine thereof, and partly loath to loose the company of Ægysthus her Coadulterer, practyzed with him how to murther her husbande. Which accordingly they brought to passe : and not resting so contented, they also put Cassandra to deth, imprisoned Electra Daughter to Agamemnon, and soughte to have slayne his Sonne Orestes. Which Orestes fleeing for savegard of his lyfe to on Strophilus, hys dead Fathers deare friend : was by him secretly kept a longe time, till at length, comming prively into Mycene, and by his Systers meanes conducted where his Mother Clytemnestra and Ægysthus were, in revenge of his Fathers death, killed them both.

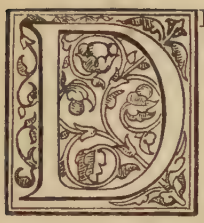
THE SPEAKERS NAMES

Thyestes.
Chorus.
Clytemnestra.
Nutrix.
Ægisthus.
Eurybates.
A Company of Greekes.
Cassandra.
Agamemnon.
Electra.
Strophilus.

AGAMEMNON

THE FIRST ACTE

THYESTES



EPARTINGE from the darkned dens which Ditis
low doth keepe,
Loe heere I am sent out agayne from Tartar
Dungeon deepe,
Thyestes I, that wheather coast to shun doe
stande in doubt,
Th' infernall fiendes I fly, the foalke of earth I
chase about.
My conscience lo abhors, that I should heather passage make,
Appauled sore with feare and dread my trembling sinewes shake :
My fathers house, or rather yet my brothers I espy,
This is the olde and antique porche of Pelops progeny.
Here first the Greekes on prynces heads doe place the royall
crowne,
And heere in throne aloft they lye, that jetteth up and downe,
With stately Scepter in theyr hand, eake heere theyr courts doe ly,
This is theyr place of banquetting, returne therefore will I.
Nay : better were it not to haunt the lothsome Limbo lakes,
Where as the Stygion porter doth advaunce with lusty crakes
His tryple gorge be hong with Mane shag hairy, rusty, blacke :
Where Ixions Carkasse linked fast, the whirling wheele doth racke,
And rowleth still upon him selfe : where as full oft in vayne
Much toyle is lost (the tottring stone down tumbling backe agayne)
Where growing guts the greedy gripe do gnaw with ravening bits.
Where parched up with burning thirst amid the waves he sits,
And gapes to catch the fleeting flood with hungry chaps beguilde,
That payes his paynefull punishment, whose feast the Gods defilde :
Yet that olde man so stept in yeares at length by tract of time,
How great a part belonges to mee and portion of his crime ?

THE EIGHTH TRAGEDY

Account wee all the grisly ghostes, whom guilty sounde of ill,
The Gnosian Judge in Plutoes pyts doth tosse in torments still :
Thyestes I in driery deedes will farre surmount the rest,
Yet to my Brother yelde I, (though I gorgde my bloudy brest)
And stuffed have my pampred paunche even with my chyldren three,
That crammed lye within my Rybs and have theyr Toumbe in mee,
The bowels of my swallowed Babes, devowred up I have,
Nor fickle Fortune mee alone the Father doth deprave,
But enterprysing greater guilte then that is put in ure,
To file my Daughters bawdy Bed, my lust shee doth alure.
To speake these words I doe not spare, I wrought the haynous deede,
That therefore I through all my stocke, might parent still proceede.
My Daughter driven by force of Fates and destenyes devyne,
Doth breede younge bones, and lades her wombe, with sinfull seede of myne.
Loe, nature chaunged upside downe, and out of order tornde
This myngle mangle hath shee made, (O fact to be forlornde)
A Father and a Grandsyre loe, confusedly I am,
My daughters husband both become, and Father to the same.
Those babes that should my Nephewes bee, when nature rightly runnes,
She being tumbled doth confounde, and mingle with my sonnes.
The chrystall clearenesse of the day, and Phœbus beames so bryght,
Are myxed with the foggy cloudes, and darkenesse dim of nyght.
When wickednes had wearied us, to late truce taken was,
Even when our detestable deedes were done and brought to passe.
But valiaunt Agamemnon hee graund captayne of the Hoste,
Who bare the sway among the Kinges, and ruled all the roste,
Whose flaunting Flag, and Banner brave, displayde in royall sorte,
A thousand sayle of sowsing ships did garde to Phrygian porte,
And with their swelling shatling sayles the surging seas did hide,
That beateth on the bankes of Troy, and floweth by her side :
When Phœbus Carte the Zodiack ten times had over runne,
And waste the battred Walles doe lye of Troy destroyde and woonne,
Returnde he is to yeelde his throate unto his traytresse Wyfe.
That shall with force of bloudy blade bereve him of his lyfe.

The glytering Swerd, the hewing Axe, and wounding weapons moe,
With bloud for bloud new set abroche shall make the floore to flow.
With sturdy stroke, and boystrous blow, of pithy Pollaxe geven
His beaten braynes are pasht abroade, his cracked Skull is reven.
Now myschiefe marcheth on a pace, now falshoode doth appeare,
Now Butchers slaughter doth approche, and murther draweth neare.
In honour of thy natyve day Ægisthus they prepare
The sollemne feast with juncketing, and daynty tothsome fare.
Fy, what doth shame abashe thee so, and cause thy courage quayle?
Why doubts thy righthand what to doe? to smite why doth it fayle?
What he forecasting might suspect, why shouldst thou take advyse?
Why frettest thou, demaunding if thou may it enterpryse?
Nay: if a mother it beseeme, thou rather mayst surmyse.
What now? how hapneth it that thus the smiling sommers night,
When Phœbus from Th' antipodes shoulde render soone the lyght,
On sudden chaung their turnes with nights that last and lynger longe,
When wynters Boreas bitter blastes, doth puffe the trees amonge?
Or what doth cause the glyding starres to stay still in the sky?
Wee wayght for Phœbus: to the Worlde bryng day now by and by.

CHORUS

O Fortune, that dost fayle the great estate of kinges,
On slippery sliding seat thou placest lofty thinges
And setst on tottring sort, where perils do abound
Yet never kingdome calme, nor quiet could be found:
No day to Scepters sure doth shine, that they might say,
To morrow shall wee rule, as wee have done to day.
One clod of croked care another bryngeth in,
One hurly burly done, another doth begin:
Not so the raging Sea doth boyle upon the Sande,
Where as the southern winde that blowes in Afryck Lande,
One Wave upon another doth heape wyth sturdy blast:
Not so doth Euxine Sea, his swelling waves up cast:
Nor so his belching streame from shallow bottom roll,
That borders hard upon the ysy frosen poall:

Where as Bootes bryght doth twyne his Wayne about,
And of the marble seas doth nothing stande in doubt.
O how doth Fortune tosse and tomble in her wheele
The staggring states of Kynges, that readdy bee to reele?
Fayne woulde they dreaded bee, and yet not setled so
When as they feared are, they feare, and lyve in woe.
The silent Lady nyght so sweete to man and beast,
Can not bestow on them her safe and quiet rest:
Sleepe that doth overcome and breake the bonds of griefe,
It cannot ease theyr heartes, nor mynister reliefe:
What castell strongly buylt, what bulwarke, tower, or towne,
Is not by mischyefes meanes, brought topsy turvye downe?
What ramperd walles are not made weake by wicked warre?
From stately courtes of Kings doth justice fly afarre:
In pryncely Pallaces, of honesty the lore,
And wedlocke vowe devout, is let by lytle store.
The bloudy Bellon those doth haunt with gory hand,
Whose light and vaine conceipt in paynted pomp doth stand.
And those Erinnys wood turmoyles with frensyes fits,
That ever more in proud and hauty houses sits,
Which ficle Fortunes hand in twinkling of an eye,
From high and proude degre drives downe in dust to lye.
Although that skyrmishe cease, no banners be displayed
And though no wyles be wroughte, and pollecy be stayed,
Downe paysed with theyr waight the massy things do sinke,
And from her burden doth unstable Fortune shrynke.
The swelling Sayles puft up with gale of westren wynde,
Doe yet mystrust thereof a tempest in theyr mynde:
The threatning tops (that touch the cloudes) of lofty towres
Bee sonest payde, and bet with south wynde rainy showres:
The darksome woode doth see his tough and sturdy Oke,
Well waynde in yeares to be cleane overthrown and broke:
The lyghtnings flashing flame out breaking in the Sky,
First lyghteth on the mounts, and hilles that are most hy.
The bodies corpulent and of the largest syse
Are ryfest styll to catch diseases when they ryse.
When as the flocke to grase, in pasture fat is put,
Whose Necke is larded best, his throate shall first be cut:

What Fortune doth advaunce and hoysteth up on hye, THE
Shee sets it up to fall agayne more greevously. FIRST
The thinges of midle sort, and of a meane degree, ACTE
Endure above the rest and longest dayes do see :
The man of meane estate most happy is of all,
Who pleased with the lot that doth to him befall,
Doth sayle on silent shore with calme and quiet tide,
And dreads with bruised barge on swelling Seas to ryde :
Nor launcing to the depe where bottom none is found,
May with his rudder search, and reach the shallow ground.

THE SECOND ACTE

CLYTEMNESTRA. NUTRIX

DROWSIE dreaming doting soule, what commeth in thy brayne
To seeke about for thy defence what way thou mayst attayne ?
What ayels thy skittish waiward wits, to waver up and downe ?
The fittest shift prevented is, the best path overgrowne
Thou mightest once mayntayned have thy wedlocke chamber chast,
And eake have ruld with majesty, by fath conjoyned fast :
Now nurtures lore neglected is, all ryght doth clean decay,
Religion and dignity with faith are worne away.
And ruddy shame with blushing cheekes so farre god wot is past,
That when it would it cannot now come home againe at last.
O let me now at randon runne with bridle at my will :
The safest path to mischiefe is by mischiefe open still.
Now put in practise, seeke aboute, search out and learne to find
The wylie traynes, and crafty guyles of wicked womankind :
What any divelish trayterous dame durst do in working woe,
Or any wounded in her wits by shot of Cupids bowe.
What ever rigorous stepdame could commit with desperat hand,
Or as the wench who flaming fast by Venus poysoning brand,
Was driven by leud incestuous love in ship of Thessail land,
To flit away from Colchos yle, where Phasis channel deepe,
With silver streame downe from the hylles of Armenie doth sweepe.
Get weapons good, get bylbowblades or temper poyson strong,
Or with some yonker trudge from Grece by theft the seas along :
Why dost thou faynt to talke of theft, exile or privie flight ?
These came by hap, thou therfore must on greatter mischiefe light.

Nut. O worthy Queene amonge the Greekes that beares the swinging sway,
And borne of Ledas royall bloud, what muttring dost thou say ?
What fury fel inforceth thee, bereaved of thy wits,
To rage and rave with bedlam braynes, to fret with franticke fittes ?
Though madam thou do counsayle keepe, and not complayne thy case,
Thyne anguish playn appeareth in thy pale and wanny face.
Reveale therfore what is thy griefe, take leasure good and stay,
What reason could not remedy, oft cured hath delay.
Clit. ´So grievous is my careful case which plungeth me so sore,
That deale I cannot with delay, nor linger any more.
The flashing flames and furious force of fiery fervent heate,
Outraging in my boyling brest, my burning bones doth beate :
It suckes the sappy marow out the juice it doth convay,
It frets, it teares, it rents, it gnaws, my guttes and gall away.
Now feble feare stil egges mee on (with dolor beyng prest)
And cankred hate with thwacking thumpes doth bounce upon my brest.
The blynded boy that lovers hartes doth reave with deadly stroake,
Entangled hath my linked mynd with leawd and wanton yoke :
Refusing stil to take a foyle, or cleane to be confound :
Among these broyles, and agonies my mynd beseging round,
Loe feble, weary, batred downe, and under troden shame,
That wrestleth, striveth, strugleth hard, and fighteth with the same.
Thus am I driven to divers shores and beat from banke to banke,
And tossed in the fomy floods that strives with corage cranke.
As when here wynd, and their the streame when both their force wil try,
From sandes alow doth hoyst and reare the seas with surges hye.
The waltring wave doth staggeryng stand not weting what to do,
But (hoveryng) doubtes, whose furious force he best may yeld him to
My kingdome therfore I cast of, my sceptor I forsake,
As anger, sorrow, hope, me leade, that way I meane to take.
At all adventure to the seas I yeld my beaten Barge,
At randon careles wil I runne, now wil I rove at large
Whereas my mynde to fancy fond dath gad and runne astray,
It is the best to chuse that chaunce, and follow on that way.

Nu. This desprat dotage doth declare, and rashnes rude and blynde,
To chuse out chaunce to be the guyde and ruler of thy mynd.
Cli. He that is driven to utter pinch and furthest shift of all,
What neede he doubt his doubtful lot or how his lucke befall ?
Nut. In silent shore thou saylest yet thy trespas we may hyde,
If thou thy selfe detect it not, nor cause it be descryde.
Cl. Alas it is more blasd abroade, and further it is blowen,
Then any cryme that ever in this princely court was sowen.
Nu. Thy former falt with pensive hart and sorrow thou dost rew.
And fondly yet thou goest about, to set abroch a newe.
Cl. It is a very folishnes to kepe a meane therein.
Nu. The thing he feares he doth augment who heapeth sinne to sinne.
Cli. But fire and swoard to cure the same the place of salve supply.
Nu. There is no man who at the first extremity wil trye.
Cl. In working mischiefe men do take the rediest way they fynde.
Nu. The sacred name of wedlocke once revoke and have in mynd.
Cli. Ten yeares have I bene desolate, and led a widowes life,
Yet shall I entertayne a new my husband as his wyfe ?
Nu. Consider yet thy sonne and heire whom he of thee begot.
Cly. And eake my daughters wedding blase as yet forget I not.
Achilles eke my sonne in law to mynd I do not spare,
How wel he kept his vow that he to me his mother sware.
Nu. When as our navy might not passe by wynd nor yet by streame,
Thy daughters bloud in sacrifyce their passage did redeme :
Shee sturd and brake the sluggish seas, whose water stil did stand,
Whose feble force might not hoyse up the vessels from the land.
Cl. I am ashamed herewithal, it maketh me repyne,
That Tyndaris (who from the Gods doth fetch her noble ligne)
Should geve the ghost t' asswage the wrath of Gods and them appease,
Wherby the Grekish navy might have passage free by seas.
My grudging mynd stil harpes uppon my daughters wedding day,
Whom he hath made for Pelops stock the bloudy raunsome pay.
When as with cruel countenaunce embrewd with gory bloud,
As at a wedding alter syde th' unpitiful parent stoode,
It erked Calchas woful hart, who did abhorre the same,
His Oracle he rewd, and eke the backe reflicting flame :

O wicked and ungracious stocke that winnest il with yll,
Tryumphing in thy filthy feats encreasyng leaudnes still.
By bloud we win the waveryng windes, by death wee purchase warre.
Nu. But by this meanes a thousand ships at once released are :
Clv. With lucky fate attempt the seas did not the losed rout ?
For Aulis Ile, th' ungracious fleete from port did tumble out :
As with a lewde unlucky hand the warre he did beginne,
So Fortune favored his successe to thrive no more therin.
Her love as captive holdeth him whom captive he did take,
Not moved with the earnest suite that could Achilles make,
Of Phœbus prelat Sminthicall he did retayne the spoyle :
When for the sacred virgins love his furious breast doth boyle :
Achilles rough and thundring threats could not him qualify.
Nor he that doth direct the fates above the starry skye.
To us he is an Augur juste, and keepes his promise due,
But while he threats his captive truls of word he is not true.
The savage people fierce in wrath once might not move his spright,
Who did purloyne the kindled tentes with fyer blasing bryght :
When slaughter great on Greekes was made in most extreamest fyght
Without a foe he conquered, with leanes pines awaye,
In lewd and wanton chamber trickes he spends the idle day,
And freshly still he fedes his lust, least that some other while
His chamber chast should want a stewes, that might the same defile.
On Lady Brises love againe his fancy fonde doth stand,
Whom he hath got, that wrested was out of Achilles hand.
And carnal copulation to have he doth not shame,
Though from her husbands bosome he hath snacht the wicked dame.
Tushe, he that doth at Paris grudge, with wound but newly stroke
Eflamd with Phrygian Prophets love, his boyling brest doth smoke.
Now after Troyan boties brave, and Troy orewhelm'd he saw,
Retourned he is a prysoners spouse, and Pryams sonne in law.
Now heart be bold, take corage good, of stomacke now be stowt,
A field that easely is not fought, to pitch thou goest about.
In practise mischiefe thou must put, why hopst thou for a day,
While Priams daughter come from Troy in Grece do beare the swaye ?
But as for the poore sely wreth, a wayteth at thy place
Thy wyddow, virgyns, and Orest his fatherlyke in face,

Consyder theyr calamityes to come, and eake their cares,
Whom all the peril of the broyle doth threat in thy affayres.
O cursed captive, woful wretch, why dost thou loyter so ?
Thy little brats a stepdame have whose wrath wil worke their woe.
With gashing sword (and if thou can none other way provide)
Nor thrust it through anothers ribbes then launch thy gory syde,
So murther twayne with brewed bloud, let bloud immixed be,
And by destroying of thy selfe destroy thy spouse with thee.
Death is not sawst with soppes of Sorrow if some man els I have,
Whose breathlesse corse I wish to passe with me to deadly grave.
Nu. Queene, brydle thyne affections, and wysely rule thy rage,
Thy swelling moode now mittigate, thy choller eake asswage.
Way wel the wayghty enterpryse that thou dost take in hand,
Tryumphant victor he returnes of mighty Asia land :
Avenging Europes injury with him he bringes away
The spoyles of sacked Pargamy a huge and mighty pray.
In bondage eake he leades the foalke of long assaulted Troy,
Yet darest thou by pollecie attempt him to annoy ?
Whom with the dynt of glittring sword Achilles durst not harme,
Although his rash and desperat dickes the froward Knight did arme :
Nor Ajax yet more hardy man up yelding vitall breath,
Whom frantike fury fell enforst to wound himselfe to death :
Nor Hector he whose onely life procurde the Greekes delay,
And long in warre for victory enforced them to stay :
Nor Paris shaft, whose conning hand with shot so sure did ayme :
Nor mighty Memnon swart and blacke, had power to hurt the same :
Nor Xanthus flood, where to and fro deade carkasses did swimme,
With armour hewd and therewithall some maymed broken limme :
Nor Symois, that purple wawmes with slaughter died doth steare.
Nor Cygnus lilly whyte, the Sonne of fenny God so deare :
Nor yet the musteryng Thrasian host : nor warlike Rhesus kinge :
Nor Amazons, who to the warres did paynted Quivers bring,
And bare theyr hatches in their handes with Target and with shield,
Yet had no powre with ghastly wound to foyle him in the field.
Syth he such scouringes hath escapt and plungde of perilles past,
Entendest thou to murther him returning home at last ?
And sacred alters to prophane with slaughters so unpure ?
Shal Greec thadvenger let this wronge long unrevengde endure

The grym and fearce coragious horse, the battayles, shoutes, and cryes,
The swelling seas which bruised barkes do dread when stormes aryse,
Behold the fieldes with streames of bloud oreflowne and depely dround,
And al the chevalry of Troy in servile bandage bounde,
Which Greekes have writ in registers. Thy stubborne stomacke bynd,
Subdue thy fond affections, and pacify thy mynde.

THE SECOND SCENE

ÆGYSTHUS. CLYTEMNESTRA

The cursed tyme that evermore my mynd did most detest,
The dayes that I abhorred have and hated in my breast,
Are come, are come, that myne estate wil bring to utter wracke :
Alas my hart why dost thou fayle, and faynting flyest backe ?
What dost thou meane at first assalte from armour thus to flye,
Trust this, the cruel Gods entend my doleful destenie,
To wrap thee in with perils round and catch thee in a band ?
Endever drudge with all thy power their plagues for to withstand :
With stomacke stoute rebellious to fyre and sword appeale.
Cli. It is no plague, if such a death thy native destnies deale.
Æg. (O partner of my perils all begot of Leda thou)
Direct thy doynges after myne, and unto thee I vow,
This drosel sluggish ringleader, this stout strong harted sire,
Sal pay thee so much bloud agayne as shed he hath in fyre.
How haps it that his trembling cheekes to be so pale and whight,
Lying agast as in a traunce with faynting face upright.
Cl. His conscience wedlocke vow doth pricke and bringes him home again,
Let us returne the selfe same trade a new for to retayne,
To which at first we should have stucke and ought not to forsake,
To covenaunt continent a new let us our selves betake :
To take the trade of honesty at no tyme is to late :
He purged is from punishment whose hart the cryme doth hate.

THE EIGHTH TRAGEDY

Æg. Why whither wilt thou gad (o rash and unadvysed dame ?)
What dost thou earnestly beleeve, and firmly trust the same,
That Agamemnons spousall bed wil loyall be to thee ?
That nought doth underprop thy mynd which might thy terrour bee?
His proud successe puft up to high with lucky blast of wynde,
Might make so cranke, and set aloft his hawty swelling mynd :
Among his peares he stately was ere Troyan turrets torne,
How thinke ye then his stomacke stoute, by nature geven to scorne,
In haughtines augmented is more in himselfe to joy,
Throughe this triumphant victory and conquest got of Troy ?
Before his voyage Miceane King most mildly did he raygne,
But now a Tyrant truculent returnd he is agayne.
Good lucke and proude prosperity do make his hart so ryse.
With what great preparation prepared solemne wyse,
A rabblement of strumpets come that clong about him al ?
But yet the Prophetesse of Thebe (whom God of truth we call)
Appeares above the rest : she keepes the King, shee doth him guyde :
Wilt thou in wedlocke have a mate and not for it provyde ?
So would not shee, the greattest greefe this is unto a wyfe,
Her husbandes minion in her house to leade an open life.
A Queenes estate cannot abyde her peere with her to raygne,
In jelous wedlocke wil not her companion sustayne.
Cl. Ægist in desprat moode agayn why setst thou mee a flote ?
Why kindlest thou the sparkes of yre in imbers covered hot
If that the victors owne free will release his captives care,
Why may not I his Lady spouse have hope as wel to fare ?
One law doth rule in royal throne, and pompous princelye Towres,
Among the vulgar sorte, another in private simple bowers.
What though my grudging fancy force that at my husbandes hand,
Sharpe execution of the law I stubbernly withstande ?
Recording this that haynously offended him I have :
He gently wil me pardon graunt who neede the same to crave ?
Æg. Even so on this condition thou mayst with him compound,
To pardon him if he agayne to pardon the be bounde.
The subtil science of the law, the statutes of our land,
(That long agoe decreed were) thou dost not understand.
The Judges be malicious men, they spyght and envye us,
But he shal have them partiall his causes to discus.

This is the chiefest priviledge that doth to Kinges belong.
What lawes forbiddeth other men, they doe, and doe no wronge.
Cly. He pardned Helen, she is wed to Menela agayne
Which Europe all with Asia did plunge alike in payne.
Æg. No Ladies Lust hath ravisht yet Atrides in his life,
Nor privily purloyned his hart betrothed to his wyfe.
To picke a quarrel he beginnes and matter thee to blame,
Suppose thou nothing hast commit that worthy is of shame ?
What boteth him whom Princes hate an honest life to frame ?
He never doth complayne his wrong, but ever beares the blame.
Wilt thou repayre to Spart and to thy countrey trudge aryght ?
Wilt thou become a ronnagate from such a worthy wight ?
Devorcement made from Kinges wil not so let the matter scape,
Thou easest feare by fickle hope, that falsly thou dost shape :
Cli. My trespas is disclosd to none, but to a trusty wight :
Æg. At princes gates fidelity yet never enter might.
Cl. I wil corrupt and feede him so with silver and with gold,
That I by bribing bynd him shall no secrets to unfold :
Æg. The trust that hyred is and bought by brybes and moneis fee,
Thy counsell to bewray agayne with brybes entyste will be.
Cl. The remnaunt left of shamefastnes of those ungracious trickes,
Wherin of late I did delyght, my conscience freshly prickes.
Why kep'st thou such a busie sturre and with thy flatring speach
Enstructing me with lewd advyse dost wicked counsell preach ?
Shall I forsooth of royall bloud with al the speede I can
Refuse the King of Kinges, and wed an outcast banisht man ?
Æg. Why should you thinke in that Thiest was father unto mee.
And Agamemnon Atreus sonne he should my better be ?
Cly. If that be but a tryfle small, and nephew to the same.
Æg. I am of Phœbus linage borne, wherof I do not shame.
Cl. Why makste thou Phœbus author of thy wicked pedagrew,
Whom out of heaven ye forst to flye when bridle backe he drew,
When Lady Night with mantel blacke did spread her sodin shade,
Why makest thou the Gods in such reproachfulnes to wade ?
Whose father hath thee conning made by sleight and subtil guyle
To make thy kinsman Cockold whyle his wyfe thou do defyle.
What man is he whom we do know to be thy fathers mate,
Abusing lust of Lechery in such unlawful rate ?

Avaunt, go packe thee hence in hast, dispatch out of my sight
This infamy, whose blemish staynes this bloud of worthy wyght.
Æg. This is no new exile to me that wickednes do haunt,
But if that thou (O worthy Queene) commaund me to avaunt,
I wil not only strayght avoyde the house, the towne, and field,
My life on sword at thy request I ready am to yeeld.
Cli. This heynous dede permit shall I (most churlish cruell drab)
Agaynst my wil though I offend, the fault I should not blabbe :
Nay, rather come apart with mee, and let us joyne our wittes
To wrap our selves out of this woe and parlous threatning fits.

CHORUS

How chaunt it lusty laddes, Apollos prayse subborne,
To thee the frolicke flocke their crowned heads adorne.
To thee King Inachs stocke of wedlocke chamber voyde,
Brayd out their virgins lockes and theron have employd
Theyr savory garlandes greene Itwist of laurell bow.
Draw neare with us, O Thebes, our dauncing follow thou.
Come also ye that drinck of Ismen bubling flood,
Wheras the Laurell tree ful thicke on bankes doth bood.
Eake ye whom Mando mild, the Prophetesse divine,
(Foreseyng fate) and borne of high Tiresias lygne,
Hath stird to celebrate with sacred use and right.
Appollo and Dian borne of Latona bright.
O Victor Phœbe unbend thy noked bow agayne,
Syth quietnes and peace anew we do retayne.
And let thy twanckling harpe make melody so shril,
Whyle that thy nimble hand stryke quavers with thy quill.
No curious descant I nor lusty musick crave,
No jolly rumbling note, nor trouling tune to have.
Bur on thy treble Lute (according to thy use)
Stryke up a playnsong note as when thy learned muse
Thy lessons do record, though yet on baser string
It lyketh thee to play the song that thon did singe :
As when from fyery heaven the dint of lightning flue,
Sent downe by wrath of Gods the Titans overthrew,

Or else when mountaynes were on mountaynes heaped hie
That rayse for Giauntes fell theyr steppes into the skye,
The mountayne Osla stoode on top of Pelion layd,
Olymp (wheron the Pynes theyr budding braunches braide)
Downe paised both : drawe nere O Juno noble dame,
Both spouse of mighty Jove and sister to the same.
Thou that dost rule with him made joynter of his mace,
Thy people we of Grece geve honor to thy grace :
Thou onely dost protect from perilles Argos land,
That ever careful was to have thyne honour stand,
Most supplient thereunto thou also with thy might
Dost order joyful peace and battails fearce of fyght
Accept O conquering Queene these braunches of the bayes
That Agamemnon here doth yeld unto thy prayse :
The hollow boxen pype (that doth with holes abound)
In synging unto the doth geve a solemne sound :
To thee the Damsels eake that play uppon the stringes,
With conning harmony melodious musicke singes.
The matrons eke of Greece by ryper years more grave,
To these the Taper pay that vowed oft they have,
The Heyferd young and whyte companion of the Bull.
Unskilful yet by proofe the paynful plow to pull.
Whose neck was never worne nor gald with print of yoke,
Is in thy temple slaine receiving deadly stroke.
O Lady Pallas thou of most renoumed hap
Bred of the brayne of Jove that smites with thunder clap,
Thou lofty Troian towres of craggy knotty flint
Hast bet with battring blade, and stroke with javeling dint :
The elder matrones with the dames that yonger be
Together in myngled heapes do honour due to thee,
When thou approching nighe thy comming is espyde,
The priest unbarres the gate, and opes the Temple wide :
By clustring thronges the flocks thine altars haunt apace,
Bedeckte with twisted crownes so trim with comely grace.
The olde and auncient men well stept and grown in yeares,
Whose feeble trembling age procureth hory hayres,
Obtayning their request crav'de of thy grace devine,
Do offer up to thee their sacrifysed wyne,

THE EIGHTH TRAGEDY

O bright Dian whose blase sheds light three sondry waies
We myndful are of thee, and render thankefull prayse,
Delon thy native soyle thou diddest fyrmely bynde,
That to and fro was wont to wander with the wynde :
Which with foundation sure mayn ground forbyds to passe
For Navies (after which to swim it wonted was)
It is become a road defying force of wynd,
The mothers funeralles of Tantalus his kinde.
The daughters seven by death thou victresse dost accompt
Whose mother Niobe abydes on Sipil mount
A lamentable rocke and yet unto this howre
Her teares new gushing out the marble old doth powre.
The Godhead of the Twins in sumpteous solemne wyse,
Both man and wyfe adore with savory sacrifyce.
But thee above the rest O father great and guide,
Whose mighty force is by the burning lightning tryde :
Who when thou gavest a becke and didst thy head but shake
At once thextremest poales of heaven and earth did quake,
O Jupiter the roote that of our lynage arte,
Accept these offered gifts and take them in good parte :
And thou O graundsire great to thy posteritie
Have some remorse, that do not swarve in chyvalrie.
But yonder lo with stiving steps the souldier comes amayne
In all post hast, with token that good newes declareth plaine,
A Lawrell braunch, that hangeth on his speare head he doth bringe
Eurybates is come, who hath ben trusty to the kynge.

AGAMEMNON

THE THIRD ACTE

EURIBATES. CLYTEMNESTRA

ORE tyred after many yeares with travayle and wyth toyle,
Scant creditynge my selfe, the Gods of thys my natyve soyle,
The temple, and the alters of the saincts that rule the skye,
In humble sort wyth reverence devoutly worship I.
Now pay your vowes unto the Gods : returned is agayne
Unto his countrey court, where wont he was to rule, and reigne,
Prynce Agamemnon, victor he, of Grece the great renoume.
Cly. The tydings of a message good unto mine eares is blowne.
Where stayes my spouse whom longing for ten yeres I have out scand ?
What doth he yet sayle on the seas, or he is come a land ?
Yet hath he fyxt and set his foote back stepping home agayne
Uppon the sandy shore, that longe he wished to attayne ?
And doth he styll enjoy his health enhauncte in glory great,
And painted out in pompe of prayes whose fame the sky doth beate ?
Eu. Blesse we with burning sacrifice at length this lucky day.
Cli. And eke the Gods though gracious, yet dealing long delay :
Declare if that my brothers wyfe enjoy the vytall ayre,
And tel me to what kind of Coast my sister doth repayre.
Euri. God graunt, and geve us better newes then this that thou dost crave,
The heavy hap of fyghting flouds forbiddes the truth to have :
Our scattred fleete the swelling seas attemptes in such a plight,
That ship from ship was taken cleane out of each others sight.
Atrides in the waters wyde tormoyld and straying farre
More vyolence by seas sustaynd then by the bloudy warre,

And as it were a conquerd man escaping home al weete
Now bringeth in his company of such a mighty fleete,
A sort of brused broken barkes, beshaken, torne, and rent.
Cli. Shew what unlucky chaunce it is that hath our navy spent,
What storme of seas dipersed hath our Captaynes hear and there.
Eury. Thou willest me to make report of heavy woful geare.
Thou biddest me most greevous newes with tydinges good to part
For uttring of this woeful hap my feeble mynd doth start,
And horribly appauled is with this so monstruous ill.
Cly. Speake out and utter it: himselfe with terrour he doth fill
Whose hart his owne calamity and carke doth loath to know:
The hart whom doubted domage dulles with greater griefe doth glow.
Eu. When Troyan buildings blasing bright did burne away and broyle,
Enkindled first by Grekish brand, they fall to part the spoyle:
Repayring fast unto the seas agayne we come aboord,
And now the souldiers weary loynes were eased of his sword,
Their bucklers cast aside, uppon the hatches lie above.
Their warlike handes in practise put, and Oers learne to move:
Ech little hindraunce seemes to much to them in hasty plight,
When of recourse the Admirall gave watchword by his light,
And trumpet blast beganne to cal our army from delay,
The paynted Pup with gilded snowt did first guyde on the way
And cut the course, which following on a thousand shippes did ryve,
Then first a wynd with pipling puffes our launcing ships did dryve,
Which glyded downe upon our sayles the water beyng calme
With breath of westerne wynd so myld scant moved any walme.
The shyning seas bespred about with shippes doth glister bright,
And also coverd with the same lay hid from Phœbus lyght:
It doth us good to gase uppon the naked shore of Troy:
The desart Phrygian plots so bare to vew wee hop for joye:
The yeuth each one besturres themselves, and striking altogeather,
They tough their oers and with their toyle they helpe the wynd and weather:
They tug and chearely row by course, the spirting seas up dash,
Agaynst the ratling ribs of ships the flapping floods do flash,
The hory froth of wrestling waves which ores aloft doth rayse,
Do draw and trace a furrow through the marblefaced seas.

When stronger blast with belly swolne our hoysted sayles did fil,
They row no more, but let the Pup to goe with wynd at wil,
Their sheryng oers layd assyde our Pilot doth espye,
How farre from any land aloofe our sayles reculing flye.
Or bloudy battels doth display the threats of Hector stout,
Or of his ratling waggings tels, wherein he rode about.
Or how his gashed carkas slayne and traynd about the field
To funeral flames and obit rightes for coyne agayne was yeld.
How Jupiter embathed was al in his royall bloud.
The frolicke fish disposed was to mirth in Tyrren floud,
And fetching friskes both in and out playes on the waters brim,
And on his broade and fynny backe about the seas doth swim,
With gambals quicke in ringes around and side to side enclynd,
Erwhyle he sportes afront the pup, and whips agayne behynd,
Now sidling on the snout before the dalying wanton route
With jocundary joly tryckes doth skip the fleete about.
Sometyme he standeth gasing on and eyes the vessels bright,
Now every shore is covered cleane, and land is out of sight,
The parlous poynt of Ida rocke in sight doth open lye,
And that alone espie we could with fyrmly fixed eye,
A duskye clowde of stifling smoake from Troy did smolter blacke,
When Titan from the weary neckes the heavy yokes did slacke.
The fading light did groveling bend, and downe the day did shrowd,
Agaynst the Starres amounting up a litle misty clowde
Came belching out in yrksome lompe, and Phœbus galland beams
He spewd uppon, bestayning them duct downe in Westerne streams.
The Sunne set swarving in such sort with divers chaunge of face,
Did geve us cause to have mistrust of Neptunes doubted grace,
The evening first did burnish bright, and paynt with starres the sky,
The wyndes were layed, and cleane forsooke our sayles that quiet lie,
When cracking, ratling, rumbling noyse, rusht down with thundring sway
From top of hills, which greatter sturre doth threaten and bewraye.
With bellowinges, and yellinges lowde, the shores do grunt and grone,
The craggy clyves and roaring rocks do howle in hollow stone.
The bubling waters swelles upreard before the wrastling wynd,
When sodaynly the lowring light of Mone is hid and blynd.

THE EIGHTH TRAGEDY

The glymsing starres do goe to glade, the surging seas are tost
Even to the skyes among the clowdes the light of heaven is lost
More nightes in one compacted are with shadow dim and blacke,
One shadow upon another doth more darknes heape and packe,
And every sparke of light consum'd the waves and skyes do meete,
The ruffling windes range on the seas, through every coast they flit.
They heave it up with violence, oreturnde from bottom low,
The westerne wynd flat in the face of Easterne wynd doth blow.
With hurley burley Boreas set ope his blasting mouth,
And girdeth out his boysteous breth agaynst the stormy south,
Each wynd with al his might doth blow and worketh daungers deepe,
They shake the floods, a sturdy blast along the seas do sweepe,
That rolles and tumbles wave on wave, a northern tempest stronge,
Aboundance great of flacky snow doth hurle our shippes amonge.
The southwynd out of Libia, doth rage uppon a shold,
And with the puissant force therof the quicksandes up be rold,
Nor bydeth in the south which doth with tempest lumpe and lower,
And force the flowing floods to rise by powring out a shower.
The stubberne Eurus, Earthquakes made, and shoke the countries East,
And Eos cost where Phœbus first aryseth from his rest.
How violent Corus stretcht and tare his yawning breast ful wyde ?
A man would sure have thought the world did from his center slyde,
And that the frames of Heaven broke up the Gods adowne would fall
And Chaos darke confused heape would shade and cover all.
The streame strave with the wynd, the wynd dyd beare it downe againe.
The springing sea within his bankes can not it selfe contayne,
The raging showre his trilling droppes doth mingle with the seas,
And yet in all this misery the fynd not so much ease
To see and know what ill it is that worketh theyr decay.
The darknes dim oppresseth still and keepes the light away :
The blackfacst night with Hellicke hue was clad of Stygian lake,
And yet ful oft with glimsing beames the sparkling fyre out brake,
The clowde doth cracke, and beyng rent the lightning leapeth out,
The wretches like the same so well it shyning them about,
That stil they wish such light to have (although God wot but yll)
The navy swaying downe it selfe doth cast away, and spill.

THE THIRD ACTE

One side with other side is crackt, and helme is rent with helme,
The ship it selfe the gulping seas do headlong overwhelme.
Erwhyle a greedy gaping gulph doth sup it up amayne,
Then by and by tost up aloft it spewes it out againe,
She with her swagging full of sea to bottome lowe doth sinke,
And drencheth deepe asyde in floods her totring broken brinke
That underneath a dosen waves lay drowned out of sight,
Her broken plankes swim up and downe, spoyld is her tackle quight,
Both sayle and Oers cleane are lost, the mayne mast eke is gone
That wonted was to beare upright the sayle yard thereuppon,
The timber and the broken bordes lye on the waters brim,
When cold and shivering feare in us doth strike through every lim,
The wysest wits entocksicate dare nothing enterprise,
And cunning practise naught avayles when feareful stormes aryse,
The mareners letting duty slip stand staring all agast,
Their scoping ores sodaynly out of their handes are wrast.
To prayer then apace we fall, when other hope is none,
The Greekes and Troyans to the Gods alyke do make their mone.
Alacke what succour of the fates may wee poore wretches fynd ?
Agaynst his father Pyrrhus beares a spyteful cankred mynd,
At Ajax grudge Ulisses doth, king Menela doth hate
Great Hector : Agamemnon is with Priam at debate.
O happy man is he that doth lye slayne in Troyan ground,
And hath deservde by handy stroake to take his fatall wound,
Whom fame preserveth, taking up his tombe in conquerd land
Those momes whose melting cowardes hart durst never take in hand
Or enterprise no noble acte, those force of floods shall drowne
But fate forbearing long, wil take stoute Brutes of high renoume,
Ful wel we may ashamed be, in such a sort to dye,
If any man his spyteful mynd yet can not satisfye,
With these outragious plunging plagues that downe from Gods are sent,
Appease at length thy wrathful God agayne and eake relent.
Even Troy for pity would have wept to see our woefull case,
But if that in thy boyling breast black rancour still have place,
And that the Greekes to ruin run, it bee thy purpose bent,
Why doe these Troyans goe to wrack? for whom thus are wee spent?

Asswage the rygour of the sea that threatning hilles up reares :
This drenched Fleete the Troyan folke and Greekes together beares.
Then from theyr prayers are they put, theyr foultring tonges doe stay,
The roring seas doth drowne their voyce and caryes their cries away.
Then mighty Pallas armed with the lepping lightning fyre,
That teasty Jove doth use to hurle provokt to swelling yre,
With threatning Javeling in her hand, her prowesse meanes to try,
And eke her force whose boyling breast with Gorgon fits doth fry,
Or what with Target she can doe, and with her Fathers fyre.
Then from the Skyes another storme begins abroade to spyre,
But Ajax nothing yet dismaide all force withstandeth stout,
Whom when hee spred his swelling sayles with Cable stretched out,
The lightning downe did wryng him hard, and wrapt him in her flame,
And flang another flasshing dint of lightning on the same,
With all her force and violence her hand brought back agayne,
She tost him out, as late that feate her father tought her playne
Both over Ajax and his Pup she flyeth overthwart,
And renting man and shyp, of both shee beares away a part,
His corage nought abated yet hee all to singde doth seeme,
Even like a stubberne ragged Rocke amid the striving streame,
Hee traynes along the roaring seas and eke the waltring wave
By shoving on his bourly breast in sunder quite he drave,
The Barke with hand he caught, and on it selfe did rype it over,
Yet Ajax shyneth in the floud which darknesse blinde doth cover.
At length attayning to a rocke his thundring crakes were these,
I conquered have the force of fyre and rage of fighting seas,
It doth mee good, to mayster thus the anger of the skye,
With Pallas wrath, the lightning flames and floods tumultyng hye.
The terrour of the warlyck god once could not make me flye,
The force of Mars and Hector both at once sustaynd have I.
Nor Phœbus dartes could me constrayne from him one foote to shoon,
All these beside the Phrygians subdued we have, and woon.
When other Mecocks flinges his darts shall I not them withstand ?
Yea, what if Phœbus came himselfe, to pytch them with his hand ?
When in hys melancholy moode he boasted without meane,
Then father Neptune lyft his heat above the waters cleane.

The beaten rocke with forked mace he undermyning pluckte
From bottom loose, and suncke it downe, when downe himself he duckt.
There Ajax lay, by land, by fyre, and storme of seas destroid,
But we by suffering shypwrack, are with greater plagues anoyd.
A subtyle shallow floud there is flowne on a stony shold,
Where crafty Caphar out of syght the lurking rocks doth hold,
Uppon whose sharpe and ragged tops the swelling tide doth flow,
The boyling waves do beat thereon still sweaing to and fro.
A turret nodding over it doth hange with fallyng sway,
From whence on either side from height prospect espy wee may
Two seas : and on this hand the coast where Pelops once did raygne,
And Isthmus floud in narrow creeke, reculing back agayne,
Doth stop Ionian sea, least into Hellespont it run,
On th' other part is Lemnon floud that fame by bloudshed woon
On th' other side Calcedon towne doth stand agaynst this forte,
And Aulis Ile that stayde our ships that thyther did resorte.
This Castell heere inhabyte doth our Palimedes sier,
Whose cursed hand helde in the top a brand of flaming fier
That did alure our fleete, to turne on lurking rockes a ryght,
Entysing them with wily blaze to come unto the lyght.
All into fitters shaken are the vessels on the sholde,
But other some doe swym, and some upon the rockes are roulde.
And other slipping backe agayne so to eschew the Rocks,
His brused Rybs and ratling sides agaynst eche other knocks,
Whereby the other hee doth breake, and broken is himselfe.
Then woulde they launce into the deepe, for now they dread the shelfe,
This peck of troubles chaunct to hap in dawning of the day.
But when the Gods (besought of us) began the rage to stay,
And Phœbus golden beames began a freshe to render lyght,
The dolefull day discried all the domage done by nyght.

CLY. O whether may I now lament, and weepe with wayling sad ?
Or shall I els in that my Spouse returned is bee glad ?
I doe rejoyce, and yet I am compelled to bewayle
My countreyes great calamity that doth the same assayle.
O Father great whose majesty doth thundring Scepters shake,
The lowring Gods unto the Greekes now favourable make,

THE EIGHTH TRAGEDY

With garlands greene let every head rejoysing now be crounde,
To thee the pype in sacryfice melodiously doth sounde,
And on thyne aulter lyeth slayne an Heyferd lilly whight,
Before the same doe present stand with hanging lockes undight,
A carefull Troyan company in heavy wofull plight,
On whom from high the Lawrell tree with spredding braunch doth shyne,
Whose vertue hath inspyred them with Phœbus grace divine.

CHORUS. CASSANDRA

Alas the cruell sting of love how sweetely doth it taste,
A misery to mortall man annext whyle lyfe doth last ?
The pathe of mischiefe for to flye, now sith there is a gap,
And wretched soules be franckly calde from every wofull hap,
By death, a pleasaunt port, for aye in rest them selves to shroude,
Where dreadfull tumultes never dwell nor stormes of Fortune proude :
Nor yet the burning firy flakes of Jove the same doth doubt,
When wrongfully with thwacking thumpes he raps his thunder out :
Heere Lady Peace th' inhabitours doth never put in flight,
Nor yet the victors threatning wrath approching nygh to sight,
No whyrling western wynde doth urge the ramping seas to praunce,
No dusty cloude that raysed is by savage Dimilaunce,
On horseback riding rancke by rancke, no fearce and cruell host,
No people slaughtred, with their townes cleane topsie turvey tost :
Whyle that the foe with flaming fyre doth spoyle and waste the wall,
Untamed and unbridled Mars destroyes and batters all :
That man alone who forceth not the fickle fates a strawe,
The vysage grim of Acheront whose eyes yet never sawe,
Who never vewd with heavy cheare the ugsome Limbo lake,
And putting lyfe in hasarde, dare to death him selfe betake.
That person is a Prynces peare, and lyke the Gods in myght,
Who knoweth not what death doth meane is in a pitious plight.
The ruthfull ruin of our natyve countrey wee behelde
That wofull nyght, in which the roofes of houses overquelde,
In Dardans City blasing bryght with flasshing fiery flames,
When as the Greekes with burning brandes enkindle did the frames,

That Troy whom war and deedes of armes might not subdue and take. THE THIRD ACTE

As once did mighty Hercules, whose Quyver causde it quake,
Which neither he that Peleus sonne, and sonne to Thetis was,
Nor whom Achilles loved so wel, could ever brynge to passe,
When glytering bright in field he ware false armour on his back,
And counterfayting fearse Achill the Troyans drave to wrack.
Nor when Achilles he hym selfe his minde from sorow wrast,
And Troyan women to the walles did scuddyng leape in hast.
In myserie she lost her proud estate, and last renoume,
By being stoutly overcome, and hardly pulled downe.
Yeares fyve and fyve did Troy resiste, that yet hereafter must,
In one nyghts space by destenie be layed in the dust.
Theyr fained giftes well have we tried that huge and fatall gin.
We lyght of credit, with our owne ryght hand have haled in,
That fatall gyft of Greekes : what tyme at entry of the gap
The huge hors did shyveryng stand, where in them selves did wrap
The captaynes close, in holow vautes with bloudy war yfreight,
When lawfully we might have tryde, and serched their deceit :
So by theyr owne contryved snares the grekes had bin confound :
The brasen bucklers being shooke did gyve a clattring sound.
A privy whyspering often tymes came tyckling in our ear,
And Pyrrhus (in a murreynes name so ready for to heare,
The crafty councell picked out of false Ulisses brayne,)
Did jangle in the holow Vautes, that range thereof agayne.
But fearing and suspecting nought the headdy youth of Troy
Layde handes upon the sacred ropes, to hale and pull with joy.
On this syde younge Astyanax came garded with his trayne,
On th' other part Pollixena disponsed to bee slayne
Upon Achilles tombe, she coms with maydes, and hee with men,
A joly flocke with equall yeares as younge as they were then.
Theyr vowd oblations to the gods in holy day attyre,
The matrons bryng and so to church repayreth every syre.
And all the city did alyke, yea Hecuba our queene
(That synce the woful Hectors death or now was never sene)
She mery is : O griefe accurst, of all thy sorowes depe
For whych that first or last befell entendest thou to wepe ?

Our battred walles which heavenly hands erected have and framde ?
Or els the burning temples which upon their Idols flamde ?
Lamenting these calamyties wee have not time and space,
O mighty parent Pryam we poore Troyans wayle thy case.
The olde mans thratling throate I sawe, (alas) I saw yborde
With cruell Pryrhus blade, that scante with any bloud was gorde.
Cas. Refraine your teares that down your cheekes should tricle evermore,
With woefull waylings piteously your pryvate friendes deplore :
My myseries refuse a mate, so much accurst as I,
To rewe my carefull case, refrayne your lamentable cry.
As for myne owne distresse to moorne, I shall suffice alone.
Cho. To mingle teares with other teares it doth us good to mone :
In those the burning teary streames more ardently doe boyle,
Whom secret thoughts of lurking cares in privy breast turmoyle :
Though that thou were a Gossop stout, that brooke much sorrow may,
I warraunt thee, thou myghtest well lament this sore decay.
Not sad and solemne Aedon that in the woodes doth singe
Her sugred Ditties finely tunde on sweete and pleasaunt stringe :
Recording Itys woefull hap in divers kynde of note,
Whom Progne though he were her chylde and of her wombe begot,
For to reveng his fathers fault, she did not spare to kill :
And gave his flesh and bloude for foode the fathers Maw to fill.
Nor Progne who in Swallowes shape upon the rydges hye
Of houses sits in Biston towne bewayling piteously,
With chattering throate, of Tereus her spouse the cruell act,
(Who did by strength and force of armes a shamefull brutishe fact.
Defile the syster of his wyfe, fayre Philomel by name,
And eke cut out her tonge, least shee should blab it to his shame)
Though Progne this her husbandes rape lamenting very sore
Doe wayle, and weepe with piteous plaint, yet can shee not deplore
Sufficiently, though that shee woulde, our countreyes piteous plight,
Though he himselfe among the Swans syr Cygnus lilly whight,
Who dwelles in streame of Ister floud, and Tanais channell coulde,
His weeping voyce most ernestly though utter out hee woulde :
Although the morninge Halcyons with dolefull sighes doe wayle,
At such time as the fighting floudes their Cyex did assayle,

Or rashly wexing boulde attempt the Seas now layde at rest,
Or being very fearefull feede their broode in tottring nest,
Although as squemishe hearted men those priestes in bedlem rage,
Whom mother Cyble being borne on high in lofty stage,
Doth moove, to play on shaimes, Arys the Phrygian to lament,
Yet can not they this lot bewayle, though brawn from armes they rent.
Cassandra, in our teares there is no measure to refrayne,
Those miseryes all measure passe, that plunged us in payne.
The sacred fillets from thy heads, why dost thou hate and pull ?
They chiefly ought to worship God, whose hearts with griefe be dull.
Cas. My feare by this affliction is cleane abated all,
Nor praying to the heavenly Ghostes for mercy will I call.
Although they were disposde to chase and fret in fustien fumes,
They nothing have me to displease, Fortune her force consumes.
Her spyte is worne unto the stumpes, what countrey have I left ?
Where is my Syre ? am I of all my systers quite bereft.
The sacred tombes and alter stones our bloud have drunke and swylde,
Where are my brethren blessed knot ? destroyed in the fylde.
All widdow Wyves of Priams sonnes may easly now beholde,
The Pallace voyde and cast of court of silly Priam olde.
And by so many marriages so many Wyddowes are,
But onely Hellen comming from the coast of Lacon farre.
That Hecuba the mother of so many a pryncely wyght,
Whose fruitfull Wombe did breede the brand of fyer blasing bryght :
Who also bare the swinge in Troy, by practise now doth learne,
New lawes and guise of desteny in bondage to discerne.
On her shee taketh heart of grace with lookes so sterne and wylde,
And barketh as a bedlem bitch about her strangled chylde,
Deare Polidor, the remnaunt left, and onely hope of Troy,
Hector and Priam to revenge, and to restore her joy.
Cho. The sacred Phœbus Prophet is with sodayne silence husht :
A quaking trembling shivering feare throughout her lims hath rusht :
Her Face as pale as Ashes is, her Fillits stande upryght,
The soft and gentle goldilockes starte up of her affright.

Her panting breathing breast stuft up within doth grunt and grone,
Her glaring bryght and steaming Eyes are hether and thyther throwne.
Now glauncing up and downe they roll: now standing stiff: they stare.
She stretcheth up her head more streyght then commonly she bare,
Boult up she goes, her wrastling Jawes that fast together clinge,
She doth attempt by divers meanes, on sunder how to wringe.
Her mumbling words in gabling mouth shut up she doth asswage,
As Menas mad that Bacchus aares doth serve in furious rage.
Cas. How doth it hap (O sacred tops of high Parnassus hill)
That me berapt of sence, with prickes of fury fresh yee fill?
Why doe you me with ghost inspyre, that am besyde my wits?
O Phœbus none of thyne I am, releasse me from the fits:
Infixed in my burning breastes the flames extinguish out,
Who forceth me with fury fell to gad and trot about?
Or for whose sake inspyrde with spryte mad mumbling make must I?
Why play I now the Prophet colde, sith Troy in dust doth ly?
The day doth shrynke for dread of warre, the night doth dim mine eyes,
With mantell blacke of darknesse deepe cleane coverd is the skyes:
But loe two shining Sunnes at once in heaven appeareth bryght,
Two Grecian houses muster doe their armies twayne to fight.
Amonge the mighty Goddesis in Ida woodes I see,
The fatall sheepherd in his throne as umpier plast to bee:
I doe advise you to beware, beware (I say) of kynges,
(A kindred in whose cancred heartes olde privy grudges springes)
That countrey clowne Ægisthus he this stocke shall overthrowe,
What doth this foolish despret dame her naked weapons showe?
Whose crowne entendeth shee to cracke in weede of Lacon lande,
With Hatchet (by the Amazons invented first) in hand?
What face of mighty majesty bewitched hath myne eyes?
The conquerour of salvage beastes Marmarick Lyon lyes,
Whose noble necke is wurried with currish fange and tooth,
The churlish snaps of eger Lyonesse abyde hee dooth.
Alacke yee ghostes of all my friendes why should yee say that I,
Among the rest am onely safe, from perils farre to ly?

Fayne father follow thee I would, Troy being layde in dust.
O brother terrour of the Greekes, O Troyans ayde and trust.
Our auncient pomp I doe not see, nor yet thy warmed handes,
(That fearce on Greekish flaming fleete did fling the fyry brandes)
But mangled members, schorched corps, and eake thy valiaunt armes,
Hard piniond and bounde in bands sustayning greevous harmes :
O Troyolus, a match unfit encountering with Achill
(That myghty man of armes) to soone come unto thee I will.
I doe delight to sayle with them on stinking Stygian flood,
To vew the churlishe mastife cur of hell, it doth mee good.
And gaping mouthed Kingdome darke of greedy Ditis raygne.
The Barge of filthy Phlegethon this day shall entertayne,
Mee conquering, and conquered, and Prynces soules with all.
You flitering shades I you beseeche, and eake on thee I call,
O Stygian poole (whereon the Gods theyr solemne othes doe take)
Unbolt a whyle the Brasen bars of darksome Lymbo lake,
Whereby the Phrygian folke in hell may Micean state beholde.
Looke up yee silly wretched soules, the fates are backward roulde.
The sqally sisters doe approch, and deale their bloudy strokes,
Their smultring faggots in their handes halfe brunte to ashes smokes.
Their vysages so pale doe burne, with fyry flaming eyes :
A garment blacke theyr gnawed guts doth gyrde in mourning guyse.
Dire dread of night begins to howle, the bones of body vast
With lying long doe rot corrupt in miry pudle cast.
Beholde, the wery aged man his burning thyrst forgot,
The waters dalying at his lippes to catch endevors not :
But mourneth for the funerall, that shall ensue anon.
The Troyan Prynce his royall robes tryumphant putteth on.
Cho. The furious rage cleane overpast begins it selfe to slake,
And slyps away, even as a Bull that deadly wounde doth take
On gasshed neck afront the aares : come let us ease at last
Her lymbes, that of the spryte of God hath felt the mighty blast.
Returning home agayne at length and crounde with Lawrell bow
(A signe of worthy victory) is Agamemnon now.
The Wyfe to meete her Husband, doth her speedy passage ply,
Returning hand in hand, and foote by foote most lovingly.

THE FOURTH ACTE

AGAMEMNON. CASSANDRA

T length I doe arryve agayne uppon my native soyle :
God save thee O deare loved Lande, to thee so huge a spoyle
So many barbarous people yeelde : the flowre of Asia, Troy :
To beare thy yoake submits her selfe, that longe did live in joy.
Why doth this Prophet (on the grounde her sprawling body layde)
Thus reele and stagger on her necke, all trembling and dismayde ?
Sirs, take her up, with Lycour warme let her bee chearished.
Now peepes she up agayne, with drouping eyes sonke in her head :
Plucke up thy spryte, heere is the porte wisht for in misery :
This day is festivall. Cas. At Troy so was it wont to bee.
Ag. Let us to Th'alters worship gyve. Cas. At Th'alters died my sire :
Ag. Pray we to Jove. Cas. To Jove whose grace divine doth me inspire ?
Ag. Dost thou suppose that Troy thou seest ? Cas. And Priam eke I see.
Ag. Troy is not heere. Cas. Where Helen is there take I Troy to bee.
Ag. Feare not as maide to serve thy dame. Cas. Nay fredome draweth ny.
Ag. Take thou no thought how thou shalt live. Cas. All cares for to defy,
Death gives a courage unto mee. Ag. Yet say I once agayne
There is no daunger left, whereby thou mightest hurt sustayne.

Cas. But yet much troublous daunger doth hang over thy head I wot.

Ag. What mischiefe may a victor dread? Cas. Even that he dreadeth not.

Ag. Yee trusty many of my men come cary her away,
Till of the spryte shee ryd her selfe, least fury force her say
That may be prejudiciall, her tongue she cannot frame.
To thee O Father flinging forth the lightnings flasshing flame,
That dost disperse the cloudes, and rule the course of every starre,
And guyde the Globe of Earth, to whom the booties woon by warre
With triumphe victors dedicate: to thee O Juno hight
The syster deare of doughty Jove, (thy husband full of might)
Both I and Greece with flesh and bloude, and eke our vowed beast,
And gorgious gyftes of Arabie, give worship to thy hest.

CHORUS

O Greece by noble Gentlemen in honour shyning cleare,
O Greece to wrathfull Juno thou that art the darling deare,
Some jolly worthy lusty bloude thou fosters evermore,
Thou hast made even the Gods, that were a number odde before.
That puissaunt mighty Hercules a noble Impe of thyne
Deserved by his travels twelve, rapt up in heaven to shyne.
For whom the heavens did alter course, and Jupiter withall
Did iterate the howers of nyght, when dampishe dewe doth fall.
And charged Phœbus chariot swyfte to trot with slower pace,
And leasurely bright lady Moone thy homeward Wayne to trace,
Bryght Lucifer that yeare by yeare his name a newe doth chaunge,
Came backe agayne, to whom the name of Hesper seemed straunge.
Aurora to her common course her reared head addrest,
And couching backward downe agayne the same shee did arest
Upon the shoulder of her spouse, whose yeares with age are worne
The east did feele, so felt the west, that Hercules was borne.
Dame nature coulde not cleane dispatch, to utter in one night,
That boystous lad: the whyrling worlde did wayght for such a wight.
O babe whose shoulders underprop the ample spacious sky,
In clasped armes thy prowesse did the crusshed Lyon try.

THE EIGHTH TRAGEDY

Who from his fyry yawning throate spewes out his broyling brande,
The nimble hynde in Menall mount hath knowne thy heavy hande :
The Bore hath felt thy fyst, which did Arcadia destroy.
The monstrous conquerde Bull hath rorde that Creta did anoy.
The Dragon dyre that breeding beast in Lerna poole he slewe,
And chopping of one head forbad thereof to ryse anewe,
With clubbed brusing battring batte he crankly did subdew.
(The brethren twins that tewde on Teate) whereof three monsters grew.
Of tryple formed Gerion the spoyle into the east,
A drove of Cattell Hercules did fetch out of the weast.
Away from tyraunt Diomede the Thracian horse he led,
Which neyther with the grasse that grew by Styrmon floud he fed,
Nor yet on Heber bankes, but them the villayne did refresh
His greedy mounching cramming jades with aliaunts bloud and flesh.
Their rawfed Jawes imbrewde were with the carmans bloud at last,
The spoyles and shaftes Hipolyte saw from her bosome wrast
As sone as he with clattring shaft the dusky cloude did smite,
The Stymphall byrde that shadowed the sunne, did take her flight.
The fertill tree that apples beares of golde, did feare him sore,
Which never yet acquayntaunce had with Tasters tooth before.
But whipping up with lively twigges into the ayre she flyes,
And whyle the chinking plate doth sound then Argos full of eyes,
The watchman shrinking close for colde that sleepe yet never knew,
Doth heare the noyse whyle Hercules with mettall of yellow hew
Well loden packs away, and left the grove befilched cleane.
The hound of hell did holde his tongue drawne up in tryple cheane,
Nor barke with any boughinge throate, nor coulde abyde the hewe
Or colour of the heavenly lyght, whose beames he never knewe.
When thou wert captayne Generall, and didst conduct our Hoste,
(They that) of Dardans Lygne, to come theyr Stocke doe falsly boste,
Were vanquished by force of armes and since they felt agayne
Thy Gray goose winge, whose bitternesse to feare might them constrayne.

AGAMEMNON

THE FIFTE ACTE

CASSANDRA

ITHIN a revell rexe is kept, as sore as ever was,
Even at the ten yeares siege of Troy: What thing is this? (alas)
Get up my soule, and of the rage avengement worthy crave:
Though Phrygians wee bee vanquished, the victory we have.
The matter well is brought aboute: up Troy thou rysest now,
Thou flat on floore hast pulde down Greece, to ly as low as thou.
Thy Conquerour doth turne his Face: my prophesying spright
Did never yet disclose to mee so notable a sight:
I see the same, and am thereat, and busied in the broyle,
No vision fond fantasticall my senses doth beguile:
Such fare as Prygians feasted with on last unhappy night
At Agamemnons royall courte full daintily they dight:
With purple hangings all adornde the brodred Beds doe shyne,
In olde Assaracks goblets gylt they swincke and swill the wyne.
The King in gorgyous royall robes on chayre of State doth sit,
And pranckt with pryde of Pryams pomp of whom he conquerd it.
Put of this hostile weede, to him, (the Queene, his Wyfe gan say,)
And of thy loving Lady wrought weare rather thys aray.
This garment knit. It makes mee loth, that shivering heere I stande.
O shall a King be murthered, by a banisht wretches hande?
Out, shall Th'adulterer destroy the husbande of the Wyfe?
The dreadful destinies approcht, the foode that last in lyfe
He tasted of before his death, theyr maysters bloud shall see,
The gubs of bloude downe dropping on the wynde shall powred bee.

THE EIGHTH TRAGEDY

By traytrous tricke of trapping weede his death is brought about,
Which being put upon his heade his handes coulde not get out,
The stopped poake with mouth set ope his muffled head doth hyde,
The mankinde dame with trembling hand the swerd drew from her side,
Nor to the utmost of her might it in his flesh shee thrast,
But in the gieving of the stroke shee stayed all agast,
Hee as it were a bristled Bore entangled in the net
Among the bryars in busshy woodes yet tryeth out to get.
With strugling much the shrinking bands more streightly he doth bind,
He stryves in vayne, and would slip of the snare that doth him blind.
Which catcheth holde on every syde. But yet th' entangled wreatch
Doth grope about, his subtle foes with griping hand to catch.
But furious Tyndaris preparde the Pollaxe in her hande,
And as the priest to sacrifice at Th'alter side doth stande,
And vewes with eye the Bullockes necke, eare that with Axe he smite,
So to and fro shee heaves her hand to stryke and leavell right.
He hath the stroke : dispatcht it is : not quite chopt of the head,
It hangeth by a litle crop : heere from the Carkasse dead
The spouting bloude came gusshing out : and there the head doth lye,
With wallowing, bobling, mumbling tongue : nor they do by and bye
Forsake him so : the breathlesse coarse Ægist doth all to coyle :
And mangled hath the gasshed corpes : whyle thus hee doth him spoyle,
She putteth to her helping hand : by detestable deede
They both accorde unto the kynde, whereof they doe proceede.
Dame Helens syster right shee is, and hee Thyestes sonne :
Loe doubtfull Titan standeth still the day now being donne,
Not knowing whether best to keepe still on his wonted way,
Or turne his wheeles unto the path of dyre Thyestes day.

THE SECONDE SCEANE

ELECTRA

O THOU whom of our Fathers death the onely helpe wee have,
Fly, fly, from force of furious foes, make hast thy selfe to save :
Our house is topsey turvey tost, our Stocke is cast away,
Our ruthfull realmes to ruin ronne, our kingdomes doe decay.
Who cometh heere in Chariot swift thus galloping a mayne ?
Brother, disguised in thy weede let mee thy person fayne.
O Bussard blynde, what dost thou meane from forrayne folke to fly ?
Whom dost thou shun ? it doth behove to feare this family.
Orestes now bee boulde, and set all shivering feare a side,
The certayne succour of a trusty friende I have espide.

THE THIRD SCENE

STROPHILUS. ELECTRA

WITH solemne Pompe I Strophilus forsaking Phocis lande,
Bearing a braunch of Paulme, that growes at Elis, in my hand,
Returned backe I am, the cause that wild mee heather wend,
Is with these gyftes to gratefie and welcome home my frend,
Whose valiaunt army skalde, and shooke the tattred Troyan walles,
Who wearied with the ten yeares warre, now flat on floore shee falles.
What wofull wight is this that staynes her mourning face with teares,
And drowned deepe in drousy dumpes oppressed is with feares ?
I know full well this damsell is of Prynces lynage borne.
What cause Electra hath this joyfull family to morne ?
ELE. By treason that my mother wrought, my Father lieth slayne,
And drincking of their fathers cup the chyldren doe complayne.
Ægist engroceth Castels got by fornication.
STR. A lack that of so longe a tyme, filicity is none.
ELE. I thee request even for the love my father thou doest owe,
And for the honour of the crowne, whose brute abrode doth growe
In every coast : and by the Gods that diversly doe deale,
Take into thy tuicion, convey away, and steale,

This poore Orest: such kinde of theft is piety in deede.
Str. Although that Agamemnons death doth teach mee to take heede,
Yet will I undertake the same, and with all diligence
Orestes shall I goe about with strength to have thee hence.
Prosperity requireth faith, but trouble exacts the same,
Have heere a pryce for those that doe contende and wage in game.
An Ornament with comely grace ordaynde to deck the brow,
And let thy heade be coverde with this greene and pleasaunt bow.
And cary this victorious triumphant braunche in hand.
God graunt this Paulme that planted was in fertill Pisa land,
(Where solemne games were celebrate Joves honour to expresse)
May both a savegarde bee to thee, and bring thee good successe.
Thou that bestryds thy fathers steedes, as he before hath done,
Goe stryke a league of amity with Pylades my sonne.
Now nimble Nagges let Greece heereof recording testify,
With headlong scouring course amayne this traytrous country fly.
Ele. Hee is escapte and gone, and with unmeasurable might
The Chariot horse with rayne at will doe scud out of my sight.
Now free from perill on my foes attendaunce will I make,
And offer willingly my head the deadly wounde to take.
The cruell conqueresse of her spouse is come, whose spotted weede
With sprinkels (signe of slaughter) doe beare recorde of her deede.
Her goary handes new bathde in bloude as yet they bee not dry,
Her rough and churlishe rigorous lookes the fact doe notify.
Unto the Temple will I trudge. Cassandra suffer mee,
Opprest with egall griefe, take parte of sacrifice with thee.

THE FOURTH SCENE

CLYTEMNESTRA. ELECTRA. ÆGISTHUS. CASSANDRA

O thou thy Mothers Enemy, ungracious saucy face,
After what sorte dost thou a mayde appeare in publyque place?
El. I have wyth my virginity the bowres of Baudes forsooke.
Cly. What man is hee, that ever thee to bee a vyrgin tooke?

El. What your own daughter? Cly. With thy mother more modest should thou be.
El. Doe you at length begin to preach, such godlines to me.
Cly. A manly stomacke stout thou hast with swelling hawty hart,
Subdued with sorrow learne thou shall to play a womans part.
El. A swerd and buckler very well a woman doth beseeme,
(Except I dote.) Cly. Thy selfe dost thou haylefellowe with us esteeme?
El. What Agamemnon new is this, whom thou hast got of late?
Cly. Hereafter shall I tame, and teach thy gyrlish tongue to prate.
And make thee know, how to a Queene thy taunting to forbeare.
El. The whilst (thou Wyddow) aunswere me directly to this geare.
Thy husband is bereved quight of breath, his lyfe is donne.
Cly. Enquier where thy brother is, so seeke about my sonne.
El. Hee is departed out of Greece. Cly. Goe fetch him out of hande.
El. Fetch thou my father unto mee. Cly. Give me to understande,
Where doth he lurking hyde his head? where is he shrunke away?
El. All plunge of perills past hee is, and at a quiet stay
And in another Kyngdome where no harme hee doth mistrust,
This aunswere were sufficient, to please a Parent just.
But one whose breast doth boyle in wrath, it cannot satisefy.
Cly. To day by death thou shalt receyve thy fatall destiny.
El. On this condition am I pleasde, the Aulter to forsake,
If that this hand shall doe the deede, my death when I shall take.
Or els if in my throate to bath thy blade, thou doe delight,
Most willingly I yeelde my throate, and give thee leave to smite.
Or if thou will chop of my heade in brutishe beastly guise,
My necke a wayting for the wounde out stretched ready lies.
Thou hast committed sinfully a great and grievous guilt.
Goe purge thy hardned hands, the which thy husbande bloud have spilt.
Cl. O thou that of my perills all dost suffer part with mee,
And in my realme dost also rule with egall dignity,
Ægisthus, art thou glad at this? (as doth her not behove,)
With checks and taunts the daughter doth her mothers mallice move.

Shee keepes her brothers counsell close conveyde out of the way.
Ægi. Thou malipert and witlesse wenche, thyne elvishe prating stay,
Refrayne those wordes unfit thy Mothers glowing eares to vex.
El. What shall the breeder of this broyle controll me with his checks,
Whose fathers guilt hath caused him to have a doubtfull name,
Who both is to his sister, sonne, and Nephew to the same ?
Clv. To snap her head of with thy swerd Ægist dost thou refrayne ?
Let her give up the ghost : or bryng her brother straight agayne :
Let her be lockt in dungeon darck, and let her spend her dayes
In Caves and Rocks, with painefull pangues, torment her every wayes.
I hope him whom she hidden hath shee will agayne discry,
Through being clapt in pryson strong and suffring poverty,
With yrksome and unsavory smells on every syde annoyde,
Enforst to weare a wyddowes weede, or wedding day enjoyde :
Put in exile and banishment when eche man doth her hate :
So shall she bee by misery compeld to yeelde to late,
Prohibyted of holsome ayre fruition to have.
El. Graunt me my dome by meanes of death to passe unto my grave.
Clv. I would have graunted it to thee, if thou should it deny.
Unskilfull is the tyraunt, who by suffring wretches dy
Doth ende theyr paynes. El. What after death doth any thing remayne ?
Clv. And if thou doe desyre to dye, the same see you refrayne.
Lay hands sirs on this wondrous wretch, whom being caryed on,
Even to the furthest corner of my jurisdiction,
Farre out beyond Mycœnas land in bonds let her be bound,
With darknesse dim in hiddeous holde let her be closed round.
This captive Spouse and wicked Queane, the Trull of Prynces bed
Shall pay her paynes, and suffer death by losing of her head.
Come, hale her on, that she may followe, that way my spouse is gon,
Whose love from mee entised was. Cas. Doe not thus hale mee on.
I will before you take the way, these tydings first to tell
Unto my countrey men of Troy beneath in lowest hell.

How overquelmed ships ech where, are spread the seas uppon :
And Micœne countrey conquerde, is brought in subjection.
He that of thousand captaynes was graunde captayne generall,
Come to as great calamity as Troy it selfe did fall,
Entrapped was by traytrous trayne, and whoredome of his Wyfe,
And by a gyft receaved of her, deprived of his Lyfe.
Let us not linger : on with mee, and thankes I doe you give.
I joy, that it might be my hap, thus after Troy to live.
Cly. Go to, prepare thy selfe to dye thou frantique raging wight.
Cas. The fransy fits of fury fell on you shall also light.

EURIBATES, added to the Tragedy by the Translator

Alas yee hatefull hellish Hagges, yee furies foule and fell,
Why cause yee rusty rancours rage in noble heartes to dwell ?
And cancred hate in boyling breastes to grow from age to age ?
Coulde not the graundsires paynefull pangues the childrens wrath asswage ?
Nor famyne faynt of pyning paunche, with burning thyrst of hell,
Amid the blackest streame of Sticks where poysning breathes do dwel.
Where vapors vile parbraking out from dampishe myry mud,
Encrease the paynes of Tantalus deservde by guiltles bloud,
Could not thine owne offence suffice Thyestes in thy Lyfe,
To file thy brothers spousall Bed, and to abuse his Wyfe ?
But after breath from body fled, and Lyfe thy Lymmes hath left,
Can not remembraunce of revenge out of thy breast be reft ?
What, yet hast thou not layde thy lips, to taste of Lethes floude ?
Now after death why dost thou come to move thy sonne to bloude ?
Coulde cruell Ditis graunt to thee thy pasporte backe agayne ?
To worke this woe upon the world, and make such rigour raygne,
That Clytemnestra is become the fifty sister dyre
Of Danaus daughters, that did once theyr husbands death conspyre.
Loe here how fickle fortune gives but brytle fading joy.
Loe, hee who late a Conquerour tryumphed over Troy,
Enduring many sturdy stormes with mighty toyle and payne
To sowe the seede of fame, hath reapt small fruite thereof agayne.

THE EIGHTH TRAGEDY

When as his honour budding forth with flowre began to bloome,
(Alas) the stocke was hewed downe and sent to deadly doome.
And they that of his victory and comming home were glad,
To sodayne mourning chaunge their myrth with heavinesse bestad.
The lusty pompe of royall courte is deade : (O doleful day)
The people mone theyr prynces death with woe and weale away :
With howling, crying, wringing hands, with sobs, with sighes, and teares,
And with their fists they beate their breasts, they pull and hale their heares.
And as the sheepe amased run, and rampe about the fielde,
When as theyr shepherd to the Wolfe his goary throate doth yeelde,
Even so as mad they rage and rave throughout Micœnas land,
Deprived of theyr Prynce, they feare the bloudy Tyrauntes hand.
While thus were woefull waylings hard in every place about,
The good Cassandra (come from Troy) to death is haled out.
Like as the Swan, who when the time of death approcheth nye,
By nature warned is thereof, and pleased well to dye,
Doth celebrate her funerall with dirge and solemne songe :
Even so the noble vyrgin who in woe hath lived longe,
Most joyfull goes she to her death with milde and pleasaunt face,
Stout boulstring out her burly breast with pryncely porte and grace.
Nothing dismayde, with courage bolde and chearefull countenaunce,
On stage ordeyned for her death shee gan her selfe advaunce :
As though she had not thyther come, to leave her lothsome lyfe,
As though she had not come, to taste the stroke of fatall knyfe.
But even as it in brydale bed her journey were to meete
Corebus deare, not having mynde of death, nor winding sheete,
When looking rounde on every side she tooke her leave of all,
From vapourde eyes of younge and olde the trickling teares doe fall.
The Greekes them selves to griefe are movde to see this heavy sight,
So pity pearst the headmans heart, that thrise aboute to smite
He stayde the smot : with shivering hand yet once agayne he tryed.
And from her shoulders stroke her heade. And thus the vyrgin dyed.
But now the Greekes another cause of mourning have in hand :
Orestes, Agamemnons sonne, is forst to fly the land.

Amonge olde rotten ragged Rockes there lies an ugly place,
A Dungeon deepe, as darke as hell, unknowne to Phœbus face.
An holow huge wyde gaping hole, with way still bending downe,
Whose mouth with venomous wythred weedes is hid and overgrowne,
Where stinking smels come belching out from filthy durty dyke,
Where Verment vyle doe creepe and craule, in hell is not the lyke.
Ilfavourde, foule misshapen bugges, doe lurke about this cave,
With dreadfull sounds, and roaring noyse within the pit they rave.
Even heather is Electra sent, in darckenesse deepe to lye,
In poverty, and comfortlesse without the lyght of skye,
Fast clogde with Yron boults and Chaynes, thus by her mother layde
In torments, till by her to death Orestes be betrayde :
Who (as Cassandra telleth) shall revenge his fathers death,
Depryve with swerd th'adulterour, and Mother both of breath.
So after all these bloudy broyle, Greece never shall bee free :
But bloud for bloud, and death by turnes, the after age shall see.

FINIS

THE NINTHE TRAGEDY OF LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA

CALLED OCTAVIA

TRANSLATED OUT OF LATINE INTO ENGLISHE

BY T. N.

THE ARGUMENT

Octavia daughter to prince Claudius grace,
To Nero espousd, whom Claudius did adopt
(Although Syllanus first in husbandes place
Shee had receiv'd, whom she for Nero chopt)
Her parentes both, her Make that should have bene,
Her husbandes present Tiranny much more,
Her owne estate, her case that she was in,
Her brothers death (pore wretch) lamenteth sore.
Him Seneca doth persuade his latter love,
Dame Poppie, Crispynes wife that sometime was,
And eake Octavias maide for to remove.
For Senecks counsel he doth lightly passe
But Poppie joynes to him in marriage rites,
The people wood into his pallace runne,
Hir golden fourmed shapes which them sore spytes,
They pul to ground : this uprore now begunne,
To quench, he some to griesly death doth send,
But her close cased up in dreadful barge,
With her unto Campania coast to wend,
A band of armed men, he gave in charge.

THE SPEAKERS NAMES

Octavia.
Nutrix.
Chorus Romanorum.
Seneca.
Nuntius.
Agrippina.
Poppea.
Nero.
Præfectus.

OCTAVIA

THE FIRST ACTE

THE FIRST SCENE

OCTAVIA

OW that Aurore with glitteryng streames,
The glading starres from skye doth chase,
Syr Phœbus pert, with spouting beames,
From dewy neast doth mount apace :
And with his cheerefull lookes doth yeeld
Unto the world a gladsome day.
Go to, O wretch, with ample Fielde
Of heavy cares oppressed aye,
Thy grievous wonted playntes recount :
Do not alone with sighes and howles
The Seaysh Alcyones surmounte,
But also passe the Pandyon foules :
More yrksome is thy state then theirs.
O Mother deare whose death by fits
I nyll lament but still shed teares,
My ground of griefe in thee it sits.
If that in shade of darksome denne,
Perceiving sence at al remayne,
Heare out at large, O mother then,
My great complayntes, and grievous payne.
O that inmortall Clothos wrist,
Had torne in twayne my vitall thred :
Ere I unto my griefe had wist
Thy waundes, and face of sanguine red.
O day which aye doth me annoy :
Since that tyme did I more desyre,
The feareful darknes to enjoy,
Than Phœbus fresh with fayre attyre.

I have abode the bitter hest
Of stepdame dire, in mothers place,
I have abode her cruell breast,
Hir stomake stout, and fighting face.
She, Shee, for spyte unto my case,
A doleful, and a grave Eryn,
To Bridegromes chamber spousall space,
The Stygian flashing flames brought in.
And thee, (alas) most piteous Syre,
With traytrous traynes hath shee bereft
Of breathing soule with poysoned myre :
To whom ere whyle, the world all left
Unvanquisht from the Ocean Seas
By martiall feats did freely yeeld :
And didst subdue with wondrous ease,
The Brittayne brutes that fledde the fielde :
Whom living at their propre swaye :
No Romayne power did earst invade.
Now lo (ful wel lament I may)
Thy Spouse deceypte thy prowes hath lade :
And now thy court and child of yore,
With homage serve a Tyrantes lore.

THE SECOND SCENE

NUTRIX

Whom so the glistering pompe of royal place,
With soden sight ynumd doth quite disgrace,
Who so at courtly fleeting ebbing blase,
Astonied sore, himselfe doth much amase :
Lo see of late the great and mighty stocke,
By lurking Fortunes sodayne forced knocke,
Of Claudius quite subvert and cleane extinct :
Tofore, who held the world in his precinct :
The Brittayne Ocean coast that long was free,
He ruld at wil, and made it to agree,

Their Romaine Gallies great for to embrace.
Lo, he that Tanais people first did chase,
And Seas unknowen to any Romayne wight
With listy sheering shippes did overdight,
And safe amid the savage freakes did fight,
And ruffling surging seas hath nothing dread,
By cruel spouses gilt doth lye all dead.
Her sonne likewyse more fiend then Tigre fierce,
Of naturall mother makes a funerall herse,
Whose brother drenched deepe with poysoned cup,
Pore Britannick, his senseles soule gave up.
Octavia sister and unhappy make
Doth sore lament her case for Britans sake,
Ne can her ruthful piteous sorrow slake,
Though Neros wrath do sore constrayne her grace
She nil esteemes the secrete closet place :
But boyling stil with equal peysd disdayne.
With mutuall hate gaynst him doth burne agayne.
My true and trusty love that I do beare,
In vayne I see doth strive to comfort her.
Revenging greedy griefe doth streight reprive,
T' appease her smarte the counsel that I give.
Nor flame of worthy breast doth once relent
But heaps of greefe, her courage do augment.
Alas, what griesely deedes for to ensue
My feare foreseeth : God graunt it be not true.

THE THIRD SCENE

OCTAVIA. NUTRIX

O staggering state, O peerelesse yll :
With ease Electra I repeate,
And call to mynd thy mourning will.
With watred eies like smarting sweat
Thou mightst lament thy father slain,
Stil hoping that thy brother myght
That deadly deede revenge agayne.
Whom thou O tender loving wight

Didst safely shield from bloudy foe,
And naturall love did closely kepe :
But Neroes dreaded visage loe,
Doth feare me that I dare not weepe,
Nor wayle my parentes ruthful case,
By cruell lot this slaughter cought :
Ne suffers mee this geniall face,
To dash with teares to dearely bought
With brothers bloud : who onely was
Myne onely hope in all my griefe,
And of so many mischieves, as
My comfort greate, and sole reliefe.
Now loe reservd for greater care,
And to abyde more lingring payne,
Of noble famous lineage bare,
A drouping shade I do remayne.
Nutrix. My Ladyes heavye voyce mee thought
Within my listning eares can sounde,
And snaylish age in going soft,
Unto her thews is not ybounde.
Octavia. O Nurse our dolours witnes sure
By curroll cheekes distilling rayne,
And heavy heartes complaynt endure.
Nutrix. Alas, what day shall ridde of payne,
With care your welnye wasted heart ?
Octavia. That sends this guiltles ghost to grave.
Nutrix. This talke (good madame) set apart.
Octavia. In rule my state theire destenies have,
And not thy prayers, (O matrone) just.
Nutrix. The doune soft easy God shall geve,
Your troubled mynd a tyme I trust,
More sweete then ever you did live.
With fevell fayre as one content,
And glosed face, but onely please
Your man, and make, he will relent.
Octavia. The Lyon fierce I shall appease,
And sooner tame the Tygre stoute,
Then mankynd Tyrantes brutish breast.

He spytes the noble raced rout,
Contemnes hygh powers, disdaynes the least:
Ne can wel use that princely weede,
Which venemous parent wrapt him in
By huge unspeakeable griesly deede.
Although that wight unthankful, gryme,
In Kingly throne that hee doth raygne,
Throughe cruel cursed mothers ayde:
Although hee pay with Death agayne
So greate a gift, it shal be sayde
And after fates in long spent age,
That woman wight shal have alwaye,
This eloge yet and saying sage,
That he by her doth beare the sway.
NUTRIX. Let not your ragious mynde so walke,
But doe compresse your moody talke.

THE FOURTH SCENE

OCTAVIA. NUTRIX

THOUGH much I beare that boyling brest do beate
And tollerably take divorcements threate,
Deathes only deadly darte, I see an end,
Of all my broyle and pinching payne can send,
What pleasant light to me (O wretch) is left,
My natural Mother slayne, and Syre bereft
Of breathing life, by treason, and by gilt:
Of Brother eake deprivde: with miseryes spilt:
And wayling overcome: kept downe with care,
Envyed of Make, which I dare not declare.
To mayden subject now, and now defied:
What pleasant light can me (O wretch) abyde,
With feareful hart suspecting always ought:
Because I would no wicked deede were wroughte:
Not that I feare Deathes griesly gyrning face,
God graunt I do not so revenge my case,

A better deede to dye : for to behold
The Tyrantes visage grimme, with browes uprolde
And with soft tender lippes my foe to kisse,
And stand in awe of beckes and noddes of his,
Whose will to please my griefe with cares yfirde
Since brothers death by wicked wyle conspirde,
Could never once vouchsafe for to sustayne,
Lesse griefe to die, then thus to live in payne.
His Empyre Nero rules and joyes in blood :
The cause and ground of death that Tirant wood.
How oft (alas) doth Fansie fondly fayne,
When slumber swete in pensive parts doth raigne,
And sleepe in eyes, all tyrd with teares doth rest,
I apprehend deare Brittans lively brest :
Ere whyle me thinkes his feble shivering hands
He fenseth sure with deadly blasing brandes,
And fiercely on his brother Neros face,
With sturdy stinging stroakes he flies apace.
Ere whyle thilke wretch recoyleth backe agayne,
And to my thewes for aide retyres amayne :
Him foming foe pursues with hast to have :
And whyle my brother I desire to save,
And in my clasped armes to shield him free,
His goary bloudied falchion keene I see.
The boysterous raumping fiend to tugge, and hale
Through out my shivering limmes, as ashes pale.
Forthwith a mighty trembling chattering quake
From weary lims all souple sleepe doth shake,
And makes me woeful wretch for to recount
My wayling sobbing sorrowes that surmount.
Hereto, put to that gorgeous stately Mouse,
All glistring bright, with spoyles of Claudius house
His parent deare in bubling boate did douse,
That wicked sonne, this fisking dame to please.
Whom yet escaping daungers great of Seas,
He fiercer freake than waves that scantly rest,
With bloudy blade hir bowels did unbrest.

What hope of health, can me, O wretch, abyde,
That after them thilke way I should not ryde ?
My speciall foe, triumphant wise doth weight,
With naked nates to presse by lovers sleight,
Our spousall, pure, and cleane unspotted bed :
Gainst whom she burns, with deadly foode bloud red.
And, for a meede of filthy strumpets sport,
She causeth Make from spouse for to divort.
O auncient Syre, step forth from Limbo lake,
Thy daughters heavy troublous cares to slake :
Or your twygated hellysh porche unfolde,
That downe through gaping ground I may bee rolde.
NUT. O piteous wretch, in vaine, (alas) in vaine
Thou calst upon thy fathers senselesse sprite :
In whome, God wot, there doth no care remaine
Of mortall broode, that here doth take delight.
Shall he, thinke you, asswage your sory cheere,
Or shape you forth some sleight, t' appall your paine,
That could preferre, before his Brittan deere,
Th' imperiall throne, a straunge begotten swaine ?
And with incestiall love benummed quyte
His brother Germanicks daughter that could plyght,
And joyne to him in solemne mariage rites,
With woefull, and unlucky lovers lightes ?
Here sprang the roale of hurly burly great,
Here beastly venomous slaughter gan to sweate,
Here wylie treasons traines appeared first,
Here rules desire, and brutish bloudy thirst.
Syllanus first Prince Claudius sonne in lawe,
A bloudy mangled offring fall we sawe,
That in our graces Hymæneal bed,
Ymatcht with you, he might not couche his hed.
O monstrous slaughter, worthy endlesse blame :
In steade of gift unto that wanton dame,
A carkasse colde pore soule, and curelesse corse,
Sillane was given against his will perforce.
And falsly then attacht of traitors crime,
As one conspyring death in Claudius time,

THE NINTH TRAGEDY

With lothsome streakes spewde out upon the wall,
He all bedasht your fathers princely hall.
Eft stepped into servile Pallace stroke,
To filthy vices lore, one easly broke.
Of Divelish wicked wit this Princocks proude :
By stepdames wyle prince Claudius Sonne avoude.
Whome deadly damme did bloudy match ylight :
And thee, against thy will, for feare did plight.
Through which successe this Dame of corage fine,
Durst venture, mighty Jove to undermine.
Who can so many cursed kindes report
Of wicked hopes, and actes in any sort,
Or such a womans glosed guyles can name,
That raumpes at rule, by all degrees of shame ?
Then holy sacred zeale put out of grace,
Her stagring steppes, directed forth apace,
And sterne Erinnis in with deadly steps,
To Claudius Court, all desert left yleps.
And with hir dririe drakes of Stygian sort,
Hath quite distainde the sacred princely port.
And raging riven in twaine both natures lore,
And right to wrongs mishapen fourme hath tore.
That haughty minded dame first gave her make
A deadly poysoned cup, his thyrst to slake.
Straight wayes againe through vile unkindly touch,
Her Nero causde with him in hell to couch.
And thee, unhappy Britt, in all that broyle,
Till that of breth, and life he did dispoyle,
Thilk greedie bloudy tyraunt never stent :
Whose dolefull death for aye we may lament.
Ere whyle, unto the world the starre that shone,
And was the stay of princely court alone,
Now loe, light ashes easly puft aforne,
And griesly goast to grave with torche yborne.
Whom blessed Babe, thy stepdame did lament :
Nor from hir gushing teares, did scarce relent,
When as she gave eche trimme appointed parte,
And goodly portraide limmes with natures arte,

Of flaming stacke to be devoured quite,
And sawe the scortching fervent fire in sight
Thy naked joynts to ravin up a pace
And like the flittring God thy comely face.
Oct. Dispatch he me least with this hand he fall.
Nut. That power you nature graunted not at all.
Oct. But wondrous dolor, great and wrathfull yre,
And miseries will it graunt without desyre.
Nut. Nay rather cause your angry moody make,
With souple cheere his fury for to slake.
Oct. What, that he will by guilt once slaine before,
Alive againe my brother mee restore ?
Nut. Nay, safe that you may live and issue beare :
Your fathers auncient court for to repayre.
Oct. That court doth wayte another broode they say,
And poore Britts death tugges me another way.
Nut. Yet let the cities love unto your grace,
Your troubled minde confirme but for a space.
Oct. Their mindes so prest to pleasure me, I know
Great comfort brings : but do not slake my wo.
Nut. Of mighty power the people have bene aye.
Oct. But princes force doth beare the greater sway.
Nut. He will respect his lawfull wedded wife.
Oct. His mynion brave can not so leade her life.
Nut. Of no man shee esteemde. Oct. But dear to make.
Nut. She can not truely yet of wifehood crake.
Oct. Ere longe she shall a mother eke be made,
So farre therein I dare most boldly wade.
Nut. His youthfull heate at first in filthy love,
With lusty, crusty pangs doth boyle above :
Thylke corage quickly colde in lust apace
As vapour sone extinct in flame gives place.
But holy, loving, chaste unspotted spouse,
Her love endureth aye with sacred vowes.
That wanton first that there durst couch hir hed,
And tumbling stayned quite your spousall bed,
And being but your mayde hath ruled longe,
Hir soveraine Lord, with beauties grace bestong,

THE NINTH TRAGEDY

That pranked Paramour pert shal croutch with pain,
When she your grace shall see preferd againe.
For Poppie subject is, and meeke of spright,
And now begins her goastly tombs to dight :
Whereby she closely graunting doth bewray
Hir secret hidden feare eche other day,
That swift, unconstant, double winged lad
With cloute, before his blinded eyes, yclad,
That fickle brayned God, thunhappy boy,
Shall leave hir in the midst of all hir joy :
Although for beauty bright the bell she beare,
And goodly glistring garments new she weare,
And now do vaunt her selfe in gorgeous geere,
Shee shall not long enjoy this gladsome cheere.
Be not dismayde, Madame, for such like paine,
The queene of gods was forced to sustaine,
When to ech pleasaunt shape the heavenly guide,
And syre of Gods yturnde, from skyes did glyde.
The swannes white wings, to se how they could fadge
He did on him, and cuckoldes bullysh badge,
That God shone bright in Golden raynie showre
To Danaes brest through top of fortred towre.
The twinckling starres the twinnes of Læda bright,
Whom Pollux, some, and Castor, call aryght,
In large and ample space of starry scope,
With cristal glimmering faces shyne wyde ope.
And Semeles sonne, whom Bacchus we do call,
In heavenly byrthright doth himselfe ystall.
And Hercules that puissant Champion stoute,
His sturdy brawnes, his Hebe wyndes aboute.
Nor once regardes how Goddesse Juno fare :
Whose lowring stepdame now she is yframde,
That whyle on earth his prowes he did declare,
Agaynst that maryage, aye, was sore inflamd.
Yet loe her wise and closly couched greefe,
Debonaire face, obeisaunce to her leefe,
Causde him at length his mynd for to remove,
Through mortall feeres estraungde from Junos love.

And now that mighty heavenly Goddesse great,
No more adred of mortall strumpets feat,
Aloft alone in cloudy bowre contentes
The thundring Lord, which now to her relentes.
Nor now with earthly Ladyes beauty bright
Yfyred, leaves his starry specked right.
Now madam sith on earth your powre is pight
And have on earth Queene Junos princely place,
And sister are, and wyfe to Neroes grace,
Your wondrous restles dolours great appease.
Oct. Nay, sooner shall the roaring froathy seas,
And mounting flashing flawes ymatch the skye,
And smoaking, stifling parching fyer drye
With dankish pooles agree and watrye fenne :
And griesly Plutoes filthy feltred denne,
With starbright heaven shal sooner coupled be,
And shyning light with glomy shades agree,
And with the cleere drye day the dewy night,
Than unto servile lore of husbande wight,
That brutish wyse in bloud takes his delight,
My heavy woeful mynd can I addresse,
Whyle brothers death my heart doth stil possesse.
O that of heavenly powers the prince and syre,
That shogges and shakes the earth with thundring fyre,
And with his wondrous, feareful, cursed crackes,
And straunge mishapen monsters which he makes,
Our feareful musing myndes doth sore amase,
Would coyne some cureles burning wildfyre blase,
To pelt and pash with thumping fyer bright,
That divelish pate, that cruell cursed wight.
We saw from heaven, with beames forthshoting farre
Doubtles a dreadful heary, blasing starre,
That spouted out a mortall fiery flake,
Whose force a princes bloud can only slake :
Even where that hayting carman sloe Boote
With chilling cold al starcke of frosen pole,
Doth guyde aright Charles whirling running rote,
In steade of night that never away doth role.

THE NINTH TRAGEDY

Loe now the open ayre in every streate
With doggish tyrantes breath is poysoned quite,
And dreadful starres some sodayne death do threate
To people rulde by wicked Neroes spright.
So sterne a freake, or mankynd tyrant stoute,
Not Tellus with the Gods displeasd brought out,
When mighty Jove neglected she uphorlde
Huge, ugly, monstrous Typhon to the worlde.
A sorer plague, a cleaner scouryng scourge,
With bloudy pawes that cityes boundes doth purge,
Is Nero dyre, this cruell cursed wyght,
That doth himselfe gaynst God and man ydyght:
And thrustes from sacred shrynes their quiet porte,
And goodly temples gay the sancted sort:
That cittyes dwellers puts from countries fort:
That hath bereft his brother of his lyfe,
And launcht his mothers sides with goary knyfe:
Yet doth this present lightsome day enjoye
And leades his lyfe, that doth us sore annoy.
O Father of heaven, in vayne why dost thou throwe
Thy great unvanquisht ratling thundring blowe
Uppon the whistling woods and ample seas,
With force of princely power thy wrath t' appease?
On such an hurtful and pernicious streake,
Thy due and just conceyved yre to wreake.
Why stay thy mighty puissaunt braunds so long,
Ere thou fling downe thy ratling cracking throng?
O Lord, that Nero once might pay the price
Of all his devilish deedes, and every vyce,
Th' whole wyde worlds tyrant sterne when he a stroke
Doth beare: which he overlades with burdnous yoke
Of princely syre yborne, but doth defame,
With beastly manners vyle his princely name.
NUT. Unworth he is your spousall chamber place,
But yet your destnies force, you must imbrace,
And wel abyde your fortunes crooked race:
Nor move unkyndly Neroes gauly yre.
One day perchaunce, there wil as I desyre,

Some God revenge your lamentable case :
And once I trust a gladsome day shal be,
When you shal joy a fresh in wonted place.
Oct. Ah, no, now, long this court (alas) we see
With heavy wrath of Gods displeased yre
Hath overcharged bene : which Venus dyre
With Messalinas monstrous ramping lust,
Shee first hath brought adowne into the dust.
Who madly maryed to prince Claudius grace,
But little myndful then of that same case,
And not regarding much thappoynted payne,
With cursed cressets maried once againe.
To which unlucky incestuall brydall bed,
That drofell dyre that furious slut Erin,
With hanging hayre aboute her hellish hed,
And gyrt with snakes with deadly step went in.
And flaming brandes from spousall chamber cought,
In both their blouds ybathd, hath quenched cleane :
And hath incenst prince Claudius burning thought
In bloudy thratling stroake to passe all meane.
My mother first of wretches all the most,
With stripe of deadly sword gave up her ghost.
And now extinguisht quite, left me forlorne,
With dolours pyning panges and mourning worne.
And after her in hellish teame doth hayle,
Unto the senseles soules of Plutoes jaile
Her make, and Brittannick her sonne that way :
And first this ruinous court did she betray.
Nut. Let be, Madame, with teares your face to dight :
Ne so renew your bitter wayling just :
Ceasse troubling now your parents piteous spright,
That payed hath the price of raging lust.

THE FIFT SCENE

CHORUS

God graunt the talke wee hearde of late,
To rashly trusted every where,
And blowne abroad through each estate,
No badge of truth that it may beare.
And that no fresh espoused dame,
Our Princes thewes do enter in,
But that Octavia keepe the same,
And that the seede of Cladius kin
May once bring forth some pledge of peace :
That to the world rest may redowne,
And wrangling stryfe may easly cease,
And Rome retayne her great renowne.
The peerlesse Princesse Juno hight,
Her brothers wedlocke yoke retaynes :
Why is Augustus sister bright,
Where like betroathed league remaynes,
From stately pompe of court reject,
What doth devoutnes her avayle?
To sayncted syre who hath respectt?
What doth her Virgins life prevayle?
And Claudius now in ground ylayed,
Even wee to much unmyndefull be :
Whose worthy steme we have betrayed
Through feare that made us to agree.
In breast our elders did embrace,
The perfect Romayne puissaunce,
The true unstayned worthy race,
And bloud of Mars they did advaunce,
The proude and lofty stomackt trayne
Of lusty hauty mynded Kinges,
They could not suffer to remayne
Within this noble Cities winges.

And justly they revengd thy death,
O Virgin chast, Virginia pure,
Deprivde by sire of vitall breath,
That bondage thou mightst not endure :
And that his shameles brutish lust,
So good a meede might not enjoy :
Although by filthy force unjust
Thy chastity he would annoy.
Thee likewyse whom thyne owne right hande,
With sword did pearce, Lucretia true,
Who tyrantes rape could not withstand,
Did bloudy broyles and warres ensue.
And with her proude disdaynfull Make
Lord Tarquin ympe of cursed seede,
Correction due doth Tullia take
For her unkindly shameles deede,
Who on her Fathers mangled corse,
To mischiefe bent, and wicked bane,
The Carman shee to drive did force,
His cruell brusing wombling wane.
And quite agaynst all natures law,
Even from her owne dismembred syre,
The sacred rytes she did withdraw,
Denaying wonted burial fire.
This griefe our woeful age doth feele,
Through monstruous act agaynst all kinde,
When as in deadely crafty keele,
To Tyrrhen seas, and wrastling wynd,
The proude presuming Prince did put
His mother trapt in subtil sort.
The Mariners appoynted cut
The swelling Seas from pleasaunt port.
The clash resoundes with stroake of Ores,
The Ship out launcht apace doth spinne,
In surging froath aloofe from shores,
And ample course of seas doth winne.
Which glydyng forth with leusned plankes,
Inpressed streames with peysed weight,

The riftes do open closed crankes
That hidden were with secrete sleight :
And gulpeth up the leaking wave
The woeful roaring noyse and crye,
With womans shrikes themselves to save,
Do reach and beate the starry skye.
Then griesly present death doth daunce
Before their eyes with pyning Cheekes :
Whose deadly stroake and heavy chaunce
For to avoyde, then each man seekes :
On ryvened ribs some naked lie,
And cutte the beating waves in twayne :
And some theyr skilful swimming trye
To get unto the shore agayne.
The greatest part that sayled there,
By destnies dire to men prefixt,
In whirling swallowes drowned were,
The brinkes of Seas and ground betwixt.
Queene Agrippyne her garments rendes,
Shee teares her ruffled lockes of hayre,
Abundant blubbring teares she spendes
Through deepe distresse of faynting feare.
Who when no hope of health shee spies,
Enflamde with wrath, which woes appeasde,
O sonne, for so greate giftes, shee cryes,
Hast thou with such reward me pleasd?
This keele I have deserved sure,
That bare and brought thee first to light :
Who empyre witles did procure,
And Caesars title for thy ryght.
Shew forth thy feareful spritish face,
O Claudius now from Limbo lake,
And of thy wyfe in wretched case,
Revenge and due correction take.
Thy deth I causeles did conspyre,
Which now I rue with woeful harte :
I dressed eake a funerall fyre
Unto thy sonne by deadly smart.

Lo now as I deserved have,
Untombde go to thy guiltles Ghost,
Encloasd in seas in stead of grave,
And wrestling waves of Romayne coast.
The flasshing flawes do flappe her face,
And on her speaking mouth do beate,
Anone shee sinkes a certayne space,
Depressed downe with surges great:
Anone shee fleetes on weltring brim,
And pattes them of with tender handes:
Through faynting feare then taught to swim,
Approaching death and fates withstandes,
At length on troubled Seas displayde
Shee geving over working vayne
And tyrd with streames is weary layd,
Not able toyling strength to strayne
In close and secrete silent breastes,
Of mates with her to sea that yode,
In whom no feare of death there restes
True fayth unto theyr Queene abode.
Theyr Ladyes weather beaten limmes
To helpe, some freely venter dare,
Some in the combrous waters swymmes
And desperate daunger do not spare.
With cheereful voyce they comfort her,
Though drawling dragling limmes shee drew,
To lift her up with helpe they stirre,
And nummed corpes to strength renew.
What bootes it thee the death to shonne
Of roaring raging ravening waves,
From deadly sword of wicked sonne,
Alas pore wretch thee nothing saves?
Whose huge and heinous cursed rage,
Agaynst all course of natures lore,
Our after slow beleeving age
Wil scarce beleeve it done before.
The devillish man repynde with griefe
When he his mother saved sawe,

From swalloving seas have safe releefe,
And that she vitall breath did draw,
He grudgde with griefe and in his heate,
He huger mischiefe heapes to this :
He doth not once delay his feate,
But headlong rashly caryed is
Upon her death. A souldiour sent,
Dispatcheth that he had in charge,
His Ladies breast his blade doth rent :
Shee yeelding up her soule at large,
From wretched corpes for to entombe
Her slaughter man she then besought,
That bloudy blade within her wombe,
That fyrst this woe to her had brought,
This, this accursed breast (quoth shee)
Which this unkindly monster bare,
From pinching payne may not be free :
Digge, slash the same, no mischiefe spare
When this with foltring tounge was sayde,
At last her sad and trembling ghost,
With latter sobbing sighes unstayd,
Through goryd woundes leaves vitall coast.

OCTAVIA

THE SECOND ACTE

THE FIRST SCENE

SENECA

ON me with like consent why didst thou smile,
With glosed lookes deluding mee a whyle,
O fortune much of might and princely powre ?
To lift aloft to noble royall bowre ?
To the'nde that I to honours court extold,
From stately seate might have the greater fall,
And round aboute in every place beholde,
Such dreadful, threating daungers to us all.
I safer lay aloofe from envyes knockes,
Remov'd among the craggy corsicke rockes :
Where as my mynd there free at proper sway,
With leysure did repeate my studies aye,
A gladsome joy alone it was to viewe
And earnestly to marke the heavens so blew :
And sacred Phœbus double wheeled wayne :
And eake the worldes swift whirling motion mayne.
The Sunne so even his second course to keepe :
And Phœbes glyding globe so swiftly sweepe :
Whom wondrous starting starres encompasse round;
And to behold that shynes in every stound,
The glistring beauty bright of welkin wyde :
Than which in al the world nothing besyde.
Of all this huge and endles worke the guyde,
More wondrous nature framde that I espyde,
For all the bumping bignes it doth beare,
Yet waxing old is like agayne to weare,
And to be chaungde to an unwyldy lumpe.
Now prest at hand this worldes last day doth jumpe,

With boystrous fall, and tumbling rush of skye.
To squease and make this cursed kynd abye.
That springing once agayne, it may yeeld out
An other straunge renued vertuous route,
As once before it did, new sprong agayne,
What tyme Saturnus held his golden raygne.
That blamelesse, chast, unspotted Virgin cleere
A goddesse much of might clept Justice heere,
With sacred sooth sent downe from heavenly space,
At ease on earth did rule the mortal race.
That people playne knew not of warlicke feates.
Nor trembling trompets tunes that rendes and beates
The souldiers eares : nor clashing armour bright,
That warring wightes defend in field and fight.
Nor wonted was with walles to rampyre round,
Their open cityes set in any stound.
To each man passage free lay open than :
Nothing there private was to any man.
And then the ground it selfe and fertil soyle,
Hir fruitful bosome baard all voyd of toyle,
Into such bounden barnes a Matrone good,
And peaceable unto so just a broode.
But then an other second race arose,
Perceyved not to be so meeke as those.
A third more wyse and witty sort up startes,
Of nature forged fit, t' invent new artes :
As yet unspotted quite with filthy vyce.
Soone after thoe, they raungd with new devyce,
That boldly venture dare in scudding race,
Unweldy beastes for to pursue apace.
And mighty weying strugling fishes great,
With watry coats yclad with fishers feat,
With net in window wyse draw forth, and streeke
With craft of quill, the nibling fysshes cheeke.
And silly byrdes begylde with pyning trayne :
And light foote deare for lyfe that flyng amayne
Intangling gins entrapt, that safely hold,
And sturdy scouling visage buls controld,

On fleshye fillet neckes, make weare the yoake :
And earth ere that ungrubbed up that broake :
Which then turnd up with Plowmans shyning share,
In sacred bosome deepe, her fruits kept thare.
But now this age much worse then all the rest,
Hath lept into her mothers broken breast :
And rusty lumpish yron and massye Gold
Hath digged out, that was quite hid with mold.
And fighting fistes have armd without delay :
And drawing forth their bondes for rule to stay,
Have certayne severall joly kingdomes made,
And cities new have raysde now rulde with blade,
And fenseth eyther with their proper force
Straunge stoundes or them assaults the which is worse.
The Starry specked virgin flowre of skies,
Which Justice hight, that guilty folke discries,
Now lightly esteemd of mortall people here,
Each earthly stound is fled, and comes not neere
The savage mannerd route, and beastly rude,
With dabbed wristes in goary bloud embrude.
The great desyre of griesly warre is sprong :
And raping thurst of gold, it is not young.
Throughout the worlde a mighty monstruous vice,
Fowle, filthy, monstruous lust hath got the price,
A pleasaunt tickling plague, whom longer space,
And errour deepe have fostred up apace.
The heaps of vyce rakte up in yeares long past,
Abounding flowe in these our dayes at last.
And this same troublous tyme, and combrous age,
Oppresseth all men sore, both yong and sage.
Wherein those wicked wayes that be do raygne,
And cruell, raumping woodnes boyles agayne.
Lust strong in filthy touch doth beare a sway,
And Princes ryot now doth catch away
With greedy pawes, to bring it to decay,
Th' whole worldes uncredible wealth, without delay.
But loe, which staggring steppes where Nero flinges,
And visage grymme, I feare what newes hee brynges.

THE SECOND SCENE

NERO. PREFECTUS. SENECA

Dispatch with speede that we commaunded have :
Go, send forthwith some one or other slave,
That Plautius cropped scalpe and Sillas eke
May bring befor our face : goe some man seeke.
Pre. I nill protract your noble graces hest :
But to their campes to goe am ready prest.
Se. Gaynst lynage naught should rashly poynted bee
Ne. A light thing tis for to be just, I see,
For him whose heart is voyd of shrinking feare.
Se. A soveraigne salve for feare is for to beare
Your selfe debonair to your subjectes all.
Ne. Our foes to slea, a cheftaynes vertue call.
Se. A worthier vertue tis in countries syre,
His people to defend with sword and fyre.
Ne. It wel beseemes such aged wightes to teach
Unbridled springolles yong, and not to preache
Both to a man and prince of ryper yeares.
Se. Nay, rather frolicke youthful bloud appeares,
To have more neede of counsell wyse and grave.
Ne. This age sufficient reason ought to have.
Se. That heavenly powers your doinges may allow.
Ne. A madnes 'twere to Gods for me to bow,
When I my selfe can make such Gods to be :
As Claudius now ycounted is we see.
Se. So much the more because so much you may.
Ne. Our power permittes us all without denay.
Se. Geve slender trust to Fortunes flattring face :
She topsie turvy turnes her wheele apace.
Ne. A patch he is that knoweth not what he may.
Se. A Princes prayse I compted have alway,
To do that same which with his honor stoode,
Not that which franticke fancy counteth good.

Ne. If that I were a meacocke or a slouch,
Each stubborne, clubbish daw would make mee couch.
Se. And whom they hate, with force they overquell.
Ne. Then dynt of sword the prince defendeth well.
Se. But fayth more sure defence doth seeme to mee.
Ne. Ful meete it is that Cæsar dreaded be.
Se. More meete of subjectes for to be belov'd.
Ne. From subjects myndes, feare must not be remov'd.
Se. What so by force of armes you do wringe out,
A grievous worke it is to bring aboute.
Ne. Well hardly then our will let them obay.
Se. Will nothing then but that which wel you may.
Ne. We wil decree what we shall best suppose.
Se. What peoples voyce doth joyntly bynd or lose,
Let that confirmed stand. Ne. Swordes bloudy dynt
Shall cause them else at me to take their hint.
Se. God sheeld, and far that facte from you remove.
Ne. What then, why Senec, do you that approve
That we contemnde, despysde and set at nought,
With finger put in hole (ful wysely wrought)
Our bodies bloud to seeke should them abyde,
That they might us sometyme destroy unspyde ?
Their native countrey boundes to banisht bee,
Nor Plautius brest nor Scillas eake we see
Hath broke or tamd : whose cankred churlish yre
Shapes bloudy freakes to quench our bodyes fyre.
And chiefly when these trayterous absent clounes,
Such wondrous favour fynd in cityes bownes,
Which those same exiles lingring hope doth feede :
Suspected foes with sword we wil out weede.
And so Octavia shall that joly dame,
Continue after them their bloudy game,
And wend that way her nowne whyte brother went,
Such hye mistrusted thinges must needes be bent.
Se. It is (O Prince) a worthy famous thing,
Amids redoubted Lordes alone to ring :
And wysely worke your countries prayse to save :
And wel your selfe to captive folke behave :

From cruell brutish slaughter to abstayne,
And voyde of moode to wreake your angry payne :
And to the world a quiet calme to geve,
That al your age in peace their lives may live.
This is a Princes prayse without al cryme :
This is the path to heaven wherby we clyme.
So is Augustus prince and father cald
Of countrie first in starbright throne ystald :
Whom as a God in minsters we adorne,
Yet troublous fortune tossed him beforne
A great while long on lands and ruffling seas,
Until his fathers foes he could appease,
And through wars diverse course could quel them quite.
To you did fortune yeelde her power and might,
And raynes of rule without all bloud and fight.
And to your beck both land and seas hath bent
Grim deadly envye daunted doth relent.
The Senate Lordes gave place with free consent :
The battaylous route of knights with willing hartes
(That same decree from sager sires departes)
Unto the lay mens choyse do well agree.
Your grace the spring of peace they count to bee,
And chosen Judge and guyde of mortal stocke.
Your grace, your countreys sacred syre, doth rocke
And rule with princely gorgeous tytle bright,
The cyrcled world in rundel wyse ydight.
Which mighty mounting name to keepe so great,
This noble citty Rome doth you entreat :
And doth commend unto your royall grace
Her lively limmes in charge for your lives space.
Ne. The gyft of Gods it is, as we discus,
That Rome with Senate sorte doth honor us,
And that the feare of our displeasure great,
From cankred envyous stomackes maketh sweat
Both humble talke and supplications meeke.
And were not feare all these would be to seeke.
Unweldy, combrous cityes, members ill,
That Prince and countrey both do seeke to spill,

To leave alyve (which swell, and puffed bee,
Bycause of lynage great, and high degre)
What madnes meere is it when as we may,
Even with a word, such freakes dispatch away ?
Sir Brutus sterne, his brawnes and armes did dight,
His soveraygne liege to slayne by force and might,
That erst had holpen him and geven him health,
And had endued him with princely wealth.
In brunt of raging warre undaunted out,
That vanquisht many people strong and stoute,
Prince Cæsar matcht by great degrees of power
To Jove, in stately chayre of starry bower,
By div'lish citizens wicked wyle was slayne.
What store of bloudy stiffling streames on moulde
Did tatred Rome, of her owne lims, beholde ?
He by his noble vertues worthy prayse,
Whom peoples common bruite to heaven doth raise,
August among the Gods ysayncted well,
How many noble breastes did he compel,
How many springoldes young, and hoary heads,
Each where disperst to lig in molded beds ?
How many men did he bereave of breath
Tofore proscript that were condemnd to death ?
When for the griesly feare of deadly dart
From propre home they were constraind to part
And flye Octavius force, and Lepidus might,
And not abyde sterne Marke Antonius sight,
Which then the ample world at once did guyde,
That into kingdomes three they did devyde,
To dumpish sadded syres, with heavy cheere,
Their childrens griesly cropped pates appeere,
Hong out beforne the Senates judgement seate,
For each man to behold in open streate :
Ne durst they once lament their piteous case,
Nor inward seeme to mourne to Claudius face.
The market stead with bloud from bodies spued,
And lothsome mattrie streames, is all imbrued :

And quite throughout their faces foule arayed,
The piteous gubbes of bloud drop downe unstayd.
Nor here did this same slaughterous bloudshed stay,
Phillyps Pharsalia gastly fieldes each day,
The cromming ravening foules, and cruell beastes
Long fed with gobbets bigge of manlye breastes:
Besyde all this, the cost he scoured quite
Of Sicill sea and ships to ware ydyght
With force of armes did win, and havocke made
Of propper subjectes slayne with his owne blade.
The rundle round of landes with mighty mayne
Of noble Chieftaynes stroake reboyles agayne.
Antonius overcome in Navale fight,
To Egipt poastes in shippes preparde to flight:
Not looking long to live nor hoping life.
Incesteous Egipt (through Antonius wyfe)
That worthy Romayne princes bloud did sucke:
And coverd lye their ghostes with durty mucke.
Long wicked, waged civil warre there stayed,
In Marcke Antonius grave with him played.
Augustus at the last of conquest greate
His dulled swords that wounded soules did beate,
In peaceable sheathes repos'd hath layd at rest:
And feare doth rule, and guyde his kingdome best
By ready force of armes at all assayes,
And Captaynes fayth he shieldes him selfe alwaies
Whom now his sonnes most worthy vertuous praise.
To heaven a consecrated God doth rayse,
And causeth all, in Churches for to place
The sacred Picture of Prince Claudius grace
And us the starry raigne of Gods shall bide
If first with dreadful sword about us wyde
We wype away what so our person stayne:
And found our court with worthy stem agayne.
Se. Your noble spouse, sprong forth of saincted peer
Of Claudius stocke, the starbright diamond cleere,
That Goddesse Juno wise her brothers bed
Partaking, pressed downe with buttockes red,

Your graces princely court shal garnish gay,
With wondrous heavenly fayre descended stay.
Ne. Incestuous maryed dames, from stocke and stem,
Detract all hope that we should have of them.
Nor us, could she once love that we could see,
Nor with our person once at all agree.
Se. In tender budding yeares, when love supprest
With blusshing hydes the flames of burning breast,
Scant playne appeares the love they bare indeed.
Ne. Thus wee our selves with hope in vaine did feede :
Although undoubted signes, as bodye wryed,
And frowning lookes, which we have oft espyed,
Her spyteful hating stomacke did bewray
Which shee doth beare, whom duty byndes t' obaye,
Which yet at last, big, boyling, grievous payne,
With death determined hath t' avenge agayne,
Wee have found out, for byrth and beauties grace,
A worthy make for such an Empresse place :
To whom that lovely Goddesse Venus bright,
And mighty Jove his spouse that Juno hight,
And goddesse fierce in boysterous warlike artes,
Geves place for bodyes seemly portrayd partes.
Se. Fayth, meeknes, manners mild, and bashfull shame
Of spouse, those ought an husband to reclayme.
The perles of judging mynd alone remayne,
Not subject once to any rulers raygne.
The passing pryde of beautyes numming grace
Each day appals, and bleamisheth apace.
Ne. What prayses woman wights have in them closd ?
All those in her alone hath God reposde,
And such a peerlesse peere, the guydes of lyfe,
The destnies would have borne to be our wyfe.
Se. O noble prince, such blynd unlawful love
(Do rashly credite naught) from you remove.
Ne. Whom Jove can not repell that rules the cloudes,
And pearcing raging floods, therein him shroudes,
And raungeth through the raigne of Plutoes pit,
And pulleth downe in welkin hie that sit

The mighty powers of heaven, the God of love ?
And can I then his force from me remove ?
Se. Swift winged love, mens fancy fond, in vayne
A mercy wanting God to bee, doth fayne :
And armes his handes with woundinge weapons keen
And bowes with burning brondes, for lovers greene :
Of Venus to be sprong they al accorde,
And blyndly forgde of thunders limping Lorde.
Bland love the myndes great torment sore appeares,
And buddeth first in frolicke youthful yeares.
Who while we drinke of Fortunes pleasaunt cuppe,
With laysie pampring ryot, is nestled up :
Whom if to foster up you leave at length
It fleeting falles away with broken strength.
This is in all our life (as I suppose)
The greattest cause how pleasure first arose,
Which sith mankind by broodyng bydeth aye,
Through gladsom love that fierce wild beastes doth sway
It never can from manly breast depart.
Ne. This selfe same God I wish with all my hart
The wedlocke lightes to beare before our grace,
And fasten Poppie sure in our bed place.
Se. The peoples griefe might never yeeld to it :
Nor vertue can the same at all permit.
Ne. Shall I alone to do, forbidden be
That every patch may do ? that grieveth mee.
Se. No tryfling toyes the people lookes to have
Of him that ought to rule with wisdome grave.
Ne. It pleaseth us with daunted power to trye
If peoples rash conceived rage will flie.
Se. Seeke rather for to please and calme their moode.
Ne. Ill ruled is that raygne where people wood,
Their subject Prince doth weld, as they thinke good.
Se. When nought that they require they can obtayne,
They justly then agrieved are agayne.
Ne. That gentle prayers cannot win with ease,
By force to wring it out it doth us please.

Se. An hard thing tis the people not to have
That of theyr Prince which they do justly crave.
Ne. And horrible 'tis a Prince to be constraynd.
Se. Let not your subjectes then so sore be raynd.
Ne. Why then the common brute abroade wil be
How that the people have subdued mee.
Se. That no man trustes that is of credite light.
Ne. Be it so, yet many it markes with deadly spyghte.
Se. With countrie peeres to medle it is afrayd.
Ne. To quip and frump, 'tis nothing lesse dismayd.
Se. Your grace may easly couch that budding bruite
Let Sayncted sires desertes with pliant sute
Your graces mynd remove : let spouses age
And curteous bashfull shame disrumpe your rage.
Ne. Leave off (I say) that we entend to grutch,
For now your talke our pacience moveth much :
I pray you let it lawful be to do,
That Senec geveth not advyse unto.
And we our peoples wishes do defer,
While Poppie feele in wombling wombe to sterre,
The pledge of faythful love to me and her.
Why do we not appoynt the morrow next,
When as our mariage pompe may be context ?

THE THIRD ACTE

THE FIRST SCENE

AGRIPPYNA

HROUGH paunch of rivened earth, from Plutoes raigne
With ghostly steps I am returnd agayne.
In writhled wristes, that bloud do most desyre,
Forguyding wedlocke vyle with Stygian fire.
Let Poppie, which these cressets coupled sure,
Unto my sonne be joynd in mariage pure :
Whom mothers griefe, and hand revenging wrackes,
Shal end with heave and hoe to funeral stackes.
I always do remember wel beneath
Where piteous, ghostly, crauling soules do breath,
Th' unkindly slaughterous deede, whiche to our spright
Yet unrevengd is grievous and of right :
And for the good I did a cruell prise,
That deadly framed ship in crafty wyse :
And due reward that he gave me agayne,
For helping him to rule of Empyres raygne :
And eake that night, when as I did bewayle
Both losse of shippe wherin we then did sayle,
And mates unhappye death, and whyle I thoughte
For this accursed deede to have besought
The Gods to trickling teares he gave scant tyme
But twice encreased hath his devillish cryme.
Quite slayne with sword, thrust through my bodyes boundes
And filthy layed through goary mattring woundes,
Delivered safe from seas, devouring sup,
In antique court my ghost I yeelded up.

Nor yet his cancred and unsatiate hate
For all this bloud doth Nero once abate.
That Tyrant dyre doth rage at mothers name,
And seeketh wayes my deedes for to defame.
Who threating death to them that doe withstand,
My shapes he dingeth downe in every land:
My princely tytles large hee scrapeth out
In every place, the whole wyde world aboute,
Which my unlucky parentes love did geve,
To much unto my paine whyle I did live,
Unto a boy to guyde, which now I rue.
My poysoned make my Ghost doth oft pursue:
And in my face with burning brondes doth flye.
He stayes a space with earnest talke hard by,
And threatneth sore, and doth impute his death
And tombe he should have had to mee beneath
And now desyres to have some factious wight,
That dare despoyle my sonne of breathing spright.
Let be, you shall have one to worke this cryme,
I do require no long delayed tyme.
Revenging spright Erin a death doth coine
Of life, that wicked tyrant to purloyne.
Sore smarting leaden strypes and shameful flight,
And pyning panges with thurst and hunger dight:
That Tantalus spungelike thursty mouth befurde,
And Sisyphus toyle shal passe, and Tityus burde,
And Ixions paynful wombling wheele aboute,
That teareth all his bodyes partes throughout.
Although that Tyrant proude and scornful wight,
His court with marble stone do strongly dyght,
And princelike garnish it with glistring golde:
Though troupes of souldiours shielded sure, upholde
Their chieftaynes princely porch: and though yet still
The world drawne drye with taskes even to his will,
Great heapes of riches yeeld themselves to save,
Although his bloudy helpe the Parthians crave,
And Kingdomes bring, and goods al that they have,

The tyme and day shall come when as he shall,
Forlorne and quite undone, and wanting all,
Unto his cursed deedes his life and more
Unto his foes his bared throate restore.
Alas, unto what ende is all my payne ?
Or in what case do now my vowes remayne ?
Whereto doth now thy rage and destnies spyte ?
Draw thee O Sonne, with brayne benummed quite ?
That to such monstruous heapes of ylles thy dame
(Whom thou with cursed mischiefe overcame)
Hir wrath should yeeld ? O that ere to the light
A sucking babe I brought thee foorth in sight,
And fedd thee fyne with pappe as princely borne,
The fierce, wild, savage beastes had rent and torne
My wombe and bloudy entrails all beforne.
Without all cryme, and wanting reasons pride,
Mine own deere dandling child thou shouldst have dide.
And fastned sure to me shouldst aye beholde
The quiet place where Ghostly soules be rolde :
And see thy graundsyres great of worthy fame,
And syre Domitius eake of princely name,
Whom now both shame and wayling doth abyde,
That whyle they dure from them shal never slyde.
For which both thee, O cursed Barne, they may,
And mee, that thee have borne geeve thankes for aye.
But why ceasse I, with hel to hyde my face,
Wyfe, stepdame, mother dire, in my life space ?

THE SECOND SCENE

OCTAVIA. CHORUS

Do not, alas, thus sore lament,
But rather yet your mourning stay,
Sith that the city whole is bent
To celebrate this joyful day :
Least your great love and favour both,
Which I do count to be most sure,

The more cause Nero me to loth,
And eake his bitter wrath procure :
And I fal out to be the ground
To you of many mischieves vyle.
This same is not the first deepe wounde
That I have felt now this good whyle :
Farre worse then this have I abode :
But of these troublous cares this day
Shall make an end I trust in God,
Although with Death he do me pay,
No man to see shall me constrayne
His bended browes knit furrowyse,
Nor step within the Chamber ragyne
Of mayde drest up in brydall guise.
Augustus sister I wil bee,
And not his wyfe as wont I was :
But onely paynes remove from mee,
And feare of death I wil not passe.
Yet canst thou piteous wretch once trust
Thy cruell husbandes father law,
Or these few thinges to have so just
Whyle mischieves yet in mynd are rawe ?
Now long reservd, until this day,
And these same maryage rytes be past,
Thou shalt poore wretch without delay,
A bloudy offring dye at last.
Why thus with teares disfigured sore
Thy wonted home dost thou behold ?
Make hast to shunne this deadly shore
And leave this slaughtrous Princes fold.
Cho. Lo see that day suspected long
And whispered Fame in all mens eares,
With glisteryng pompe of brydall throng,
To us pore wretches now appeares.
And Claudius broode Octavias grace,
From Neroes wedlocke place expelde,
Departed is, whose spousall space
Hath Poppie conquerour long tyme helde.

The whyle, our pyety couched lyes
Kept downe with heavy, combrous feare.
And slow revenging grief likewyse :
Where doth the peoples power appeare,
That brake the force of Princes great,
That conquerous city lawes hath framde,
That worthy men to honours seat
Preferd, that warre and peace proclaymd,
That savage people straunge did tame,
That Kinges and Princes caught in fight
Shut surely up in prison frame
To keepe them close from all mens sight ?
Loe, which wee cannot once abyde,
To see wher Poppies ymage trym,
Conjoyned unto Neroes syde
All glistring bright shynes very brim.
Let force of Armes pul downe that frame
And match with grounde that Ladyes face
Too likely carved to his name,
And snatch her downe from bedding place,
And let it forthwith flye with brandes,
With Dartes and Javelins fiercely flonge,
From pythy braunes and sturdy handes
Unto the princes courtly throng.

OCTAVIA

THE FOURTH ACTE

THE FIRST SCENE

NUTRIX. POPPEA

FROM out of spousal bower dismayd with feare,
Whither go you ? what secrets daughter deare
Unknowen, makes you to looke so drousely ?
Why spungelike lokes your face with tears from eye
That fell ? of truth the tyme desyred long,
And wished for by prayers, and vowes among
Hath shyned bright. Cæsars wedlock are you :
Your golden grace, wherof he tooke the view,
Him prisoner caught, and did him surely bynde,
So much the more, how much Senec his mynd
Did seeke to chaunge, and wild from love to weeld.
And Venus chiefe in love hath made him yeeld.
O in beauty passing all, what beds then downe
More soft have borne thy weight when thou with crowne
Didst sit in middes of court the Senate all.
At thy great beauty agast, thou didst appall.
Whylst thou the Goddes with perfume sendest fyne,
And sacred alters drencht with thankful wyne,
Thy head attyrd with veyle of yellow hiew
By Cæsars side thou wentst as princesse new :
When he aloft extold above the rest,
With hauty courage merily went to feast.
Like as kyng Peleus went sometymes to take
Queene Tethis, whom salt seas fome bred, his make.
Whose bridinge chambers, banquet wise ydrest,
The Gods vouchsafe to hallow with their hest,

Both they that rule in skyes and eake in Seas.
But tel, O Lady, tell, if it you please,
What sodayne chaunce doth shade your beautyes light,
What meanes your colour chaunge from red to white ?
What moves those trickling teares, how stands your plight ?
Pop. With dreames, and griesly sightes, this last night, Nurse,
My mynd was troubled sore, but frayd much worse.
For when sir Phœbe his weary course had ryd,
Whyle quiet restyng night each thing shadid,
My sences weary fel in slumber deepe,
Whyle Nero me within his armes did cleepe.
Resolving lims, at length gan sleepe discharge,
And long I rest not under quiets targe,
For loe, I saw a route that brought me feare,
Come to my chaumber with disheveled hayre :
The Matrons sage of Latin land did mourne,
And sounded shryking sighes as though forlorne
They were, the dolefulst wightes that live on ground.
And oft among the warlike trumpets sound,
I sawe my husbands mother teribly stand,
With threatning looke berayed with bloud in hand :
A light fyre brand she bare which oft she shooke,
And made mee goe with her through feareful loke.
When downe we came through op'ned earth shee led
The way, I after went with bowing hed,
And musing much therat, marke what I say :
My bed, me thought I saw, wherin I laye,
When first espousde I was to Rufe Chrispyne :
And hee me thought, with first sonne of his lyne,
With many following them agaynst me fast
Did come, and me to cleepe did swift his hast,
And as he wonted was he kist me oft,
Then rusht into my house with pace not soft
Amased Nero sore, in Chryspines breast
That hidde his faulchion kene : feare shakte of rest
From mee : I trembling stode with quivering feare,
And brest dismayd to speake made me forbeare.

Til now (O Nurse) I met with thee, whose trust
And fayth into these wordes have made me brust.
Alas, what threatneth mee eche griesly spright ?
What meanes of husbands bloud that doleful sight ?
Nu. The hidden sacred vayne that moveth swift,
Which fantasie we call by secret drift,
When we do take our rest doth shew agayne
The thinges both good and bad that broyle in brayne :
You marvel that you saw your make, and bower,
His ghostly funerall stackes, at that same hower
Round clasped close in armes of husband new :
Hereto, the beaten breastes with handes mov'd you,
And maydens hayre, on mariage day displayd :
Octavias friendes with heavy hartes bewrayed,
Amids hir brothers both and fathers hall
Their heavy cheere for her unluckye fall.
That dreadful blasing flame of fyre forborne
In Agryppynas hand your grace beforne.
Which you did follow streight declares renowne
To you, though envye stryve to keepe it downe :
The seat you saw beneath doth promise you
Your state to stand ful sure not chaunging new :
That Nero prince in Crispins throat did hyde
His sword, it telles that he in peace shall byde,
Unknowen to bloudy ruthful warre for aye.
Therfore (Madam) plucke up your hart I pray :
Receive both mirth and glee, cast feare asyde,
With joy and ease you may in bowre abide.
Pop. To temples hie where mighty Gods do dwell,
I wil repayre, and offringes to them fell
In humble wyse their heavy wrath t'appease,
And me of mighty sight and dreams to ease.
My second wish shal be, that this feare all
Uppon my foes as sodayne chaunce may fall.
O Nurse pray thou for mee, some vowes do make
To th' Gods, that ghostly feare his flight may take.

THE SECOND SCENE

CHORUS

If stealth discloasde by blabbing fame,
And lusty, pleasaunt, thankfull love,
Of Jove be true : who fourme did frame
Of swan to come from skies above,
And did enjoy the sweete consent
Of Ladye Ledas loves delight :
Who like a Bull his labour spent,
Through flowing floods to cary quite,
Europa slylie stolne awaye :
Hee will no doubt leave raygne of Skye
And Poppies love disguisd assaye.
If hee her soveraygne beauty spye.
Which hee might wel preferre before
Fayre Laedas sugred sweete delight :
And Danae whom hee wonne of yore,
Amasde with golden shoure so bright :
Let Sparte now for Helens sake
Of beauty bragging fame uprayse :
Admit the Trojan heardman make
Of gayned spoyle tryumphant prayse :
Fayre Helen here is stayned quight :
Whose beauty bredde such boyling yre,
That earth was matched even in fight
With Trojan towres consumde with fyre.
But who is this that runnes with feare opprest?
Or els what newes bringes he in panting breast?

THE THIRD SCENE

NUNTIUS. CHORUS

What sturdy champion stoute doth joy with glee
Our chieftaynes royal bower safe to see,
Then to his court I counsel him to wend,
Gainst which the populus rout their force doth bend.

The rulers runne amasde to fetch the gard,
And armed troupes of men, theyr towne to ward.
Nor woodnes rashly cought through feare doth ceasse,
But more and more their power doth encrease.
Cho. What sodain rage doth beat their broiling braine ?
Nun. The garisons great with fury astonde againe,
And sturred up for Queene Octavias sake
With monstrous mischiefe vile, their rage to slake,
They rumbling rush into the Pallace farre.
Cho. What dare they do, their counsailers who are ?
Nun. Advaunce their Empresse old, subvert the new :
And graunt hir brothers beds as is hir due.
Cho. Which Poppie now with hole consent doth hold ?
Nun. Yea that unbrideled rage in brest uprold,
Sets them agog, and makes them wondrous wood.
What ever ymage graven in marble stood,
If Poppies badge it bare, or if in sight,
It tended for to show hir beauty bryght,
Though it on heavenly altares brave did stand,
They break, or pull it down, with sword or hand.
Some parts with ropes sure tide, they trayle them forth
Which spurnd with durty feete, as though naught worth,
With filthy stinking myre they it all beray.
And with their deedes their talke doth jumpe agree,
Which mine amased minde, thinks true to bee.
For fierie flames they threat for to prepare,
Wherewith to waste the princes Pallace faire,
Unlesse unto their furious moode he give
His second wife, and with Octavia live.
But he by me shall know in what hard stay
The City stands : the rulers Ile obay.
Cho. Alack, what made you cruell warres in vaine
To move, sith prisoner love you can not gaine :
You can not him overcome, your fiery flame
He recketh not : his fyre overcomes the same.
He darkened hath those thundring thumps that shake
Heaven, Earth, Hel, sea, al things that makes to quake.

Yea mighty Jove, in heaven that weares chief crowne,
His flames from welkin hie hath brought adowne :
And you, not victors now, but vanquished,
Shall raunsome pay, the price of hearts bloud red.
Love pacient can not be, but hote in rage,
No easie thing it is his wrath t'asswage.
Achilles, worthy wight, that was so stout
To twang the Harpe he made in Ladies rout,
Prince Agamemnon sterne that boy benumd,
And rable rude of Greekes with love bronds bumd.
King Priams raigne he topsie turvie tost,
And goodly Cities great he chiefly lost.
And now my minde sore frighted stands agast,
What Cupides furious force brings us at last.

THE FOURTH SCEANE

NERO

Ah, ah, our captaines sloe dispatching coyle,
And our long suffring yre in such a broyle,
That streames of bloud yet do not quench their rage
Which thei against our propre person wage,
And that all Rome, with corses strewd about,
Those cruell villaines bloud, doth not sweat out.
But deedes already done, with death to pay
A small thing 'tis, a greater slaughtrous day
The peoples cursed crime, and eke that dame,
Whom I did aye suspect, deserves the same.
To whome, to yelde those peasaunts would me make :
At last she shall with life our sorow slake,
And with hir bodies bloud shall quench our yre.
Then shall their houses fall by force of fyre :
What burning both, and buildings fayre decay,
What beggerly want, and wayling hunger may
Those villaines shal be sure to have ech day.
Ah, Provender pricks that vile rebellious race
Ne can they once our favour well embrace,

Nor be content with peace in quiet state,
But broyling raumpe about with troubled gate.
Hereon with boldnesse straight, hereon they flie,
With harebraind rashnesse hedlong by and by.
Well, they must tamed be with heavy stroke,
And downe be kept with peise of weighty yoke:
That they with like attempt do not arise,
Nor once cast up their deadly peasaunts eyes
Against our loving spouses golden lookes:
First punish them sure, then feare shal be their bookes
To teache them at their Princes beck t' obay.
But see at hand, whom fayth and vertue rare,
Lieuetenant chiefe of camps, appointed thare.

THE FIFTE SCEANE

PRÆFECTUS. NERO

The vulgare peoples rash unruly rage
The slaughter of a fewe did sone asswage,
Which long withstode our valiant force in vain.
To tel your grace this newes, I come againe.
Nero. And is this then ynough, dost thou so well?
O souldiour marke what doth thy captaine tell?
Hast thou withheld thy hand from bloudy yre?
Is this the due revenge that we requyre?
Præ. The captaine guides of treason payd their hyre
By desperate death of bloudy sword in fight,
The route which sought with flaming fyre to light.
Ner. Our royall Pallace great, who would assigne
Their Prince what he should doe: and pull in fine
Our mate from us, dissolving wedlocke bandes:
Whose hardy slaunderous tongs and wicked handes,
Hir princely grace reprochfully withstandes,
From due revenge are they dismissed free?
Præ. Shall subjectes payne by griefe assigned bee?
Ner. It shall assigne which time shall never weare.
Præ. Which neither wrath may end, nor yet your fear:

NERO. Shee shall appease our hie displeased minde,
Who fiyrst our wrath deserved due to finde.
PRÆ. Declare whose death your moode doth most require,
Let not my hande be stayde from your desire.
NER. It seekes our sisters death and trayterous hed.
PRÆ. Those words through all my lims hath stiffnesse spred,
Opprest with griesly feare : NER. Us to obay
Stands thou in doubt ? PRÆ. On fayth why do you lay
So great a fault ? NER. Bycause thou sparedst our foe.
PRÆ. Deserves a woman to be termed so ?
NERO. If treason she begin. PRÆ. Is any man
So sure that hir accuse of treason can ?
NER. The peoples rage. PRÆ. Those madde unweldye wights
Who order could ? NER. Who could stir up their sprits ?
PRÆ. No creature as I thincke. NER. A woman could,
In whome a mind Dame nature hath upfould,
To mischiefe prone : shee armed hath hir heart
To hurt by wyles : yet strength shee set apart,
Least shee undaunted force with hir should beare :
But now hir slender power with doubting feare
Is quickly quaylde, or else with punishment,
Which hir condemned state to mischiefe bent
To late doth ende : away with grave advise,
Us with entreating seeke not to entyse.
Dispatch that we commaund on shipboorde borne,
Farre off to shore aloofe with dashing worne
Commaund shee be : that tunlike swelling brest
At length in storming stomack may take rest.

THE SIXTE SCENE

CHORUS. OCTAVIA

ALACK the peoples bitter love,
And dyre good will to many one,
Which, when they hoysted sayles above,
With pleasaunt blastes it made to grone,

And caried them from quiet shore,
That faynting, leaves them in the deepe,
And tumbling, raging waters rore.
  Cornelia piteous wretch did weepe,
And sore bewayle hir sonnes estate :
The peoples love did undoe them,
And wondrous favour bred them hate :
Great worthy peeres of noble stem,
Of high renowne for vertues prayse :
In fayth and eloquence did pas,
Their stomacks stout their fame did rayse :
With lawes eche one most excellent was.
  And Scipio, thee did Fortune yeelde
Unto lyke death, and curssed wracke,
Whom neyther honours pompe coulde sheelde,
Nor fenced house thy foes keepe backe.
Moe to repeate, although I coulde,
Pure present griefe forbiddeth sore :
Ere whyle to whom the people woulde
Her Fathers antique Courte restore,
And Brothers wedlocke once againe,
Now weeping, wringing hands poore wretch,
Unto hir cruell, deadly payne,
The armed souldiours doe hir fetch.
How safe doth poverty lye content,
In thetched house safe shrouded there ?
High raysed towers with blasts are bent,
Which often tymes them over beare.
Oct. Where pull you mee, poore wretch ? alas,
Into what banisht exiles place
Woulde Nero have mee for to passe,
Or Fortune bids, with frowning face ?
If now with faynting strength quite coolde,
And with my broyles all wearied ceasse,
And longer lyfe shee graunt mee woolde,
If that shee worke for to increase
My sorrowes great with deadly dart,
Why is she then so much my foe,

In country that I may not part,
And leave my life before I goe ?
But now no helpe of health I feele,
Alas I see my Brothers boate :
This is the same whose vaulted keele
His Mother once did set a flote.
And now his piteous Sister I,
Excluded cleane from spousall place,
Shall be so caried by and by :
No force hath vertue in this case,
No Gods there be my woes to wrecke.
The griesly, dreadfull drab Eryn,
Doth weld the worlde at nod and becke,
Who can lament my state, wherein
I am, alas, sufficientlie ?
How can Aedon duely playne
My smarting streames of teares that I
Do shedde ? whose wings I would be faine,
If destnies would them graunt, to weare.
Then would I leave my mourning mates,
As swiftly fled as wings could beare,
And so avoyde these bloudy pates.
Then sitting sole in shirwood shirle,
And hanging sure, by dandling twigge
With plaintive pipe I might out twirle
My heavy tuned note so bigge.
Chor. The mortall broode the destnies guide :
Themselves they nothing can assure,
That certainly doth stedfast bide :
Which our last day of life procure,
(Whereof we alwayes should beware,)
Much daungerous chaunces for to try :
Unto your troubled minde with care,
Now many saumples do apply,
Which your accursed court hath brought,
To bolden you in all your broyle :
For what hath more your troubles wrought,
What doth against you sorer toyle,

Than fortune doth ? the first of all,
Agrippas childe brought forth to life,
Whome we Tyberius daughter call,
By lawe, and eke Prince Cæsars wife,
Of many sonnes a carefull dame,
I cannot chose but now recount,
Whose worthy, glorious ample name
Throughout the world doth much surmount.
So oft with belly bolne that bare
Desyred fruicts and peaces pledge,
Ere long thou sufferedst exiles care,
Strypes, chaines, and boltes of yron wedge,
And mourning much, which so did frame,
That death they causde thee to abyde.
So Livia, Drusus lucky dame,
In male kinde babes did hedling slyde
Into a cruell monstrous deede,
And death sóre pearcing deadly dart.
Hir mothers fates doth Julia speede,
To folow streight with all hir heart,
Who after longer wasted time
With bloudy fauchion kene was slaine,
Although for no just cause or crime.
Your mother eke that once did raigne,
Who then esteemd of Claudius well,
Did wisely weld his court at will,
And fruitfull was, as you can tell,
What could not her desire fulfill ?
Shee sometime subject to hir slave,
To death was put with souldiours blade.
What shee, that easly hope might have,
Toth skies, hir raigne to rise have made,
Prynce Neroes lusty Parent great ?
First tost with shipmans boysterous force,
Then torne with sword in Prynces heat,
Did shee not lye a senceles corse ?
Oct. Loe mee the tyrant stern will send
To yrcksome shades and hellish sprits.

THE NINTH TRAGEDY

Why wretch doe I the tyme thus spend ?
Draw mee to death you to whose myghts
False Fortune hath bequeathed mee.
I witnesse now the heavenly powre.
What dost thou bedlame ? leave to flee,
With prayer to Gods, who on thee lowre.
I call to witnesse Tartar deepe,
And sprytes of Hell revenging freakes
Of haynous facts, in Dungeon steepe,
And Syre whom death deserved wreakes.
I doe not now repyne to dye,
Deck up your Ship, and hoyse your Sayle,
On frothing seas to windes on hye :
Let him that guides the Helm not fayle
To seeke the shore of Pharian Land.
Cho. O pippling puffe of western wynde,
Which sacrifice didst once withstand,
Of Iphigen to death assignde :
And close in Cloude congealed clad,
Did cary hir from smoking aares,
Which angry, cruell Virgin had :
This Prynce also opprest with cares,
Save from this paynefull punishment,
To Dians temple safely borne :
The barbarous Moores to rudenesse bent,
Then Prynces Courtes in Rome forlorne,
Have farre more Cyvile curtesie :
For there doth straungers death appease
The angry Gods in heavens on hie,
But Romayne bloude our Rome must please.

FINIS.

THE TENTH TRAGEDY OF L. ANNAE. SENECA

ENTITULED HERCULES ŒTÆUS

TRANSLATED OUT OF LATIN INTO ENGLISHE

BY J. S.

THE ARGUMENT

Hercules havinge subdued the Sonnes of Euritus Kynge of Œchalia (who contrary to theyr promise, denied to geve their Sister Iole unto him) and having made conquest of the City and countrey thereabout, meant to sacryfice unto the Gods for his victory in that behalfe, and successe in bringing away, perforce, his beeloved Iole. For the solemne celebration whereof, he sent Lycas his servaunt, unto Deianeira his Wyfe, to fetche his Robe, which hee alwayes used when hee sacrifized. Deianeira dippinge and besprinckling the same Robe in the bloude of Nessus the Centaure, because she feared least her husband loved Iole better then he did her, (for Nessus being shot through, and slayne by Hercules, had perswaded and advised her that shee shoulde so doe, whensoever shee doubted that her husbands love were alienated from her to any other,) sent it unto him. Which Garment when Hercules had put on, the poyson wherein it was dipped, and washed, envenomed all his Vitall partes, and drove him into most intollerable tormentes. For remedy whereof hee sent to Apollo his Oracle at Delphos: from whence hee received aunswere, that hee should bee caryed unto Mounte Œtus, and there, that a greate fier shoulde bee made: and as for all other things, they should bee referred to the pleasure and direction of Jupiter. The fier being there made and kindled by Philoctetes, (unto whom Hercules bequeathed his Arrowes), Hercules went up into it, and was there burned. Whose boanes being afterward sought for and not founde, the standers by were fully perswaded that he was deified, and taken up into Heaven. When knowledge thereof was broughte unto Deianira, shee thinking her selfe to bee the cause of her husbandes tormenting death, strangled herselfe.

THE SPEAKERS NAMES

Hercules.
Alcmena.
Hyllus.
Nutrix.
Iole.
Chorus.
Philoctetes.
Deianira.

HERCULES ŒTÆUS

THE FIRST ACTE

HERCULES alone

LORDE of Ghostes whose fyrye flashe (that forth thy hand doth shake)
Doth cause the trembling Lodges twayne of Phœbus Carre to quake,
Raygne reachlesse nowe: in every place thy peace procurde I have
Aloofe where Nereus lockes up lande Empalde in winding Wave.
Thwack not about with thunder thumpes, the rebell kinges bee downe,
The ravening tyrauntes Scepterlesse, are pulled from their crowne:
By mee all daunted is whereon, thy boults thou shouldst bestowe.
And yet O Father, yet the Heavens are still withhelde mee froe,
At all assayes I serve, as might an Impe of Jove behove,
And that thou ought to Father mee, my stepdame well doth prove.
Why dost thou linger in delay, is Heaven of us afraide?
Seeme wee so awfull, fell, and fierce? and wherefore are wee staide?
And cannot Atlas boysteous backe on stouping shoulder tough,
Upholde the payse of Hercules, and heaven well inough?
What is it sier? what is it Jove that thee so much detarres?
What may thee force keepe backe thy sonne from scaling of the Starres
For death hath let me passe againe from dungeon darke to thee,
When mischiefes fell and monsters all destroyde and spoyled bee
That eyther Lande, or Seas, or Ayre, Or hell engender coulde
Arcadian Lion none to raunge in salvage Nemea wolde.
The Stymphall Foule hath chased bin with Bowe, and Brasell boulte,
No nimble heart of Menalus doth lye in hill nor houlte

THE TENTH TRAGEDY

The Dragon daunting with his bloud hath goarde the goulden grove.
And Hydra hath his courage coolde, and Diomedes drove
Whose puffed paunches pampred were with stoare of straungers bloud
That scoarde the Coaste and barren bankes of cruell Heber floud
I slaughterd them, and that the force of foe might well bee seene,
I prowlde away the booties of the prowde Amazon Queene.
Of silent shades in glummy Goulphes the dreadfull doomes I saw
On Cerber black the Tartar Tike the sonne did shine with awe,
And he with steaming Goggle eyes hath glyed upon the soone :
Anteus yawnes, and gapes no more whose gasping breath is doone.
A front his alters Busir fell was knockt unto the grounde,
By him whose hande gave Gerion his deepe and deadly wounde,
And slew the mighty Bull that was to hundred heartes a dreade,
All noyous plagues I spoyled have that ever Tellus bread,
And daunted by my hand they lye : the Gods now neede not fret :
The worlde to aunswere Junoes yre, no monsters now can get.
Now show thy valiaunt sonne his sire, or set him in the clowdes,
Thou shalt not neede to bee my guide, my selfe will climbe the shrowdes.
Doe thou my passage but allow, and I shall finde a way :
But if thou dreade, that monsters more the earth engender may,
Hast on eache monster hideous, to shew it selfe in time,
Whyle Hercules hath his aboade beneath the heavenly Clyme.
For who encounter shall the fiendes ? who ist that Grecis hath,
That may be meete to bide the brunt of mighty Junoes wrath ?
My prayse hurtes not my health : my fame doth fly from land to land :
The ysy poale doth know mee, where the northerne beare doth stand :
The easterlings encombred with the gleede of scorching sunne :
The south, where Phœbe by crooked cleaze of Tropick Crab doth runne :
In every coast O Titan where thou dost thy selfe reveale,
Now I have met thee face to face, to thee I doe appeale.
Aloofe beyonde the compasse of thy light I set my foote,
And never coulde thy blaze so farre his glymsinge glory shoote.

HERCULES ŒTÆUS

THE FIRST ACTE

As I have forst the honour of my triumphes for to streatch,
The day it self hath had his stint, within my travells reatch
Dame Nature faylde, the worlde was shogd beside his center dew,
And ougsome night in shimmering shade from dungeon darck I drew
And cankred Chaos lodged aloofe encountred mee amayne :
Yet from the deepe I gat to ground, whence none returnes agayne.
Wee strave against the Ocean stormes, I balased the keele
Fraught with my waight, that wrestling waves could not compell it reele.
What heapes of hazardes tempted I ? through all the open ayre,
To qualify thy wedlocks wrath can mischiefe none repayre
The earth would loath such baggage bred as I would match by might,
Yea monsters none are to be founde, the fiendes doe shun my sight.
And Hecules for want of fiendes agaynst him selfe did rage
What elvishe creatures curst did I with naked arme asswage.
Was ever any pevish thing so big upon the ground
That coapt with mee, but that my hand alone did it confound.
Not hetherto from vermin vyle through faynting feare I leapt
In babish yeares, not when to me in Cradell layde they leapt :
Eache thing that was commaunded me, at ease I did obay :
Thus free from paynefull toyle to me there never past a day.
What vermin have I vanquished, no king commaunding it ?
My courage cloyes me more then all the wyles of Junoes wit.
But what avayleth me to rid mankinde of fickle feare ?
The Gods yet cannot raygne in rest : while up the world doth peare,
New rid of furious fiendes, it sees aloft in starry skies
The cruell creatures all, that earst on earth did sore aggrise.
Dame Juno hath transport the elves : The scorching Crab doth creepe
Abouth the burning zone, and loofe at Affrica doth keepe
The Tropick line : and Harvest far he feedes with parching heate :
To Virgo, Leo turnes the time, and in a reaking sweate,
He buskling up his burning Mane, doth dry the dropping south,
And swallowes up the flabby cloudes in fyry foming mouth.
The Urchins all are creapt to skies, and have prevented mee :
I Conqueror from Earth to Heaven, my travells all may see :

These gargle Faces grim on heaven, Dame Juno first did set,
As though thereof the terrour might to skies my passage let :
Although she scatter them in Skyes, or make the Heavens forlorne
More then the Earth, or hellike Goulphes, (wherby the Gods are sworne)
Yet roome for Hercles shalbe made, if after monsters quelde,
Or battells fought, or hellike hound in Chaynes as captive helde,
If all exploytes cannot prevayle in skies a place to gayne,
Then soukt up bee the midland Sea twixt Barbarie and Spayne,
That eyther shore may joyne in one, with channell none betweene,
There will I dam the running streame, that Sea shall none be seene.
Or as for Corinth out shot land that tweene two seas doth lye,
It shall give way to eyther streame, that through the same shall fly.
And when the seas on passage have, the Fleete of Athens towne
May floate in Channell new : thus shall the world turne topsidowne :
Let Ister turne his streame, and Tanaus flow another way :
Graunt Jove a placket, graunt, whereby the Gods upholde I may.
Discharge thy thunder dint, where I shall keepe due watch and warde,
If eyther to the ysy poale thou bid mee have regarde,
Or burning zone, heere let the Gods full safe all force defy :
Prynce Pæan purchast hath an house amid the cristall sky,
And well deserved he the temples of Pernassus hill,
For slaughter of a Dragon made ? how oft recovering still
In Hydra poyson Python lay ? with Bacchus Perseus strong
By lesse desert then Hercules, have crept the Gods among.
But all the East (a mighty coast) to bond is brought by him,
Whom Juno spightes, how stearne a bug was snaky Gorgon grim ?
What Impe is he, begot betweene my stepdame dyre and thee,
Whose praysed paynes have purchaste him a place in heaven to be ?
The heaven that on my shoulders I have bolsterd up I crave :
But Lycas, (partner of my paynes) dispatch our triumph brave.
Display in pomp the ruin of Euritus house and Crowne :
And for the sacrifice with speede strike yee the Bullocks downe,
Where as the Aare (that doth advaunce the Church of Cenci Jove.)
Lyes open to Euboea sea : that wrackfull wave doth move.

HERCULES ŒTÆUS

CHORUS

THE FIRST ACTE

The Gods in blisse that man doth countervaile,
That can at once both Grave, and glory gayne,
Death upon death the whilst doth him assaile
Whose wretched life is lingred on in payne,
With frowning fate in spurning spighte who strives,
And sets the Keele of gaping goulphe at nought,
Will not submit his captive handes to gives,
As dishe of dishonour in triumph to bee brought :
Like carefull caytife hee shall never droupe,
Whelmed in storming thoughts of sower annoy,
Whose stomacke scornes for dawnting death to stoupe,
Though seas amid the deepe in hoysted hoy
Drive him aloofe, when as a southern gale
Beates Boreas back, or eastern puffe agayne
Recoiles the western winde, and seemes to hale
From deepest sandes the surges torne in twayne.
The broken planckes to catche hee scrambles not
Of wracked barke, as one that hopes to have
Amid the channell deepe a landing plot,
When dismall death appeares in every wave
Hee cannot suffer shipwracke all alone :
With pined karrayne coarse, and streames of teares,
And with our country dust our heades upon,
Powldring our lockes, wee languishe out our yeares.
Neyther flashing flame, nor thumping thunder cracke
Will once dawnt us : O death thou dost pursew
Where fortune fawnes : but where shee worketh wracke.
Thou shunnest those that woulde thee not eschew,
Wee stand not in our razed countrey wall,
Whose ground shall now bee overgrowne (alas)
With bramble, and bryer, and down the temples fall :
While mucky sheepecotes are planted in their place.
And now the frostifaced Greeke (alas)
This way, this way, with all his drove of Neate
By so much of Æchalia must passe.
As heapt on ashes gloweth still with heate.

THE TENTH TRAGEDY

The Tessayle sheepherd sitting by the way
On jarringe Pype shall play his countrey ryme,
Singing wyth sighes alacke, and weladay,
Thus to bewayle the sorrowes of our time
Ere tyme shall roll the race of many a yeare,
It will bee askt, where earst the towne did stand?
O well was I, when as I lived a leare,
Not in the barren balkes of fallow land,
Nor in Thessalia on the foodlesse clives,
But now among rough Trachin craggy Rocks,
And ougly shrubs necessity mee drives,
Whose flaming toppes detarres the feeding Oxe.
And in the way lesse woods untrode before
All comfortlesse, afright and in a maze
Needes must I trot alone, that would abhorre
The salvage beastes, that on the mountaynes graze
But better lot (if any Dames may have)
They over Inach wambling streame shall row,
Or shrowd in Dirce Walles, where Ismen wave
With feeble force of shallow fourde doth flow.
The hawty Hercles mother heere was wed,
What Scythian crag, what stones engendred him?
What Rocky mountayne Rhodope thee bred,
Of Tyrant Titans race a cursed lim?
Stipe Athos hill, the brutish Caspia land,
With teate unkinde, fed thee twixt rocke and stoane:
False is the tale, wherewith thou bearst in hande,
Two nights for thee thy Mother deare did groane.
While lingring starres long lodged in purple sky:
The shepherd starre his course did enterchaunge
With the load starre, and up the Moone doth sty,
That couched Phœbe durst not the Welkin raunge,
No Launce can pearce his monsters ruggy skin,
The blunted Iron tryed it with thumping thwack,
And Steele is not so tough: on naked skin
A swerd was brast, and stones rebounded back.
The force of fate he utterly defies,
And toughly timbered as he is of lim

Hee doth contrive, how quarrells may arise,
That death might prove his febled force in him
The quaries coulde not enter to his flesh,
Nor yet the bowe with Scythian steule drawn deepe,
No nor the glaves, with which Sarmacians fresh,
Hot skirmishes in th'ysy Clyme doe keepe.
No nor the Parthian better Archer farre,
Then Creete, who parcht with Phaëtons soultring flame,
Under the Equinoctiall rayseth warre,
Gaynst th' easterling discomfetinge the same.
Hee with his body did batter downe the wall,
Of Oechalie : nothing may him withstande :
By valiaunt prowesse hee hath conquerd all :
Tis woon before, that hee doth take in hande.
The howgy Briar that fifty paunches had,
The hawty Giges with hundred armes likewise,
That clamb up Thassayle hills as Gyant mad,
When rebells rage woulde take from Jove the skyes,
Such steaming byes, such gastly visage foule,
Such Gargle face, such countnaunce glaring grim,
Wherewith stearne Hercles glowmingly doth scowle,
Those Gyaunts had resembling playnely him.
Thus greatest blisse is prone to greatest bale :
There wants no woe whose cup wee have not taste,
Wee wretched women have with countnaunce pale.

IOLE

But carefull caytiffe I doe not bewayle forlorne
The sweeping flames, nor Idolles, wyth their tattred Temples torne :
Nor that the Fathers burne together with theyr Sonnes,
That Gods and men, that tombes and Church, at once to ruin runnes.
Upon the common care wee doe not powre our playnt,
For Fortune wills us turne our teares with other woes attaynt :
And thus my frowning Fate allotteth unto mee
Another kinde of wretchednes, that must lamented bee :

THE TENTH TRAGEDY

What shall I first beweepe ? Or chiefly what complayne ?
And to bewayle them all at once woulde mitigate my payne.
Alas that but on breast Dame Nature did mee frame,
That blowes agreeing to my griefe might bounce upon the same.
With weeping Sipill rocke, broose yee my balefull breast,
Or on Eridanus silent shore in sorrowes let mee rest,
Where as the mourning troupe of Nymphes doe hale theyr heares,
To wayle the death of Phaëton with showres of dropping teares.
Or els in Sicill rocke cause mee encoucht to dwell,
Where Scilla Hag with howling noyse, and barking big doth yell.
Or else in Lynnets shape let me tell on my tale,
And weepe with Adon in the woods, or turnde to Nightingale
As Lady Philomele, recordes with weeping lay
In shade of hawty Ismar hill upon a tender spray,
With soking sighes her griefe, O Gods : and mee addight
In shape, that may be suetable unto my playntiffe plight.
And of my piteous moane let craggy Trachin sounde,
Sith Myrra sawe the teares wherein Dame Venus eyes were drownde,
That shee for Adonis with smoky sighes did shed,
And Halcion might wayle at will her loving Ceyx dead :
The Lady Tantalis gat life to weepe alone,
And Philomele did chaunge her shape, and earnefully did mone
Her tender Itis death : (alas) why are not yet
With flickering Fethers fit for wynges my naked armes beset ?
O happy shall I bee, and happily bee bleast,
When in the woods as in an house I make my shrowding neast,
And sitting like a birde upon my countrey grounde
In dolefull harmony shall tune the cares that me confounde.
That thus the people fond may talke how they have seene
In piteous likenesse of a Byrde, the Daughter of a Queene.
I carefull caytiffe, I, behelde my Fathers fate,
When in the Courte a deadly club did Palt him on the pate,
And sprawling on the floore with braynes pasht out hee laye,
Alas if fates would let thy Coarse beshrynde in pit of Claye,
What flowing teares (O Syer) would I on thee bestowe ?
And coulde I brooke it Toxeus, to see thy death with woe ?

That wert unwaunde in yeares, and eake in pits unpaysde,
Upon whose naked Cheekes the pregnaunt sap no hayres had raysde.
Why should I parents deare your fates with teares detest,
Whom death with hand indifferent hath taken hence to rest:
My Fortune seekes my teares, due to myne owne distresse,
Now as a captive must I dawnce attendaunce more and lesse,
Upon my Ladyes rock: and twyst her threde yspoon.
Woe worth my beauty, for the which in dread of death I run,
And for thy sake alone my stock hath lost his lyfe,
Whyle that my syer Denyeth me to Hercles as his wyfe
And did for feare refuse his stepfather to bee,
But to our Ladyes balefull bower as Captives hence goe wee.

THE SECONDE ACTE

NUTRIX. DEIANIRA

HAT furious fits of ramping rage doth boyle in Womens brayne,
When in one roofe both wedded wyfe and Harlot doe remayne ?
Both Scylla and Charibdis gulfe no daunger like it have,
That raging roll on Sicill shore by heapes the wrastling wave.
No salvage beaste so bad there is, that betters not the same.
For bruite no sooner blew abroade the captive Harlots name,
And that the beauty of Iolas countnaunce shyned brym,
As doth the day when marble skies no filthy fog doth dim :
Or like the glimse of twinckling starre, that in the welkin bright
Displayes abroade his shooting beames amid the frosty night :
But Deianira Hercles Wyfe all bedlem like doth stande,
And scowleth as the Tiger wilde which couched on the sande
In shade of rocke doth shrowde his whelpes, and buskells up in haste,
Espying him that of his younge doth come to make the waste :
Or like as Menas overcharg with Bacchus licour sweete
With Ivy bunche on thurled Darte from place to place doth fleete
Shee makes a pawse, in doubt where to shee might derect her pace,
Then frantickly as on bestraught, shee fiskes from place to place
In Hercles house, thus was shee rapt in rage of flaming yre,
The house to narrow was to coole the despret dames desire.
Shee runneth in, shee trots about, shee makes a soddayne stay.
The mallady in frowning face it selfe doth playne display.
No galling griefe remaynes at heart. The teares gush from her Eyes,
Nor in on kinde of temper still in frensy fits shee fryes :

Hir glowning lookes with fury fell doe chaunge her former hew,
Now glaring stande her steaming Eyes, and palenesse doth ensew
The ruddy colour in her Cheekes : the anguish of her heart
Drives out her dolors deepe, to shew them selves in every part :
Shee languisheth, shee moanes for helpe, shee wayles her froward fate,
And all the house an Echo makes resounding her estate.
Loe headlong to and froe shee hies, and running still about
Goes mumbling, and the secrets of her minde shee mutters out :
Oh Juno Spouse to Jove, what part of heaven soever thou keepe,
Rayse up some salvage beast, agaynst lewde Hercules to creepe,
That I shall thinke sufficient : If any combrous snake
With breeding hee doe craule, more big in all the slimy lake,
That may not take a foyle : or if that ought doe yet remayne,
So ougsome, grisely, curst, and grim, so fraught with filthy bayne,
That hee may loathe to looke thereon, that may his sight appaule,
Undoe their Dennes, from hydeous hoales procure such vermin craule.
Or if that fiendes can none be founde, then conjure thou my ghost
To what thou list : this soule of myne can well abyde the most :
Some uncouth shape, some gastly face, such one bestow on mee,
Whereby the horrour of my pangues may countervayled bee :
My boyling breast cannot conceave the vengeaunce I woulde trye :
Why serchest thou the corners farre of landes aloofe that lye ?
And turnst the world thus upside downe ? why seekst thou harme of hell ?
To trounce him, furious fiendes ynough within this breast doe dwell :
Make me thyne instrument of hate : his stepdame I will bee,
And thou mayest worke the overthrow of Hercules by mee :
Appoynct my hand to any thing. Why dost thou make delay ?
Use thou my frensy, as the meanes to compasse his decay.
The mischiefe shall be brought to passe, what ever thou wilt crave :
Why stande yee musing still thereon ? contrived all I have :
Thou mayst forbeare thy mallice now : my rancour shall suffice,
To bryng this wretche unto his ende, my selfe can well devise.
Nu. My Foster gyrle, of raving mynde, these dreary playnts asswage,
Forbeare this heate, and brydell yet the rigour of thy rage :

Behave thy selfe for such an one, as men may worthy judge
The noble Spouse of Hercules. DEI. Shall Iole (slavish drudge)
Bring basterd brethren to my Babes ? of her that is a slave
Shall Jupiter the God of heaven forsooth a daughter have ?
The flashing flames and fighting floodes shall joyne togeather first,
The northern beare to Marble seas shall stoupe to quench his thyrst.
Yea vengeaunce, vengeance will I have, though on thy back thou wyeld
The boysteous heavens, and all the worlde doe peace unto thee yelde :
There is a thing shall stinge thee worse then Hydra hissing Snake,
The corsey curst of angry Wyfe. Doth any firy Flake
Upthrowne from Etnas boyling Foarge, so sowse the beaten skyes ?
More then all things that thou hast daunt, my ghost shall thee aggryse.
Shall thou prefer a servill Trull before thy wedded Wyfe ?
For feare of many monsters more I tendred still thy lyfe,
And now for to encrease my care, I see no monsters lurke,
And now steps in an hateful whoore, (which more my minde doth urke)
To cumber us, as ill as fiendes. O Father thou of might,
The shielde of Gods : and Titan thou, that bearst the Lamp of lyght,
I onely unto Hercules a loyall wyfe abod,
And to an Harlots use are turnde my prayers made to God :
The fruite of my felicity a Strumpet doth obtayne,
And for an Harlots love yee Gods have harde my prayers vayne :
Is Hercules returnde for her ? O griefe not yet content,
Devise some tearing torments, seeke some pangues, and punishment.
Let Juno learne of mee, what force a womans fury hath.
Shee knowes not how in deepe despight, to use her harming wrath.
For mee you did these battayles wage : for my sake Acheloe
Did let his streaming bloud amid his wamblinge waves to floe.
When snarling Adders shape hee tooke, and to the boysteous Bull
Hee gieving up his sloughty shape did bende his mallice full.
And thus thou foylde a thousand foes by conquest of this one :
Yet presently thou plunged art, and that by mee alone :

A prysoner now must be preferde before thy loyall wyfe.
Ile none of that : but even the day that first begins the strife,
And to our wedlock brings the breach, shalbe thy dismall day,
And knap in twayne the fatal twist where on thy lyfe doth stay.
What meaneth this ? my mynde relents. My mallice breakes his rage :
O wretched griefe why dost thou faynte ? thy spight wilt thou asswage ?
With fealty of a faythfull Wyfe dost thou thy conscience charge ?
Why lets thou not my boyling yre for to encrease at large ?
Why dost thou slake thy frying fits ? this mallady still survive.
Even now I able was with him for maistership to strive.
In deede I have not craved ayde : yet Stepdame Juno will,
To weilde my handes to worke his wracke, bee heere asistant still.
Nu. What treachery entendest thou mad bedlem to commit ?
Thy husband wilt thou murder wreatch ? whose flickering fame doth flit
From east to west : whose bryght renowne the earth coulde not contayne
But raysde aloft, from marble Skies it doth rebounde agayne :
The mother Earth shall ryse in armes for to revenge his grave.
His former Stepsiers stocke heereby the overthrow shall have :
And all Ætolia royall bloud will feele an utterfall :
In quarrell of thy Hercules the worlde conspier shall.
Then silly wight how many plagues shalt thou alone abyde ?
But bee 't that from the face of man thou myght thy body hyde,
Yet Jove the lightning leames of heaven doth holde in armed hand,
Beholde the flying fyry flakes in ranckes all ready stand :
And threatning thunders thumping thicke doe bounce out all the day.
Deathes dungeon (that thou dost defy) full duely scaare thee may.
For there his Uncle umpyre sits : Myche where thou mayest unspyd
And every where thou shalt perceave the Gods to him allied.
De. I graunt it despert deede, whereto dispayre now doth me drive
Nu. Die sure thou shall. De. And die I will, (as presently I live)
The loyall spouse of Hercules. And ere this night doe passe,
Day shall not see that Deianire a living Wydow was.

Nor of my spousall bed an whoore shall get the interest.
The dawning day shall sooner make the morning peere in West,
Unto the eastwarde Indians the ysy poale shall melt,
And freezing Scithian first shall fry with flames that hee hath felt
Of Phœbus fervent wheele ere mee Thessalia Trulls shall see
Divorst : my brydall blase shall with my bloud iquenched bee :
And eyther let him murdred bee, or take away my Lyfe,
So soothly let him count among the foyled fiendes his Wyfe.
Among Alcides labours let mee reckned bee as on.
His love in heart I holde, untill the utter gaspe bee gon.
Thus undivorst (not unrevengde) I will to Hercles tombe.
If Iole be with chylde by him, ile teare it from her wombe,
And rent it with these pawes of myne. Yea in the wedding place,
I flying at her fearce will set my tallantes in her face :
Let him not spare in raumping rage a sacrifyce to make
Of me uppon his wedding day, when he his Trull doth take,
So that I fallyng downe may light on Ioles senceles coarse :
He dyes a happy man that first hath quelde his foes by force.
Nu. O wretched wight why dost thou thus encrease thy fuming heate :
And feede thy fury wittingly least hap should thee defeate.
He loved Lady Iole, but whyle her fathers crowne
Stoode florishyng in royall state and were not battred downe,
And as unto the daughter of a King hee suter was,
But when from type of hawty pompe she did to thraldome passe
He shooke her of, hot love was coold, and now her bitter bale
Would not allow the wracked kele to beare to hie a sale :
Unleeful thinges that should be shund we gredely desyre,
But matters meeter for our state we seldome do require
The pytying of adversity doth oft enkindle more
The fervent fittes of love, and this perhappe doth urge him sore,
To see her reast of natyve soyle, it may his fancy touch,
Her hayre not tuct with tresses trimme, nor dect with golden ouche,
Perhaps the man with pitty prickt doth love her for her care.
Unto his noble hart to pitty prisoners tis not rare.
The sister deare of Priamus (fayre Lady Hesyon) he
Did cause to Thelamon the Greeke in wedlocke knit to bee :

Account how many wyves before, and maydens did he love,
And raung'd abroade to coole the rage that Venus brand did move.
Fayre Auge mayde of Arcadye ententive set to leade
Dianas daunce, by force of him did leese her mayden hed.
And yet no token could she shew nor pledge of any love,
What shall I speake of any more, or doth it mee behove
To prate what prankes he playd with fifty daughters in one night.
And yet how soone of such a pange he overcame the might,
He set much store by Omphale of Lidis land the Queene,
When like a guest on Timolus the mount he hath bene seene.
He was so prict with Cupids dart, and caught in Venus trap,
That tuckt in womans weede he sat with distaf in his lap
And spoon the flaxe with fombling fyst, and rudely thumbde the threde
And flong from him the lyons case the price of noble deede.
With tresses tricke on plaited lockes he wayled as a mayde
With myre his friseled poale was smeard, and curled bush was brayde,
Thus every where as fancy fitts, the fondling dotes in love.
But in such sort as easely he can the same remove.
Dei. But they whom fickle fansies fits have taynt, doe learne at last
In linke of love by tract of time to fix affiaunce fast.
Nu. Trow yee that hee this captive queane, and on whom hee doe see
The daughter of his deadly foe, will more esteeme then thee ?
De. As gladsome groves at Prime of spring in beauties pride are seene
When fresshest warmth the naked twigges doth clad in pleasant greene,
But when coulde Boreas boysteous blast the pipling puffes doth stop
Of southwinde sweete, rough wynter powles the naked busshes top :
The barewoode with misshapen stumpes doth shew a withered Face,
Even so my beauty marching forth a season on his Race
Still fades away, and evermore abates his glimsing glosse,
And what so ever was in mee, by care is come to losse.
And that which earst by fansy fed the greedy gazing eyes,
Is fallen away by bearing childe : so oft it droupes, and dyes.

And since I came to mothers state, I faded fast away,
And wrinckled age with furrowed face steps in with quick decay.
But yet this bondmaydes feauter fresh her sorrow better brookes,
Her comely countnaunce crazied is with leane and wanny lookes,
And yet for all her kark and care amid her deepe distresse,
Shee beares a glimse of beauty bryght, and favour nothing lesse.
Her heavy hap and frowning fate can nothing from her plucke,
Save Scepter from her royall hande by all this lowring lucke.
By meanes of this first faynting feare did lodge within my breast,
That makes mee wake the weary nightes, and leese my kindely rest.
In all mens eyes at first I seemde to be a blessed Wyfe,
And Ladies all at our estate repining very ryfe
Did wyshe my match in spite of fate what Stepsier shall I hope
As match in majesty to Jove within the heavenly coape ?
Deare fosterdame whom shall I make my feere in spowsall bed ?
Although Euryst that Hercules to all these toyles hath led,
Doe linke with mee in bridall bandes, my state shalbe impayrde.
Tis small worth to deserve to bee to kingly wedlock rayrde.
Nu. But Issue is the thing that doth in marriage kindell love.
De. And Issue is the thing that doth in marriage mallice move.
Nu. This while the bondmayde to thee for present shalbe braught.
De. Loe hee jetteth up and downe with pryncely port full haught,
And buckles fast about his Loynes the lively Lyons case,
Who doth invest the wretched with the right of kingly mace,
Deposing those from honoures type that late so lofty sat,
And pestereth his puissaunt pawes with huge unwieldy bat,
Of whose exploytes, and maarciall actes the Seres sing aloofe,
And all enclosde in Ocean sea thereof have perfit proofe
Is now become an amorous knight : the honour of his name
Doth nothing touch his conscience, to render once his fame.
Hee roveth through the worlde, as on that doth no whit esteeme,
Although that men as soone to Jove shall him unworthy deeme.
Nor like the man whose credit through the townes of Greece is greate.
Hee seekes to compasse his desier, to worke a Lovers feate.
With single Dames is his delight : If any him deny,
Then to attayne his lawlesse lust by rigour doth hee try.

With men hee fareth frantickly, to others smart and blame
Hee wins his Wyves, his folly frayle is cloackt by vertues name.
The noble City Oechalie is made a razed towne.
The Sunne twixt morne and even did set, in one day up, and downe.
One day did see it stand in state, the same did see it fall.
These bloudy broyles, and wasting warres of Love proceeded all,
As oft as parents unto him deny theyr daughters deare,
So oft I warrant them they neede his wrathfull fury feare.
So oft a man with Hercules shalbe at deadly foode :
As hee denies his stepfather to bee by joyning bloude.
If hee may not be sonne in law, then doth hee rage and rave :
Why doe these guiltlesse handes of myne still keepe him from his grave,
Till hee dissemble franticke fits, to bend his ayming bowe,
And deaths wounde on my chylde, and me with bloudy hands bestowe ?
Thus hawty Hercules was wont his wedlockes to devorce.
Yet nought there is, that lawe of guilt on him might have recorse,
Hee makes the worlde blame Juno, for the ills hee hath commit.
O rigour, of my rage why dost thou qualify my fit ?
Now must thou set thy hands on worke, too 't while thy hands bee hot.
Nu. Thy husband wilt thou slay ? De. Him whom his Leman lewd hath got.
Nu. But yet he is the sonne of Jove. De. And so Alcmenas sonne.
Nu. With stroke of steele ? De. With stroke of steele if it cannot bee donne,
Then for to bring his death to passe, ile set for him a snare.
Nu. What kinde of madnesse may it be that makes thee thus to fare ?
De. Such as my husband hath mee taught. Nu. Wilt thou thy spouse destroy,
On whom the stepdames spite yet had no power to work annoy ?
De. The wrathes of heavenly mindes do make them blest on whom they light,
So doth not spite of mortall men. Nu. Oh silly wretched wight
For beare thy rage, and feare the worst, mans force may not assayle
Him, that agaynst the power of hell, and death coulde once prevayle·

De. Ile venter on the dint of swerd. Nu. Thy wrath (deare foster child)
Is greater then the crime, that hath thy Hercules defilde.
With egall mallice measure faultes. Alas why dost thou bring
So great and sore a penalty upon so smale a thinge ?
Let not thy griefe be greater then the sorrow thou sustaynes.
De. Set you it light that with our wedlocke linkt an harlot raygnes ?
Nay rather thinke it still to much, that doth thy sorrows breede.
Nu. And is the love of Hercules revolt from thee in deede ?
De. 'Tis not revolt, deare foster Dame, fast in my bones it stickes :
But yre boyles hoate in burning breaste, when love to anger prickes.
Nu. It is almost a common guise, that wedded wyves doe haunte,
Theyr husbands hearts by magicke Arte, and witchcraft to enchaunte.
In winter coulde I charmed have the woods, to make them sprout,
And forst the thunder dint recoyle, that hath bin boulting out.
With waltring surges I have shooke the seas amid the calme,
I smoothed have the wrastling waves, and layde downe every walme.
The dry ground gaped hath like gulphs, and out new springs have gusht,
The roring rocks have quaking sturd, and none thereat hath pusht.
Hell gloummy gates I have brast oape, where grisly ghosts all husht
Have stood and aunswering at my charme the goblins grim have scoulde.
The threefolde headded hounde of hell with barking throates hath houlde.
Thus both the seas, the lande, the heavens, and hell bowe at my becke.
Noone day to midnight, to and froe turnes at my charming checke.
At my enchauntment every thing declynes from natures lawe.
Our charme shall make his stomacke stoupe, and bring him more in awe.
De. What hearbes doe grow in Pontus sea ? Or els on Pindus hill ?
To trownce this machelesse champion, where shall I finde the ill ?
The magicke vearse enchaunts the Moone from Starry skies to ground,
And fruictfull harvest is thereby in barren winter found.

The whisking flames of lightning leames oft sorcery doth stay,
And noonetyde topsy turvy tost doth dim the dusky day.
And leave the welkin to the starres, and yet not cause him stoupe.
Nu. The Gods themselves by charme of love have forced bin to droupe.
De. Perhap hee shall be woon by one, and yeelde to her the spoyle.
So love shall be to Hercules the last and latest toyle.
By all the hoste of heavenly powers, and as thou seest mee feare,
The secrets that I shall attempt, in councell see thou beare :
Nu. What may it be, that thou woulde have me keepe so secretly ?
De. No broyle of blades, no privy cote, no fiery force perdye :
Nu. I you assure I can conceale, if mischiefe none be ment,
For then the keeping close of it is sure a lewde entent.
De. Then looke about if none be heere our councell to betray :
Looke rounde about, on all sides cast thy countnaunce every way.
(Nu. Beholde the place is safe inough from any listning eare.)
De. Beside the place of our estate there is a secret nooke,
A covert corner for our talke, that sonneshyne never tooke.
Neyther at morne, nor evening tyde, when Titans blaze doth quench,
And hee in ruddy westerne wave his firy wheeles doth drench.
There secret lyes the privy proofe of Hercules amorous thought,
Ile tell thee all deare foster dame : This witchcraft Nessus taught,
Whom Ixion engendred of a mysty groning clowde,
Where Pindus hauty hill his top among the starres doth shrowde,
And other stipe doth heave his Crest above the ryding rack
When Achelous over layde, with many a thumping thwack
Of Hercles club, did shift him selfe to every kinde of shape,
And triall made of all his sleights none served to escape,
At length he turnde him selfe into the lykenesse of a Bull,
And so was fowly vanquished in forme of horny scull.
(While Hercules being Conquerour did me his Wyfe enjoy.)
Returning home to Greece agayne, it hapned Even lake
To overflow the drowned marshe and chaunell to forsake,
And strongly streamde to seas hee runns, and swells about his bankes,
And Nessus usde to passe the poole, and search the croking crankes

As Ferryman demaundes his fare, and bare mee on his backe,
And wading forward brake the Waves and surges of the lake.
At length yet Nessus waded out unto the farther shore,
Yet Hercules had swam but halfe the river and no more :
And plyde it hard to cut the streame : but when espied had hee,
That Hercules was farre behinde, Madam (quoth hee) to mee,
(Be thou my booty, and my wyfe, and clasping mee about)
Away he flings, and Hercules besturres him mauger Wave :
Though Ganges gulph and Ister streame (quoth he) thou traytour slave
Might roon in on, yet shift to scape them both well coulde I make,
And in thy hast a shaft shall soone thy running over take :
And ere he spake the word, his arrow flew out of his bowe,
And wrought a wounde in Nessus ribbs, hee coulde no farther goe.
It sped him sure, to looke for death. Hee cried, well away.
The baggage running from the wounde reserved as hee lay,
And putting it into his hoofe the which undoyng, hee
In cutting yt with his owne hand, did geve it unto me.
And thus at latter gaspe he sayde, the witches have me toulde,
That love may charmed be by this, to have and keepe his hould.
The conning witch dame Michale did teach Thessalia dames,
Who onely forst the Mone to stoupe to her from heavenly frames.
Therfore (quoth he) at any tyme when hateful whores abuse
Thy spousall bed, or waverynge man do haunt to any stewes,
Then with this salve annoynt his shyrtes, and let it see no sonne,
But kepe it close in corners darke, the bloud then shall not shonne
His strength : and thus ful sodenly he left his talke with rest :
And deadly sleepe with senceles death his feeble lims opprest.
Thou Dame to whom in hope of trust my secrets all bewray,
Oh, that the poyson soakt into the vesture bright, it may
Preace through his limmes unto his hart, and sinke through every bone,
Nu. I wil dispatch it all in hast, make thou thy earnest mone
Unto the God, whose tender hand his stedfast dartes doth weild.
De. I thee beseech that art of earth and heaven in honour helde,
And thou that shakest burning boltes, thou curst and cruel boy,
Whose elvish weapons make thy mother feare thy sharpe annoy.

Now arme thy hand with speedy shaft not of the slender sort,
But biggest boultes, with which as yet thou hast assault no fort.
We neede no litle shaft that may styrre Hercules to love,
Bring cruel handes and force thy bow his depest draught to proove.
Now, now draw forth thy shaft wherwith thou caused cruelly
The burning breast of Jove by fyttes of fervent love to frye.
When as the God his thonderbolt and lightning layd assyde,
Gan boalne with bumpes on forehead big : and through the wave he hid,
And swam with Europ on his backe in shape of horny Bull.
Now powre downe love, and therewithall let Hecles hart be full.
If Ioles beauty kyndle heat and Hercles hart doth move,
Quench thou these coales, and force him glow with us in lawfull love.
Ful oft the thunder thumping Jove hath stouped to thy yoke :
And him that weildes the moary mace of blacke Averne to smoake.
Thy flames enforce, and eake the Lord of glummy Stigian lake :
But onely match thou Hercules, and of him triumphe take
O Jove, whose wrath more wrackful is then yreful Junoes might,
The charme is made in perfecte force is al our medcine right,
Wherein the shirt shal steeped bee that wearyed many wighte.
Whose handes on Pallas distaffe spoone the weary Web with payne.
And if for Hercules avayle shall drincke up all the bane.
And with my charme Ile strengthen it. But loe yee in the nick
Defte Lycas commeth heere at hand who will dispatche it quick :
But tell him not what force it hath least hee the guilt betray.
Dei. Alas that fayth to kinges dwells not in howses of estate :
Have Lycas heere this shirt, the which my handes have spun of late,
Whyle Hercules at random roves, and overshot with wyne
Doth rudely dandle on his lap the Lidiane Lady fyne.
Now doates hee after Iole : but this his boyling rage
That burneth in his breast I will with curtesy asswage.
For curtesy conquers canckred churles. See thou my spouse desire,
Hee spare the Shirt, untill hee set the Franckinsence on fire,
And offer up his sacrifice, and weare his Garlond gray
Of Popler boughes on wreathed lockes. And I will goe my way

To'th royall Gods, and will beseeke the cruell Cupids dame
Yee ladies and companions that with mee heather came,
Now force the fountaynes of your teares from watred eyes to roon,
To wayle our Countrey Calydon on every side undoon.

CHORUS

O Deianire deare daughter of our King
Oeneus late, to see thy frowning fates
Who after woe thus downe on thee to fling,
It irks our heartes, that were thy foster mates.
O woefull wight it pitieth us to see
Thy wedlock in this tickle state to bee.
Wee, Lady, wee that with thee wonted were
With flapping Oare on Acheloe to rowe,
When having past the spryng tyme of the yere,
With Channell smoth hee newely wexeth lowe,
And makes agayne his swelling surges calme,
And boobling runnes at Ebbe withouten walme.
Through weale and woe wee still with thee remayne,
And now what griefe so ever thou feare in mynde,
Account thou us as partners of thy payne,
For commonly when Fortune turnes the wynde,
And makes thee beare thy beaten Sayle but low,
Then friendship ebbes where it before did flow.
And who so guydes the sway of golden mace,
Though people thicke doe haunte his stately courte,
And in at hundred gates doe preace a pace,
Yea though that thou mayntaine so greate a port,
To garde thee with this garrison, yet shall
Thou scarcely finde one faithfull hearte of all.
In paynted porche, and gates of guilded bowers
The lurcking hagge Eryn her tuskes doth whet:
And sturring strife with quarreling face shee lowers.
The portly doares no sooner oape are set,
But treason black, pale envy, deepe deceight,
With privy knife of murther step in streight.

And when the Prynce appeares in open place,
To shew him selfe before his subjects sight,
Swelling despight attendeth on his grace :
As oft as dawning day removes the nyght,
And every time the sunne at West goes downe,
They looke another man should clayme the Crowne.
Fewe heartes love kinges, not few their kingly might :
The glorious shew of courtly countenaunce
Bewitcheth many : where one sets his delight
How next the king hee may him selfe advaunce,
That through high streetes hee may as lorde of rule
With lofty lookes, ryde mounted on his Mule.
Ambitious heate enflames his hawty breast.
Another would his greedy hunger staunch
With gubbes of goulde, (and though hee it possest)
Rich Arabie serves not his pyning paunch,
Nor western India (a worlde for to behoulde)
Where Tagus flowes with streames of glittring goulde.
The covetous charle, the greedy gnosse in deede,
In whom from cradell nature so it plantes,
No hourded heapes his endlesse hunger feede,
In plenty pines the wreatch, in wealth hee wantes.
Some other fondlings fansy thus doth guyde,
To fawne on kings, and still in courte to byde.
As one disdayning lyke a Country mome
And crooked clowne, the plowe to follow still :
Although the dingthryfte dayly keepe at home
A thousand drudges, that his lande doe Tyll :
Yet wantes his will and wissheth wealth therefore,
Onely to waste on other men the more.
Another claweth and flattreth fast the King,
By clymbing up to treade downe every wyght :
And some at least to blockam Feaste to bryng
And thus hee strives to arme him selfe with myght
In bloude : but of their ship doth Fortune fayle,
When safe they thinke to floate with highest sayle
Whom Moone at morne on top of Fortunes wheele
High swayed hath seene, at fulnesse of renowne,

THE TENTH TRAGEDY

The glading sunne hath seene his Scepter reele,
And him from high fall topsey turvey downe.
At morne full merry, blith, in happy plight,
But whelmde in woes and brought to bale ere nyght.
These sildome meete hoare hayres and happy dayes :
The Lord that lyes on stately crimsen bed
Sleepes more in feare then snoring drudge that layes
Upon the countrey clod his drowsy head.
In goulden roofes, and hauty courtes they keepe,
Whose dreadfull dreames doe make them starte in sleepe,
The purple roabes lyeth waking many a night,
And slombers not, when homely ragges doe rest.
O if as at a Grate espy wee might
The sorrows shrined in a Prynces breast,
What pangues, what stormes, what terrour, O what hell
In sighing heartes of prowde estates doth dwell?
The Iryshe Seas doe never roare so ruffe,
When wrastling waves and swelling surges ryse,
That hoysted are with sturdy northern puffe,
As fearefull Fansyes doe theyr myndes aggryse:
But hee sighes not, nor combred is with care,
Whom Fortune hath bequeath'de a slender share.
In woodden dishe and blacke beche Bole hee swills,
And heaves it not to mouth with quaking hand :
With homely fare his hungry Mawe hee fills,
And leares not backe for feare of those that stand
With naked swerdes : but Kings in goulden cup
Wyne blent with bloude (most dreadfull draughts) do sup,
In dainty dishe the poyson bayte is layde,
And treason lurkes amid the sugred wyne :
At every bit they quake, and are a frayde
The swerde will fall that hanges but by a twyne,
And ever as hee liftes his head and drynkes,
The rebelles Knyfe is at his throate hee thinkes.
Such flattring joyes these happy worldlinges have,
Their outwarde pomp pretendeth lusty lives,
When invardely they drowpe, as doth the slave
That pines in pangues fast clogde in goulden gives.

Strive not in hast to climbe the whirling wheele,
For hasty climers oft in haste doe reele.
Meane dames defy both peareles and glittring spanges,
And goulden chaynes with rubies ryche beset,
Nor at theyr eares doe massy Jewelles hange
With turky stones : nor pranked prowde they jet
In murrey gownes : nor doth the wooll they weare
Of Crymsen dye the costly colour beare.
Neyther in Tissew, nor silken garments wrought
With needle, nor embroadred Roabes they goe :
And yet this state is free from Jealous thought,
Theyr wedding is not unto them theyr woe.
When thousand stormes in Ladyes hearts doe dwell
By wedlocke breach, that breedes their noysom hell.
Who so he is that shunnes the middle waye,
Shall never fynd fast footing any where.
The wilful lad that needes would have a day,
And wayghty charge of Fathers charyot beare :
While he from wonted wayes his Jades doth jaunce,
Amonge straunge starres they pricking forward praunce,
Enforcing them with Phœbus flames to frye,
Whose roaming wheeles refuse the beaten rutt :
Thus both himselfe, and all the Cristall skye
In peril of the soulthring fyre he put.
So hawty myndes that clymbe above their skill,
Do worke their owne decay and others yll.
While Dædalus in flying through the ayre
Did keepe the midst betweene the skie and grounde
He could in safe to Italy repayre,
And gave no gulph his name by beyng dround.
But Icarus presumes to mount on hie,
And stryves above the fethered foules to flye,
And scornes the guyding of his fathers trayne.
And in his flight wil coape to lofty sonne :
Which molt his winges so downe he droppes agayne
Into the seas, whereby his name they woone.
Thus proud attemptes of hauty clyming hier
Receive shrewde falles to quit their fond desyre.

THE TENTH TRAGEDY

Let other mount aloft, let other sore,
As happy men in great estate to sitte.
By flattring name of Lord I set no store :
For under shore my little keele shall flitt :
And from rough wyndes my sayles fayne would I kepe,
Least I be driven into the daungerous deepe.
Prowde Fortunes rage doth never stoupe so low
As litle roades, but them shee overflyes
And seekes amid mayne seas her force to shew
On argosies, whose toppes do reach the skyes.
But lo, here comes our Lady Deianire,
Straught of her wits, and ful of furious yre.

THE THIRD ACTE

DEIANIRA. CHORUS

LAS through all my quiveryng joyntes a running feare doth rest,
My staryng hayre standes stiffe upright and in my quaking breast
Deepe terrour dwelles, and eake my hart, with dread amazde doth pant,
With swelling vaynes my liver beates, as when the wynd doth want
Asswagd in calmy day, and yet the raging Seas do rore
Whose wrastling waves were rais'd aloft by Southren blastes before.
So yet my wit be tocksicate, although my feare be gone :
Thus God turmoyles us when he meanes to cloy th' unhappy one.
Thus prowd attempts bedasht at length. Ch. Oh wretch, O carefull wight,
What mischiefe may it be wherwith thou art so sore affright.
Dei. The shirt with Nessus bane imbrewde no soner hence was sent,
And wretched woman that I am toth closet strayght I went.
(My mynd mistrusts I knowe not what, and treason doth surmyse)
And Nessus by the heate bewrayed, that taynted was the bloud :
The God foreshewed that here the force of all the treason stoode :
For by good hap the fomy glede no foggy clowde doth dim,
But with ful power of burning beames he shyned blasing brim.
Scant yet I can for feeble feare unlocke my fastned jawes,
The scorching heate doth drye away, and by up force it drawes
The soaked bloud that beyng layed amid the frying flame
And boyling heate of shyning sonne did shrinke before the same :
Wherein the shyrt was steept, and all the royall robe imbrewde :
I cannot shew the villany wherwith it was indewde :

For as the Easterne wynd doth force the winter snow to melt,
Or lukewarme South when in the spring from Mimas mount they swelt
As Lucas els that fronters on Ionian sea, a land
Doth breake the wave the beaten surge lies foaming on the strand,
Or by the warmth of heavenly heat the frankinsence doth drop,
So all the venim wastes away and melteth every croppe.
And while I wonder stil hereon the wonder shrynkes away
But with a froath it spottes the ground, and there the poyson lay,
It rotts the cloth : my woman boalne and sweld doth follow me,
And shakes her head, my sonne as one astonished I see :
And hying hether all in hast declare what newes ye bring.

HILLUS. DEIANIRA. NUTRIX

Go mother goe, seeke out aloofe yf place of bydyng dwell
Beyond the ground both goulfe and starres, beyond both heaven and hell,
Flye mother far beyond the boundes of Hercules his toyle.
Dei. A mischiefe great I know not what within my breast doth boyle.
Hil. Unto the royall temples of dame Junoes tryumph hie,
These will allow the sanctuary though other it denye.
Dei. What heavy hap is it that may annoy my guiltlesse ghost ?
Hyl. Oh mother, O that diamond of the world, that piller post
Whom fate as Joves lieuetenaunt heare have placed for the nones
Is dead : and Nessus burning bane deveuers Hercles boanes.
The daunter of the brutish beastes he conquering knight before
Is conquerd now : he mournes, he wailes, what aske ye any more ?
Dei. We wretches love the order of our wretchednes to heare,
Tell me the state now of our stocke what countnaunce doth it beare :
O stock, O sylly wretched stocke now shal I be esteemd
A widdow now, a cast of now, and now a beggar deemd.
Hil. Thou dost not languish all alone for Hercules lyes dead :
For whom the eyes of all the world have cause their teares to shed.
Count not thy fate allotted thee alone : now all our kind
Do howle and mourne for him whom thou bewaylest in thy minde.

Thou suffrest greefe, the smart wherof belonges to every land
Although the sower tast therof first happen to thy hande :
Thou careful caytiffe dost not wayle for Hercules alone.
De. Speake, speake, how nigh to Deathward was my deare Alcides gon ?
Hi. Death whom in his owne empyre hee had conquered before,
Did shrinke from him and fate durst not allow a deede so sore,
And Clotho she perhap put out her rocke with trembling arme
As one that hastning Hercles death did feare to do such harme.
O day, O dismall day, and shall even Hercules the greate
Passe thus to death and silent shades and to a worser seate ?
(De. Is he thinke you already dead or may I dye before ?)
Speake on, if yet he be not deade. Hi. Eubœa that doth rise
With hauty crest ringes every where, and Caphar rocke likewyse
Devydeth Hellespontus sea and turnes that side to south,
Wheras it bides the boysteous blastes of Boreas wyndy mouth :
Euripus bendes his wandring streame and windes in creakes about
His croked course seven tymes and doth as often breake it out :
While Phœbus drencht his werye teame amid the Westerne wave
Here on a rocke above the reach of cloudes a temple brave)
Of Cænæi Jove shew bright whyle all the beastes for sacrifice
At th' alter stoode, and through the woode the noyse began to rise
Of al the herd : then of he put the matterd Lyons case,
And likewyse did discharge him of his houge and heavy mace,
And easde his shoulder from the burthen of his quiver light.
Then tuckt in your attyre he shone among the people bright
With ougly lockes, and on the alter made the fier flame.
Receyve (quoth hee) these fruits (O syre) though fyer send the same
And not the harvest Sithe : but let with frankinsence good store
The fyer burne that far the riche Arabyan therfore
Doth gather out of Saba trees for Phœbus sacrifyce.
The earth (quoth he) is now at peace, so be both sea and skies
All beastes be conquered, and I am victor come agayne.
Lay downe thy lightning leames (O Jove) in feare thou nede not raign.
In middest of his prayers thus wherat I was agast,
Hee fell to sighes and grievous groanes, and al the skyes at last

With dreadful cryinge lowde he filles, Even as the braynsick bull
When with the axe in wounde he scapes doth fil the temples full
Of roaring noyse.
Or as the thunder throwne from heaven doth rumble in the skyes,
Even so the seas and starres of heaven doth Hercles shake with cryes.
Both Calpe clyve, and Cyclas yle wel hard his yellyng have,
Here Caphar rockes there al the woods therof an Echo gave.
Wee saw him weepe, the people thought his former franticke fyttes
Had now agayne as earst they did bereave him of his wittes.
His servaunts scatter then for feare, while he with flaming eyes
Al staryng standes, with streaming lookes among them all he pryes
For Lycas : him alone he doth pursew, who in his arme
With trembling hand the alter held and scaped al the harme
By dying first for faynting feare, and while Alcydes helde
The quaking Carkas in his hand, thou shalt (quoth he) be queld
And beaten with this fist of myne, O Gods eternall raygne,
Wretch Licas killeth Hercules, and hath his conqueroure slayne,
But to another slaughter yet : for Hercules agayne
Killes Lycas : thus the sacrifyce of Gods with bloud they stayne,
With Lycas thus his labours end throwne up to heaven they say,
That with his dropping bloud the cloudes he stayned all the way.
Even as the pitched dart of Gete with pith doth score the skyes,
Or as the whirling fling of Creete doth make the pellet ryse :
So swift he mounted up to heaven, but downe his body dropte,
And as his Carkas fel among the rockes his necke it chopt.
The grave prepared for their corps (quoth Hercules) bestill,
I am no brainsicke franticke man, but loe this despret ill
More noysome is then rage or wrath, it easeth much my will
To wrecke my rage uppon my selfe, his mallady he scant
Bewryes : but fareth frantickly : and he himselfe doth rent
His limmes, and ryflyng them, with mighty hand a sunder teares,
And strives to strip him selfe of all th' apparell that he weares,
And onely this was it, of all the thinges that I do know,
That past the power of Hercules yet standes he pulling so
And plucketh of his limmes withall the vesture doth not linne
To bring of lumpes of filthy flesh, the shyrt stickes to the skyne.

But what should ayle the poyson ranke none knoweth what nor whye,
And yet there is good cause therof: now grovelyng doth he lye
And beates his face agaynst the ground, to water now he hyes,
But water cannot coole his heate, and now to shore he plyes,
And for his sucoure seekes to seas, at length his men him catch,
We holding him (alas the whil'st were able him to match
Now in a keele amid the seas we launched were aloofe,
And Hercles payse was hosted with a litle southerne puffe.
My Ghost then left my careful coarse and darknesse dimd my sight,
Why stay I wreche? why doth this dreary deede make mee afright.
Her coapefellow dame Juno doth reclayme, and Jove his sonne,
The world must render him: then doe as much as may be donne,
And boare my body with a sworde, such sower sauce is dew
To her whose cursed caytiffe hand her love so lightly slew.
O Jove with fier and lightning flash destroy thy wretched Neece,
Let not thy mighty hand be armed with a slender peece:
Let brast the boult from skies wherewith thou wouldest Hydra burne,
If Hercles had not bin thy sonne thereof to serve the turne,
Strike mee with uncouth pestilence, and with such weapon smite
As may be farre more yrkesome plague then all my stepdames spite.
Drive forth these deadly dartes that earst young Phaëthon overthrew
When he full crancke in firy carte about the heavens flew:
For thus by slaying Hercules eake Nations slaine I have,
What neede thou Deianire of Gods a toole of death to crave?
Now trouble not thy stepsier Jove, thinke scorne may Hercles wyfe
To wishe for death, for to her heart her hand shall set the knyfe.
Dispatch then quickly with the blade, yet let thy blade alone,
For who with weapon endes their lyfe tis long ere they be gon:
I wilbe headlong hurled from a rocke as hie as skies.
The Oeta hill this shalbe it, where first the sonne doth ryse,
Thence will I throwe my body downe, the edge of brasten rocke
Shal cleave my corps, and every crag shall geve a broosing knock.
My hand shall hang torne by the way, the rugged mountayne side
Shall with the gushing bubbles of my dropping bloud be dyde.

On death were vengeaunce small, though small yet may it be delayde.
What despret death I should attempt it makes my heart dismayde :
Alas, alas, that Hercles swerd within my chamber stucke,
Then well were I if for to dye on that it were my lucke :
It is inough if one right hand doe bring us both to grave.
Come neare, come neare yee Nations, now let all people have
In redinesse both stone and fier the same to throw at mee :
Now hold your hands, and take yee to your tooles for I am shee
That of your succour spoyled you now cruell Kaysars may
All uncontrolled tyrantlike, in kingdomes weilde the sway,
Now every mischiefe may start up, and not rebuked bee.
The alters now shall up agayne that wonted were to see
A bloudy offring like him selfe in kinde that offer should.
Thus have I made the guilty gap to let in bloudshed boulde,
I render you to tyrants kings, bugges, beasts, and grysely divells,
By taking him away that should revenge you of these evilles.
O spouse thou of the thunderer and can you yet forbeare,
Wilt thou not fling thy flames from heaven as did thy brother deare ?
Dispatch me hence sent up to Jove, wilt thou not me destroye ?
The greatest prayse that thou might winne then shalt thou not enjoy,
Nor lusty tryumphe : I am she that beare the name to be
The daughter of the man that would in prowes coape with thee.
Nu. Why wilt thou stayne thy stocke which hath untaynted bene before ?
This il procedes of ygnorance although it be ful sore :
Hee is not gylty that committes the gylte not with his will.
De. Wel may hee erre of ignorance that savoreth his ill
And spares himselfe : my selfe of death most worthy I do deeme.
Nu. He doth condemne himselfe to dye that needes wil guylty seeme.
De. Death can deceive no one but such as innocentes may bee.
Nu. Wilt thou forsake the gloryous sonne ? De. The sonne forsaketh mee.
Nu. Wretch wil thou cast away thy life ? De. Yea though it be to death,
I follow wil my Hercules. Nu. He hath both life and breath.

De. When he perceaved him overmatcht he hastned his decay.
Nu. Wilt thou forgoe thy sonne, and eake prevent thy dying day ?
De. Her selfe hath lived long ynough who buryed hath her childe.
Nu. And wilt thou follow on to death thy spouse ? De. Yea Ladies mild
Before their husbandes use to dye. Nu. Thy selfe thou dost accuse
Of guylt if thou condemne thy selfe. De. No gylty one doth use
To take revengemente of themselves. Nu. But those are pardoned still
That do offend of ygnoraunce and not of pevish wil
Who wil condemne the deede hee doth ? De. Ech man doth seeke to shun
His lot when spite of frowning fate against him seemes to runne.
Nu. And he for whom thou languishest, with arrow slow his wyfe
Hight Megara, and did destroy his tender childrens life.
When as a braynsicke beast in hand he tost his knartye mace,
That squeasde the snake in Lerna lake before his fathers face.
He played thryse the murtherer, himselfe yet he forgave
And for the haynous gylt hee did when frenzy made him rave
He purgde himselfe in Cynips spring toward the Southerne poale
And in the water bath'd his hand againe to make him hoale.
Now whether wilt thou caytiffe wretch, why dost thou dam thy handes ?
De. In condemnation of these the ghost of Hercles standes,
I meane to plague the treachery. Nu. Your Hercules wel I know,
Perhap he wil be heare agayne and mayster al his woe :
Then shall your slaked greefe unto your Hercules geve place.
De. They say the serpents poyson doth devower him apace,
The poyson of his wicked Wyfe his lusty lims destroyes.
Nu. And think yee it to bee the serpents bane that him annoyes,
That hee cannot escape who bare the brunt of it alive,
And how to pare of Hydraes heads he coulde full well contryve
When as the victour stoode with grinning teath amid the moode,
And all his body slaverde fowle with venomous spit and bloude,
And shall the Centaur Nessus goare agaynst the man prevayle
That made the pithy strength it selfe of Nessus for to quayle ?

De. In vayne yee rescue her that is of purpose set to dye,
Therefore I have determinde with my selfe this lyfe to flye,
And long inough hee lyved hath that may with Hercles dye.
Nu. I doe beseech thee humbly for this gray and hoary head,
And for these pappes that as thy Mother have thee nourished,
Remove the fervent fits that rage within thy boyling breast,
And suffer not these despret thoughtes of death in thee to rest.
De. Who woulde perswade a wretch to live, he hath a cruell heart,
And though that death be unto me a great and grievous smart,
Yet unto other some it is an easing of their payne.
Nu. O wreatch excuse thy handy worke, and say at last agayne,
T'is ignoraunce that did the deede, and not the willfull Wyfe.
De. It will be quit whereas th' infernall fiendes shall stint the stryfe
And quit my guilty ghost: my conscience doth my handes condem.
But Pluto Prince of glummy goulph shall purge from slaughter them:
Before thy bankes I will appeare forgetfull Lethes Lake,
And being then a dolefull ghost my husband will I take.
But thou that wields the scepter blacke of darke infernall skies
Apply thy toyle: the haynous guilt that none durst enterpryse,
This ignoraunce hath overcom, Dame Juno never dare
To take away our Hercules. Thy plunging plagues prepare,
Let Sisiphs stone on my neck force my stouping shoulders shrynke,
And let the fleeting licour from my gaping gums to synke.
Yea let it mock my thyrsty throate when as I meane to drynke,
And thou that rackes Ixion King of Thessayle O thou Wheele,
My haynous handes deserved have thy swinging sway to feele,
And let the greedy gripe scratch out these guts on eyther side,
If Danaus pitchers cease: by mee the rome shalbe supplide.
Set open hell, take mee Medea as partner of thy guilt.
This hand of myne, then both of thyne more cruell bloud hath spilt
More then thou did as in respect of mother to thy chylde.
Or loking to thy brothers ghost whose gore hath thee defylde,
Have with the Lady thou of Thrace for such a cruel wyfe,
And the Althe that burnt the brand of Meleagers life.
Receyve thy daughter now, denye me not thy babe to bee:
Why such a one should quayle by you, some reason let us see:

Ye honest matrons that enjoy the groves of holy wood
Agaynst me shut the heavens, or such whose handes with husbandes blood
Have bene imbrewde, if any of the fifty sisters dyre
Defying honest duty all that wedlocke did require :
But desprat dames with goary blades stood armde : in me let them
See and allow theyr bloudy handes that other wil condem.
I wil go get my selfe among the troupe of cruel wyves
But they wil shunne such gylty handes as shred their husbandes lives.
O valiant spouse, a guiltlesse ghost, but gylty handes I have,
Ah silly woman, woe is me, that given light credite have :
O traytor Nessus while I ment by Centaures subtil charme
To draw from Iole Hercles love my selfe sustayne the harme.
Hence Phœbus, hence, and thou O flickring life of her that lackes
Her Hercules and givest day to wretches in their wrackes.
This is a dismal day : to thee Small penaunce yeld I will
And life with all : my woeful fate shal I continue stil
Deferryng death, O spouse that of thy hand I may be slayne,
And doth their any sparke of life yet in thy breast remayne ?
Or can thy hand yet draw the bow Sarmarcian shaft to cast,
Do weapons cease, and have thy feble handes given up at last
Thy bow ? but if thy hardy wyfe to thee a toole may reache
I long to perysh of thy hand, myne hower yet wil I stretche.
Like gyltlesse Licas mangle me, disperse in other townes
My corpes, and hurle me to a worlde beyond the travayles bownes.
Trounce mee like monster Arcadie or ought that did rebell,
And yet thou shalt do nought but that becommes an husband wel.
Hi. I pray you mother spare your selfe, forgeve your fatal lot,
If ye offend of ygnoraunce, then blame deserve yee not.
De. If thou regard true honesty, thy wretched mother slay.
Why trembleth thus thy feareful hand, why lokest thow away ?
Such sinne shalbe a sacrifyce, why dastard dost thou feare ?
I spoylde thy father Hercules, this hand, this hand aleare
Hath murdred him wherby I have done thee a more despyte
Then joy I did in that my wombe did bring thee first to light.
If yet thou know not how to kill, then practise fyrst on me.
If as thou like within my throate thy blade shal sheathed bee,

Or if to paunch thy mother soone thou meane to take in hand
To yeeld her dreadlesse ghost to thee thy mother still shall stande.
It shall not wholly be thy deede, by thee it shall be done,
And caused by my wil to be. Art thou Alcides soon
And art affrayd ? so shal thou never great exployts atchieve,
Nor passe the worlde such feats of armes and sleightes for to contrive.
If any monster should be bred thy fathers courage shew,
And to it with unfeareful arme, for overchargde with woe
My breast lies bare unto thy hand. Stryke, I thy gylt forgeve,
The fiendes infernall for their sinne thy soule shal never greeve.
What yerking noyse is this we heare, what hagge here have we fownde
That beares aboute her writhen lockes these ugly adders wound,
And one her yrksome temples twayne her blackysh finnes do wagge.
Why chase ye mee with burning brandes Megera filthy hagge ?
Alcides can but vengeance aske, and that I wil him get.
But have the judges dyre of hell for yt in counsell set
But of the dreadful dongeon dores I see thunfoulding leaves
What auncient sier is he that on his tatred shoulder heaves
Th' unweildy stone that borne toth top agayne doth downward reele,
Or what is he that spraules his lims uppon the whirling wheele ?
Lo heare stood ougly Tisiphon with sterne and ghastly face,
And did demaunde with steaming eies the manner of the case.
O spare thy strypes Megera spare, and with thy brandes away,
Th' offence I did was ment in love, but whether do I sway ?
The ground doth sinke, the roofe doth cracke, whether went this raging route,
Now al the world with gasing eyes stand staring me about,
On every side the people grudge and call for their defence.
Be good to me O nations, whither shall I get mee hence ?
Death onely is my roade of rest, there may my sorrowes byde,
I do protest the fiery wheeles that Phœbus charyot guide.
That heare I dye and leave the worlde, thers Hercles yet behynde.
Hi. Away she runnes agast : aye me, shee hath fulfylde her mynd,
For purposed she was to dye and now remaynes my wil
For to prevent her that by force her selfe she shall not kill.

O miserable piety, if I my mother save
I sin agaynst my father then, but if unto the grave
I let her goe, then toward her a trespas foule there lyes.
And thus (alas) on eyther syde great mischiefe doth aries,
And needes her purpose must be stayde Ile hie and take in hand
To stop her despret enterpryse and mischiefe to withstand.

CHORUS

Full true the ditty is that holy Orpheus sang,
On Thracian harpe with sounde whereof the Rocks of Rodop rang,
That nothing is creat for ever to endure.
Dame Natures byrdes each on must stoupe when death throwes out the lure.
The head wyth Crispen lockes, or goulden hayres full:
In time hath borne an hoary bush, or bin a naked scull.
And that which tract of time doth bring out of the grayne,
Olde Saturne sharps his Syth at length to reape it downe agayne.
Though Phœbus ryse at morne, with glistring rayes full proude,
Hee runnes his race, and ducketh downe at length in foggy Clowde.
Toth Gœtans Orpheus sang such kinde of melody,
And how the gods themselves were bounde to lawes of destiny.
The God that doth the yeare, by egall partes dispose,
Howe fatall webbe in every clyme are dayly spunne he showes.
For all thinges made of moulde the grounde agayne will gape,
As Hercles preacheth playne by proofe that nothing can escape.
For shortly shall ensue discarge of Natures Lawe
And out of hande the gloming daye of doome shall onwarde drawe,
Then all that lies within the scorching Libicke clyme,
The poale antarticke of the South shall overwhelme in tyme.
Poale articke of the North shall jumble, all that lyes
Within the Axeltree, whereon drye Bores blasinge flyes
The shiverynge Sunne in Heaven shall leese his fadyng lighte,
The Pallace of the frames of Heavens shall runne to ruin quight.
And all these blockish Gods some kynd of Death shall quell,
And in confused Chaos blynde they shall for ever dwell,

And after ruin made of Goblin, Hegge, and Elfe,
Death shall bringe finall destenye at last uppon it selfe.
Where shall be then bestowde the world so huge a masse,
The beaten hye way unto hell is like away to passe,
To leade unto the Heavens that shall be layed flatt:
The space betwene the Heaven and earth, inough thinke ye is that?
Or is it not to much for worldly miseryes:
Wher may such heaps of sinnes be lodgd what place above the skyes
Remaynes, but that the sea with Heaven and lowest Hell,
Three Kingdomes cast in one are like within one roofe to dwell?
But hark what roaring crye thus beates my fearefull eare,
But lo its Hercules that yelles, tis Hercules I heare.

HERCULES ŒTÆUS

THE FOURTH ACTE

HERCULES. CHORUS

RETYRE, retyre thy breathing breastes, O Titan blasing bright,
Unfold thy mysty mantle blacke of dim and darkesome Night:
And dash this dreary day wherin I Hercules must die,
With blemish black of filthy fogge defyle the griesly skye:
Prevent my stepdames naughty mynd. Now should I have resignde,
(O Father) my inheritaunce of Plutoes dungeon blynd:
Heaven frames should here and there be brast, and eyther poale should crack,
Why sparest thou the starres and letst thy Hercles go to wracke?
Now Jove loke round aboute the heavens, and if thou can espye
On gyant heave the Thessaill clives agaynst thassalted skye
Unburdned be Enceladus of hugye Ofir hill,
And hurled be on Hercules the mighty mountayne still,
Prowde Pluto shall unbarre the gates of blacke and glummy cave
Yet maugre all their might (o Father Jove) I wil thee save
From fury of thy foes, and set thee up agayne in skyes,
Yet lo Jove, loe, hee that on earth thy thunderdint supplies,
And for to be liuetenaunt of thy boultes on earth was borne,
Is sent to burning Limbo lake in tormentes to be torne.
The sterne Enceladus agayne in ramping rage shal ryse
And hurle the weighte (that now doth croude him downe) against the skies,
Thus by my death they shal presume to conquer heaven all,
But ere that day uppon my corse compel the heavens to fall,

THE TENTH TRAGEDY

Breake downe, breake downe, the welkin that thou suffrest to decay.
Ch. O sonne of thunder thumping Jove no shadowes do thee fray,
Now Ossa mount of Thessalie shal Pelion hill downe crush
And Athos pilde on Pindus toppe his bushy hed shall push
Among the starry skies therby above the craggy rockes.
Typhoëus up shal clyme, and thumpe with store of battryng knockes
Juarmen stone in Tyrren sea from thence eake shall be beat
The smoaky forge of Ætna mount, that glowes with stewing heate,
Enceladus not overthrowne yet with the thunder cracke
Shal hew the mountayne syde in twayne, and truve it on his backe,
The signes of heaven shal follow thee, and goe with thee to wracke.
Her. I that returnde from dennes of death, and Stigian streame defyed
And ferryed over Lethes lake, and dragd up, chaind, and tyde
The tryple headded mastiffe hownd, when Tytans teeme did start
So at the ougly sight that he fel almost from his cart.
Even I whose pith the kingdomes three of Gods ful wel have knowne
Lo yet myne end I daunted am by death and overthrowne,
But yet no bloudy blade agaynst my rived rybbes doth crash,
It is no rock that unto death my brused bones doth pash,
Nor as it were with Osir hill that cloven were in twayne,
Nor with the sway of all the mountayne falling am I slayne.
The glaring eyed giant grym doth not now squeaze my coarse
With paise of Pindus rock and thus not feling enmyes force
I conquerd am and yet alas this coarsse frets me more.
O feeble force of man : he whom no might could match before
Withouten any conquest made doth end his latter day,
Without exployt or feat of armes my selfe I passe away.
O mighty umpier of the world and all ye Ghostes above
That witnes how in quarell good my right hand ever strove,
O all ye landes, O earth alas, may it your mercy please
To spoyle the spiteful sting of death that dauntes your Hercules.
Fy, fye, what shame is it to us what filthy fate we have ?
A woman prowde shall boast her bane brought Hercles to his grave,
Then what are they whose mortall mayme Alcides weapon gave
If thus with sway invincible my fatal wheele do run
And neede must on this shameful rocke my fatall twist be spunne :

As by a womans cursed hand my bloud should thus be shed,
Yet Junoes mallice might have powrd this vengeance on my head,
So might a womans deadly hand have brought me to my beere :
But yet a woman weilding sway amid the welkin cleare.
But this seemde overprowde attempt for Gods to take in hand
The paples dame in Scithia borne where pight on hie doth stand
The Apeltree whereon the underpropped poales do sway,
It might as well have bene her hap to take my breath away.
What womans might may maister me Queene Junoes hatefull foe
Fye stepdame fye the fowler shame by this to thee doth grow.
Why dost thou triumph in this day ? why did dame Tellus breede
Such parlous bugges thy humour ranck of colour hoate to feede ?
A mortall womans peavishe spight doth passe thy rancour rough,
Thou sayst thou cannot have revenge on Hercules inough :
Then are wee twayne that passe thy power the Gods may blushe for shame
To see their mallice overmacht by such a mortall dame
Would God the ramping Lyons pawe that noyed Neme woode,
Had fillde his greedy mounching Jawes with plenty of my bloude :
Or while the twining snakes had hembde mee in by hundreds thick,
Why might not Hydra swallow up my wrinched body quick ?
Why was it not the centaures hap my silly flesh to gnawe ?
Or that I bounde on Tantalis rocke shoulde gape with greedy Jawe ?
In vayne to catch the fleeting foode when deepe from Tartar soyle,
Where at the Gods aggrized were, I did purloyne the spoyle.
And from the darck infernall Styx I gat agayne to light,
Of Ditis dungeon all the stops and stayes I conquerde quight.
Death shranke from mee in every place that I a noble knight
At length might ende my dayes in shame, and in dishonour spoylde
Oh Jove the creatures terrible thou knowst that I have foylde
The threfolde shapen mastiffe curre whom up I draggde in chayne,
Hee starting from the sonnewarde coulde not hale mee back agayne.
The sheepherdes churlishe rabble that aloofe in Iber bee
Under the Spanishe fervent clyme coulde never maister mee.
Nor serpents twayne that unto mee in tender cradell creapt.
Aye woe is mee that valiant death so oft I overleapt :
What honour shall I dye withall ? Ch. Beholde how death and hell
Cannot appaule the verteous mynde that of deserving well.

By guiltlesse conscience warrant hath the death that doth him spoyle,
Irkes not as thus of such an one to take this filthy foyle.
If with this torment life were lost, his mynde should much be easde,
As with unweildy Gyauntes sway hee had his body squeasde.
Or Titans burden with his monsters all he woulde abyde.
Or wishe of raging Gyants rent in pieces to have dyde,
And if thy dolefull death because that monster none is left.
Who may be worthy thought by whom Alcides life bee reft ?
But thine owne hand to doe the deede. He. Aye me and wellaway,
What Scorpion scrapes within my Mawe ? what crailing Crab I say
With crooking cleaze to comber mee, from scorching zone returnes,
And hoat within my boyling bones the seathing Marowe burnes.
My River whilom ranke of bloude my rotting Lunges it tawes,
And teareth them in shattred gubs, and filthy withered flawes.
And now my Gall is dryed up, my burning Lyver glowes,
The stewing heate hath stillde away the bloude, and Jove hee knowes
My upper skin is scorcht away and thus the Canker stronge
Doth eate an hole that get it may my wretched Limmes amonge,
And from my frying Ribs (alas) my Lyver quite is rent.
It gnawes my flesh, devowers all, my Carkas quite is spent,
It soakes into the empty bones, and out the juyce it suckes
The bones by lumps drop of while it the joyntes a sunder pluckes.
My corpulent Carkas is consumde of Hercules every lim
Yet stauncheth not the festring rot that feedeth fast on him,
O what a tingling ache it is that makes mee thus to smart,
O bitter plague, O pestilence that gripeth to the heart.
Loe Cities, loe what now remaynes of Hercules the great.
Are these the armes that did with stripes the roaring Lyon beate ?
And in Nemea wood did teare him from his bary case.
Might this hand bend the bow from cloudes the Stimphall foule to chase ?
Are these the shankes that coapt the heart who shifting pace full oft
Did beare his braunched head ypranckt with garlond gay aloft ?
Was Calpe craggy clive of these my feeble clowches broake ?
To rayse a dam in seas that did their foamy channell choake.

Had these armes pith the breath of Kings, of Beastes, and bugs to stop ?
Or might these shoulders tough the payse of heaven underprop ?
Are these the lusty Lims and Neck that shrank not at the payse ?
Are these the hands that I agaynst the weltring heavens did rayse ?
Alas whose handes shall now perforce from hence hell Jaylour leade ?
Alas the noble courage earst that now in mee is deade.
Why call I Jove my Father great of whom my stock should ryse ?
Why by the Thunderer make I my challenge to the skyes ?
Now, now Ampitrio is my sier all men may it avouch.
Come out thou murreyn fowle that dost within my bowells couch.
Why dost thou thus with privy wound my carefull Carkas foyle ?
What gulph under the frozen Clyme in salvage Scithian soyle
Engendred thee ? what water Hag did spawne thee on the shore ?
Or stony Calpe Rock in Spayne that borders on the Moare ?
O yrksome ill, and art thou not the Serpent that doth sting
With crest on ougly head, or els some other lothly thing,
Or spronge of Hydraës bloude, or left heere by the hellick hound.
Art thou no plague ? and yet a plague in whom all plagues abound ?
What gastly countnaunce cariest thou (alas) yet let me know ?
What kinde of mischiefe may thou be that dost torment mee so ?
What salvage sore, or murreyn straunge, or uncouth plague thou bee ?
With open combat face to face thou should encounter mee.
And not thus ranckle in my flesh, nor soake into the sap,
By sowltring heate within my bones thy boyling bane to wrap,
And in the mid thereof to fry the Maroe that doth melt.
My jagged skin is ript, and out my smoaky Bowells swelt.
From bursten Paunch my selfe doe flea the skin with grasping pawse,
And from the naked boanes doe teare the mangled flesh by flawes,
I searched for thee through my Mawe, yet further dost thou creepe,
And festring farther in my flesh hast gnawne an hole more deepe.
O mischiefe match to Hercules, what griefe coulde make mee greete ?
Whence flow these streames of trilling teares that down my cheekes do fleete ?

The time hath bin no plunging pangues could cause our courage quaile,
That never use with cristall teares our anguish to bewayle.
Ah, fy, I am ashamde that I should learne these teares to shed :
That Hercules in weeping wise his griefe hath languished :
Who ever saw at any day in any time or place
All bitter brunts I bare with dry, and eake unreky face ?
The manhoode that so many ills hath maistred heretofore,
Hath yeelded onely unto thee, to thee thou Cankar sore,
Thou first of all hast straynde the teares out of my weeping eyes,
Thy gargle face thy visage wan that doth mee sore aggrise.
More towgh then mossy Rockes, more hard then Gads of sturdy steele,
Or roaming streame of Simplegade, whereby this smart I feele
Hath crusht my cracking Jawes, and wronge the streaming teares from me.
O wielder of the Welkin swifte, loe, loe the Earth doth see
How Hercules doth weepe and wayle, and to my greater payne
My Stepdame Juno sees the same, beholde, beholde agayne
My Lunges doe fry, the scorching heate prevayleth more and more.
Whence fell this thunder Boult on mee that burnes in mee so sore ?
Ch. Who stoupeth not when griefe doth gal ? more tough then Aem of Thrace
Whas whilom hawty Hercules, and did no more gieve place
Then doth the marble axelltree, his Lims hee now doth yeelde
To paynefull pangues : and on his Neck his aking heade doth wielde,
And tossing still from side to side, hee bendes with hugy sway,
And oft his noble heart doth force his trilling teares to stay.

HERCULES. ALCMENA

O Father wyth thy heavenly Eyes, beholde my wretched plight
For never Hercules till nowe did crave thy hande of might,
Not when as Hydraës fruictfull heads about my Lyms were wounde,
Nor when I lockt in Lakes alow fought with th' infernall hownde,
These hideous fiends I foylde, with kings, and tyraunts prowde likewise,
Yet in these broyles I never lookt for succour to the skyes.

This hand did still avouch the bowe, no thunder for my sake
Did glitter in the holy heavens, this day hath bid mee make
Some suite to thee, and of my boones yet heeres the first and last,
One onely Thunder boult I crave at mee O Jove to cast.
Count mee a Giaunt of my selfe, I can no lesse devise,
While Jove I thought of promise true, I spaarde the starry skies.
Bee thou eyther a cruell sier, or pity if thou have,
Yet lend thy sonne thy help, and get the glory of my grave :
Preventing this my dreary death, of this if thou doe skorne,
Or that thy hand abhorre the guilt, from Sicill clive suborne
The soultring Giaunts that in hand high Pindus mount can weilde,
Or Ossa that it hurlde on mee I may therewith bequeilde,
Brast up hell Gates, and let Bellone scourge mee with Iron rod,
And let in armes encounter mee thy mighty Martiall God,
My brother I acknowledge him but by my stepdames side,
And Pallas thou my sister eake, let at thy brother slide
A thirling Darte. O stepdame myne with humble suite I crave
A wounde of thee that womans hand may bring mee to my grave :
Why dost thou feede thy fury nowe as one whose wrath were ende
And satisfied ? what seeke yee more ? I stoupe, I yeelde, I bende.
Thou seest Alcides humbly layde, where as unto this day
That ever I entreated thee, no Land, no Beast can say,
Now doe I neede thy deadly wrath to rid mee of my payne,
And now thy rankour is appeasde, thy hate is quencht agayne,
And thus thou sparest mee my life when as I wishe to dye :
O Earth will none make mee the fier wherein my bones may fry ?
Nor reach a blade to Hercules, convay yee all from mee ?
So let no country Monsters breede when I shall buried be,
And let none wayle the losse of mee if monsters more aryse,
God send another Hercules to succour Earth and skyes.
But as for mee on every side ding out my broosed brayne,
And crash with sturdy stroke of stones my cursed Scull in twayne
And rid my torments : wilt thou not ? O worlde to mee unkynde,
And are so soone our benefits forgotten in thy mynde.
Een to this hower with bugs and beasts thou had bin over layde
Had not I bin : good people cause his torments to bestayde
That succored you : time gives you leave to recompence my payne,
If yee with death will guerden mee, I aske none other gayne.

AL. Where shall I wretched mother of Alcides wishe to bee ?
Where is my chylde ? where is my sonne ? If sight deceave not mee,
With gasping mouth and panting heart loe where hee sprawling lyes.
Where as (alas) in raging heate of boyling fits hee fryes,
Hee grones, all is dispacht, deare childe let mee Alcides myne
Embrace thy pining lims : with kisse enfoulde my armes in thyne.
Where are the lims ? where is the neck that bare the skies alone ?
What thus hath mangled thee that all thy corps is waste and gone ?
HE. I am your Hercles mother deare, whom thus yee see here lost,
Acknowledge mee all though God knowes I seeme but as a ghost.
Why doe you turne your face away and mourning visage mylde ?
Are yee ashamde that Hercules should counted bee your chylde ?
AL. What world hath bred this uncouth bug ? what land engendred it ?
Or els what monstrous mischiefe may on thee triumphing sit ?
Who ist that conquers Hercules ? HE. By treason of his Wyfe
Thou seest how wretched Hercules do leese his lothed Lyfe.
AL. To overthrow my Hercules, what treason hath the might ?
HE. That which a wrathfull Dame doth seeke to ease her of her spight.
AL. How hath this pestilence gotten to thy Lims and bleeding bones ?
HE. Into a Shyrt the woman had convayde it for the nonce.
AL. Where is the Shyrt for nothing but thy naked corps I see ?
HE. The vesture by the poyson ranke devowred is with mee.
AL. And can such poyson be contrived ? HE. I thinke within my guts,
That hideous Hydra hissing Snake his slowghy body puts,
A thousand plagues of Lerna Poole within my Bowelles rampes :
What raging heate is this that drives up all Sicilia dampes ?
What Clime of Hell forbids the day to passe the boyling zone ?
O Mates amid the greedy gulphes and pooles let me be throwne.
What Ister can my Carkas coole ? no not the Ocean mayne
Of these my stewing vapours may the raging quench agayne ?
(Al moysture of my limmes in these my fits are fryde away)
The juyce wil sone be soaked up, what president of hel
Let me returne from under grounde agayne with Jove to dwell.

He ought to have retaynd me still, receive me once agayne
Into thy dungeon darke that hel may in this pickle playne
Behold the man that conquerd yt, no booty bringe I will
Away with me : why dost thou quake for feare of Hercles still ?
Set on me death coragiously for now I may be kilde.
Al. Now strut thy tender tears that down thy cheekes so long have trild,
And mayster this thy mallady, compell thy sorrowes stoupe.
And shew that in these plunging panges Alcides did not droupe,
And as it hath bene earst thy guyse force death and hel to shrinke.
Her. If ougly grested Caucasus in chayne of yrone linke
Should bynd me as agroning pray the greedy grype to feede,
Yet from myne eyes it should not strayne a broken teare indeede
If wandring Symplegads would me with eyther rocke assaile,
To byde the brunt of double wracke my courage would not quayle.
Let Pindus tumbled be on me, houge Aemus let me have
Or Athos rocke in Thracian seas that breakes the weltring wave,
And bode the boultes of thondring Jove although thunweildy masse
Of all the world should fal on mee and might be brought to passe
That Phœbus flaming apeltree should burne uppon my grave,
No uncouth crye should force the mynd of Hercles thus to rave.
Let meete a thousand savage beastes and rent me al at once
Let Stymphal foules with houling hoarse lay strokes uppon my bones
Or scrowling bul on thother syde strike on with head and horne
Or els of other serpentes wilde let al my partes be torne
With roring earthquakes, hougy lumpes be puffet uppon me,
With griping greefe let all my limmes to nothing pyned bee.
Although I be to pouder crusht I wil with pacience peace
In spite of beastes or brusing blowes my sighes and teares shal seace.
Alc. It is not sonne the womans bane that in thy bones doth boile,
But festring teares and broosing knockes of thy continual toyle,
The wrinches old with aking panges begin to smart anew.
He. O where is death, where is hee now ? of all that I do rew :
Can any witnes what it is ? let death now bend his bow.
A naked hand is stronge ynough to make mee stowpe ful low,
Let any wight in al the worlde attempt to set on mee
I warrant him, approch let him, Ah wretched might I bee.

ALC. This wayward agony hath take his perfit wits away.
Have hence his tooles, and eake his shaftes for daunger hence convay.
His ruddy gills that glow like fier some mischiefe doe pretend.
To shrowde my selfe (alas) into what corner shall I wend ?
This mallady a frensy is, this onely is the meane
To conquer Hercules, why then doe I as doting queane
Thus fall to teares and seeke to shrynke, may bee that hee will have
Alcmenas hand to give the stroke to bring him to the grave.
But dye he in a Murreynes name, ere I for cowarde will
Such deadly penaunce bee enjoynde, that on my doings still,
His haynous hand may vaunt it selfe, loe how the pangues full deepe,
With struggling ceast, doe binde the purple vaynes with deadly sleepe,
And beating sore lift up and downe his faynt and panting breast :
If I O Gods of this my noble Childe bee dispossest :
Be gracious yet, and for the worlde some lusty champion save.
Rid his annoy and let his limmes agayne theyr courage have.

HYLLUS. ALCMENA. HERCULES

O DISMALL day, O anguishe, O the heaper up of ill,
Joves Sonne is slayne, his Daughter dyes, his Nephew lyveth still.
First by the Stepdames treason is the Sonne to ruin brought,
The Daughter likewyse trapt in traynes, and thereby come to nought.
What hoary head in chaunge of tunes, or teanour of his age
Hath seene that Fortunes frowning Face hath sturd such stormy rage ?
One dolefull day bereaveth mee (alas) of parents twayne,
But least I speake to spite the Gods, I will somewhat refrayne.
I lost a Father, Hercules this onely I complayne.
AL. O noble Impe of Hercules, (alas) my Nephew deare,
That dost of wretched Alcmens Sonne the lively feature beare,
Refrayne my chylde thy wayling woordes, this quiet sleepe perhap
Will overcome these plonging fits. But loe ! loe in my lap

THE FOURTH ACTE

Hee doth begin to strive agayne, his fits begin a fresh,
Sleepe gieving up the feeble ghost to ranckle in the flesh.
He. What meaneth Thrachin craggy crest to shew before myne eyes ?
Or now forsaking man am I advaunst above the skies ?
Why do the heavens provyde for me ? the father Jove I see,
And eake my stepdame Juno dire appeased now with me.
What heavenly harmony is this that soundeth in myne eare ?
Dame Juno calles me sonne in law, I se the pallace cleare
(Of christal skies and beaten rakes of Phœbus flaming wheele)
I see the dumpish moary denne of glowming lady night
Here he commaundeth darknes dim to shew it self in sight.
What meaneth this, who is it that the heavens agaynst me sparres ?
And am I thus O father myne brought downe againe from starres ?
Even now Appolloës sowltring car did fume about my face
So nie I past the pinch of Death, lo Thrachin top in place
Who brought me backe to ground agayne, beneath me earst it lay
And al the world was under me, thou smart wert worne away,
Thou forcest me confesse the same. Ah mercy, mercy now,
In stead of farther vengeance do these humble wordes allow.
Lo Hillus, lo thy mothers giftes such presentes shee preparde :
Ah, might my trunchion punch her puddinges once as whilom farde
The haughty Ladye Amazon wel trounsed for her pride
On thedge of ysy Caucasus afront the mountayne syde.
O noble lady Megara were thou my wretched wyfe,
When rapt in rage of franticke fittes, I reft thee of thy life,
Geve me up my batt and bow in hand, my wrestes I wil imbrew,
And force ye all your brages on me with blemish blacke to rue.
Thus let of Hercules exployts a woman be the last.
Hi. Forbeare O Syre thy hateful threates, she hath it, all is past.
The vengeance that ye seke on her already hath her spedd.
With wound received at your hand my mother lieth dead.
(Her. O blynded anquish : dye she should of Hercles furious hand)
Thus Licas hath his marrow lost, the heate of burning brest
Wil have me on the breathlesse coarse for to revenge the rest :
Why doth shee not yet fele her force both let her want a grave
And on her cursed flesh to feede let beastes her carkasse have.

HIL. The silly woman was more woe then ye that bide the smart.
Ye wil release some part hereof for pitty in your hart.
For greefe of you with her owne hande, alas her selfe she slew,
Thus more then ye do aske of her, she doth her doyng rewe.
Yet is it not your Wyfes misdeede that brought you to this plight,
No nor my mothers traytrous hand hath wrought this deepe deceit
This treason Nessus did contrive whom yee did pay his hire,
With arrow shot into his Ribs for rape of Deianire.
Thus father with the Centaures bloud your shyrt was sore embrewde,
At Nessus hand the vengeaunce of your deede thus have yee rewde.
HE. Hee hath his will: all is dispatcht, our Fates themselves display.
This is the day of death to mee. Thus earst to mee did say
A charmed Oake, and all the wood that range with yetling noyse
Of Parnass hill the Temples shooke, and thundred out this voyce:
The dead mans hand whom thou before hast slayne,
O Hercules shall murther thee agayne.
Thou having mot the space of gulph and grounde,
And deapth of hell, heare shall thou bee confounde.
I therefore doe bewayle no more, such should our ending bee,
That Hercles conquerde after him no man alive may see.
Now let mee dye a manly death, a stout and excellent,
And meete for mee: this noble day shall valiauntly bee spent.
Fell all the Timber on the grounde, hew down all Œta wood,
Let coales devower Hercules, let fyer fry his bloud.
But ere I dye thou noble Impe of Pëans royall race,
This dolefull duety doe for mee: See that an whole day space
My funerall fier flaming burne. And now my tender Hill,
The last peticion of my mouth make unto thee I will.
Among the captive Ladies, one there is, a noble Dame,
Of royall bloud, Euritus Chylde, Iole is her name:
Accept her to thy spousall Bed, whom victour I unkinde
Have trayned from her native home, and but my heart, and mynde
Poore silly mayde I gave her nought, and now shee shall mee lose.
Loe thus the wretched woman wailes her still encreasing woes.
But let her foster that she hath conceaved as Joves ally,
And childe to mee: bee 't thyne by her that earst begot have I:

And as for thee deare mother myne, your dreary dole forgoe,
Your Hercules shall live : doe not vayne teares on him bestowe :
My manhoode made a strumpet thought a Stepdame unto thee,
But if that eyther Hercles byrth shewe her unsure to bee,
Or be a man my sier or els be falsified my kin.
Now let Joves jugling cease, and let my mothers slaunder lin,
I have deserved a father well that have advaunst so hye
The glory of the rolling heavens, of nature framde was I.
To worke the wondrous prayse of Jove, and Jove him selfe doth Joy
To have the name of Hercules, begetting such a boy.
But pardon now my strayned teares, but you as Jove his niece
Shall as a stately matrone bee among the Dames of Greece.
Though Juno with the thunderer in spousall chamber lyes,
And in her heavenly hand doth weilde the scepter of the skies,
When ever bare shee such a Babe, and yet though heaven she hould
In heart agaynst a mortall man she fosters mallice oulde,
For spighte that borne of womans womb be counted thus I should.
Goe Titan goe, run out thy Race, thee onely I forsake.
I that went with thee foote by foote nowe to th' infernall lake,
And Ghostes, I do yet with this prayse to' th pit down will I passe
That Hercules of open foe yet never foyled was,
But hee in open combats brought his conquests all to passe.

CHORUS

O Titan crownd with blasing bush whose morning moystures make
The moone her foamy bridell from her tyred teame to take,
Declare to th' Easterlinges whereas the ruddy morne doth ryse,
Declare unto the Irishmen aloofe at western Skies :
Make knowne unto the Moores annoyed by flaming axentree,
Those that with the ysy Wayne of Archas pestred bee.
Display to these that Hercules to th' eternall ghostes is gone,
And to the bauling mastiffes den from whence returneth none.
With dusky dampe of filthy fog O Titan choake thy blaze,
With lowring light of wanny Globe on wofull wordlings gaze,
And let thy head bee muffled up with cloudes and darknesse dim
For Hercles sake, when shall thou finde, or where the like to him?

THE TENTH TRAGEDY

(O wretched worlde to whom wilt thou henceforth thy woes complaine,)
If any scattring pestilence on earth shall be renewde,
By venom ranck, from poyson mouth of scaly Dragon spewde :
If any Bore of Arcadie shall comber all a wood,
And teare the travelers flesh with tuske embrewed in goary blood :
If any champion rough of Thrace with heart more hard in breast
Then are the ysy rockes, where as the frozen Beare doth rest,
Shall trample thicke his stables fowle with bloud of slaughterd men,
When people quake for feare of warre, who shall assist them then ?
If wrathfull Gods for vengeaunce will some monsters to be bread ?
Loe nowe enfebled all of force his karkasse lyeth dead,
Whom Natures moulde had made a match to thundring Jove in strength
Hale out (alas) and let your playnt be hearde to townes at length.
Let women beat their naked armes, and wring their trembling handes,
Untrusse their hayre, and from theyr locks pluck of their binding bands.
Boult up, and lock the Temple gates of Gods, and oape bee none
But despret Junoes Chapple doares. O Hercles thou art gone
To Lethes lake, and streame of Stix, from whence no keele agayne
Shall bring thee backe : O silly soule thou goest to remayne
Among the grisely goblins grymme : from whence thou whilom came
With triumph sooner daunted death, and conquest of the same.
With gastly face, and karrayne armes, and neck that yeeldes to waight,
Thy ghost returnes, but Carons boate then shall not have her fraight,
As balased with thy onely payse, and yet shalt thou not byde
Among the rascall sprites, but sit on bench by Eacus side,
And with the Judges twayne of Creete as Umpier there to bee,
Appoynting paynes to soules that maye to their desartes agree.
From slaughter hold your guiltlesse hands, bath not your blades in bloud,
Yee states, that beare high sayle on earth, and floate in worldly good :
It merits prayse a mayden swerd undipt in goare to beare,
And while thou rayne, to keepe thy realme from cruell doings cleare.
But vertue hath a pryviledge to passe unto the skies,
To th' top of frosen Apell tree O Hercules wilt thou ryse ?
Or where the sunne with scorching blaze his burning beames doth rest ?
Or wilt thou bee a shyning starre amid the lukewarme west ?
Where Calpe Rocke is heard with roaring noyse of wrastling wave ?
What place amid the azur skye entendest thou to have ?

THE FOURTH ACTE

What place shall be in all the heavens from hurley burley free?
When Hercules amid the starres shall entertayned bee?
Let Jove appoynt thy byding from the ougly Lion farre,
And burning Crab: least thou with grysely countnaunce do them skarre,
And make the trembling starres in heaven for feare to breake aray
And Titan quake: while spring doth prank with flowers the tender spray,
Then hasty winter strip the trees of all their braunches greene,
Or sudden Summer deckt with leaves in busshy woods be seene.
And from the trees the Apples fall, the harvest being doone:
No age on earth shall wipe away the fame that thou hast woone.
As farre as Sun or Stars can shyne, thy glorious name shall goe.
Amid the botome of the Sea first Corne shall sprout and grow,
And brackish Seas his waters salt to water fresh shall chaunge,
And fixed starre of ysy beare from Clime to Clyme shall raunge,
And sink into the frozen poole agaynst his kindly sway,
Ere people cease the honour of thy triumphes to display:
O soveraygne Jove wee wretched wightes this boone of thee doe crave,
No monstrous beastes, no noysome plagues, hereafter let us have:
With bloudy champions let the earth encombred bee no more:
Cast downe the hauty sway of Courtes: if ought annoyaunce sore
Shall cloy the earth, a champion to bee our shylde wee crave,
Whom as an honour of the Crowne his ruefull realme may have.
(*That stil will keepe his sword from being taint with guiltlesse bloud.*)
But loe what meanes this rumbling noyse? loe Hercles sier doth grone,
And sigheth for his sonne: is it the Gods that wayle and mone?
Or is it Junoes fearefull shrike, whom Hercles doth aggrise,
That seeing him for feare shee roares, and runneth from the skyes?
Or els did Atlas faltring feete with feeble sturring stumble?
And shrinking from his tottring waight thus force the Gods to rumble?
Or scared he the wauling ghostes, the which to feare he drave?
Or Cerberus brast his gingling Chaynes with buskling in his cave?
It is not so: but loe where Philoctetes doth appeare,
And Hercles famous shaftes to him bequeathed doth hee beare.

THE FIFT ACTE

NUTRIX. PHILOCTETES

IF Hercules most heavy haps good youngman make reporte
How did hee beare it at his death? Ph. In such a chearefull sorte
As no man lives. Nu. And could he with so sweete and merry looke,
The scorching panges and torments of his ending fier brooke?
Ph. That there was any heate at all his face did not bewray,
Who prov'de that power might force al things to stoupe and to obay,
That under sonne untamed be. Nu. Where did the noble knight,
Among the wrastling waves of sea display his matchlesse might?
Ph. That mischiefe witch all only yet the worlde knew not before,
Even fier hath bin conquered as beastes, and monsters more
Among the toyles of Hercules the fier is crept in.
Nu. Declare us how the flaming force of fier coulde hee win.
Ph. As soone as hee with smarting hand the Oeta hill had grypte,
And forthwith from the braunched Beeche the shrinking shade was wipte:
And felled from the stump it lyes, a Pyne tree hee bendes,
That crakes the clowdes, and down from skyes his hawty head he sendes,
The Rocke did totter ready for to reele, and with the sway
It tumbleth downe, a little grove withall it beares away.
A spreading Oake of Chaon big, whose leaves did ever rush,
And dimde the sunne, and did beyonde the woode his braunches push,
It being hewde doth crack, and eake in twayne the wedges knappes:
The steele startes back and thus the toole of Iron bides the rappes,

And flyes out of the Logge, at length at roore it shogde and shooke,
And falling downe full lythily the overthrow it tooke.
Forthwith the place lost all his light, the byrds scard fro their nest
Doe soare about the cropped wood, and holes wherein to rest,
And chirping with their weary winges about the plot they flicker
In every tree the ringing strokes were multiplied thicker.
The holy Oakes in hugy hand the Iron Axe did feele,
No timber on the stallen stocks might scape the hewing steele,
Thus all the wood upon a pile is heapt, and one by one
The Logges are layde as hygh as heaven that Hercules thereon
Might have a narrow roome his burning bones for to bestow.
On Pynetree top, and towghest Oake the fier begins to glowe,
And on the stumped willowe flamth, and thus the forrest wyde
Doth make the Kill : the Popler wood all Hercles blocks doth hyde.
But as the puissaunt Lyon when his fits doe vexe him sore,
Lies wallowing on his back, and through the forrest lowde doth rore,
So fareth hee, who woulde have thought hee had to burning gon ?
As one that climbs to heaven, not fier, he was to looke upon
When up he stept on Oeta mount and gazed on his kill.
Being layde aloft he brake the blocke, so heavy was hee still
The shyves yet coulde not beare his wayght : he calling for his bow
Did say to mee, have Philocktet, on thee I it bestow,
This same is it that Hydra with his swarming heads did know.
This did fetch downe the stimphall foules, and all that wee have daunt,
Goe thou with this, let victory and happinesse thee haunt,
For never shall thou shute agaynst thy foes with these but speede,
If at a byrde amid the clowdes thou aame shee dies indeede.
These certayne shaftes shall bring thy marke down from the azur sky,
Thys bow shall not deceave thy hand, full oft I did it try,
And made it meete to beare a shaft, and cast his leavell dew.
Thyne arrowes shall not fayle thyne aame if that thou nock them trew,
I aske but only this of thee, put fier to the Stack,
Bestow on mee my funerall flame to bryng me to my wrack.
This knarry Club (quoth hee) the which no hand shall ever tosse
Shall onely with his Hercules in fier goe to losse,

This also (quoth hee) shouldst thou have if thou could weild the same,
Beside his maister let it lye to help towarde the flame,
And then beside him down hee layes the Lyons hayry skin
To burne with him : the shaggy case hid all the pyle within.
The people sobde, and none there was but sorrow straynde his teares.
The mother mad for egar griefe her breast all bare shee beates,
And naked downe toth Navill steade displayes her tender teates,
And languishing with wringed hands her naked dugges shee beates
And cryeth out upon the Gods, on Jove himselfe shee calles,
Her shriking rang through all the place so womanlike shee yalles.
Be still (quoth hee) good mother : force your showres of teares to cease :
Your dreary dole disgraceth much the death of Hercules.
Wayle secretly unto your selfe : why make ye Juno glad,
To se that you a weeping day with store of teares have had ?
(It doth her good to see her bawdes to stand with weeping eyes.)
Forbeare, forbeare your malady, tis deadly sinne for yee
To teare the teates, and rent the wombe, that first did foster me.
And as he blustred giving gruntes, when earst he led in chayne
The hownd about the townes of Grece what tyme he came agayne
Tryumphing over conquerd hel defying Plutoes might
And dreadful desteny : so on the fyre he lay upright.
What conquerour ever sat in coatch with such a chereful grace ?
What tyrant did controll his folke by law with such a face ?
How husht was al thing at his death ? himselfe he could not weepe,
And also we had cleane forgot the wound of sorrowes deepe.
None doth lament him at his death, now were it shame to wayle :
Alcmen (whom nature ought to move) her teares now do her fayle,
And thus as yll as was the sonne the mother stoode almost.
Nu. But at his burning did hee not call on the heavenly host,
Remembring Jove to heare his suite ? Ph. As on in depe dispayre
He lay, and staryng up so rould his eyes into the ayre
To spye if Jove lookt downe to him from any turret hye.
Then with his handes displayd to heaven (quoth he) where so thou lye,
And lokest downe to se thy sonne, this same, this same is hee,
Whom one day ecked with a night engendred hath to thee.

If East and West, if Scithia, and every burning plot
That parched is with glowing glede at Phœbus fier hot,
Doth sing my prayse ? and if the earth ful satisfyde with peace,
If languishing and wayling woords in every towne doe cease,
If none their alters do imbrew with any guiltles gore,
Then Jove let my uncaged spirite have heaven for evermore.
As for thinfernall dennes of death they do not me detarre,
Nor scouling Plutoes dungeon darck, but Jove I do abhorre
Unto those gastly Goblins as a silly shade to goe,
Sith I am he whose conquering hand gave them their overthrowe.
Withdraw these foggy clowdes of night, display the glimsyng light
That Hercles broyld with flying flames the Gods may have in sight,
And if thou do denye (O syre) the starres and heaven to mee,
To geve me them agaynst thy will thou shalt constrayned bee :
If glutting griefe do stop thy speach, the Stygian goulphes set oape,
And let mee dye, but first declare within the heavenly coape,
That thou accepst me as thy sonne : this day it shal be wrought,
That to be raysd aloft to starres, I may be worthy thought.
Thou hast doone litle for me yet : it may be doubted well
Whether Jove did first beget his sonne, or damnd him first to hell.
And (quoth he) let my stepdame see, how wel I can abyde
The scorching heate of burning brandes : for fyer then he cride,
And sayth to me O Philoctet in hast uppon me throw
The burning logges, why quakest thou ? dost dastard thow forslow,
For feare to this wicked deede ? O coward, peasant slave,
Thou art to weake to bende my bow, unmeete my shaftes to have.
What aylest thou to loke so pale ? and as thou seest mee lye
With cherefull looke couragiously do thou the fier plye.
Behold me wretch that broyle and burne, my father opes the Skyes
And unto me sonne Hercules come, come away he cryes.
O father Jove (quoth he) I come : with that I waxed pale
And toward him a burning beame with might and mayne I hale :
But backe from him the billets flye and tumbling out they leape,
And from the limmes of Hercules downe falleth all the heape.
But he encrocheth on the fyre as it from him doth shrinke,
That many mountaynes whole were set on fyer a man would thinke :
No noyse was hard, and all was husht, but that the fyer did hisse
In Hercles glowing paunch when as his liver burning is.

If boysteous gyant Typhus had amid this fire bene throwne,
These torments would have straind his teares and forst him sigh and grone,
Or tough Euceladus that tost a mountayne on his backe.
But Hercles lifted up himselfe amid his fyres all blacke,
With smoake besmeard his corps halfe burnt in shivers, gubs and flawes,
And downe the throate his gasping breath and flames at once he drawes.
Then to Alcmen he turnd himselfe : O mother myne (quoth hee)
Should ye so stand at Hercles death ? should you thus wayle for me ?
And thus betwene the fire and smoke, upright and stiffe he standes,
And neyther stoupes nor leanes awrye, but moves and stirs his hands
With al his lively gestures still, and thus he doth perswade
His mother leave the languishing and mourning that she made,
And did encourage all his men t' encrease the fyre than
As though he were not burning, but would burne some other man.
The people stoode astonished, and scant they would beleeve
That fire had any force on him, or that it did him greeve,
Because his chereful looke had such a majesty and grace,
And never wilde us meve the fyre that he might burne apace.
(And now when as he thought, he had endured pangues ynough,)
And stoutly bode the brunt of death, the blocks hee doth remove,
That smothering lay, to make them burne : then downward doth he shove
And where the stewing heate did chiefely scorch, and burne most hot,
That way he thrusts his frying lims, and thether hath hee got.
(With steaming countnaunce unapaulde his mouth now doth he fill)
With burning coales, his comely Bearde then blazde about his cheekes :
And now when as the sparkling fier unto his visage seekes,
The flame lickt up his singed hayre, and yet he did not winke,
But open kept his staring eyes. But what is this ? my thinke
Alcmene cometh yonder as a woefull wight forlorne,
With sighes and sobs, and all her hayre befrounced, rent and torne,
And beares the remnaunt in her Lap, of Hercules the great.

ALCMENA. PHILOCTETES

LEARNE Lordings, learne to feare and dreade th' unweildy fatall force,
This little dust is all thats left of Hercles hugy coarse.
That boysteous Giaunt is consumde unto these ashes small,
O Titan what a mighty masse is come to nought at all.
Aye me an aged womens lappe all Hercules doth shrowde,
Her lap doth serve him for a grave, and yet the champion prowde
With all his lumpe fills not the roome. Aye mee a burthen small
I feele of him to whom whole heaven no burthen was at all.
O Hercules, deare chylde, O sonne the season whilom was
That thou to Tartar pits and slugguish dens aloofe didst passe
For to repasse : from deepe of hell when wilt thou come agayne ?
Not to purloyne the spoyles thereof, or bring from captive chayne
To life thy friendly Theseus. But when wilt thou returne
Alone ? can flaming Phlegethon thy ghost in torments burne ?
Or can the mastiffe Dogge of hell keepe downe thy woefull sprite ?
Where then might I come see thy soule and leave this loathed light ?
When shall I rap at Tartar gate ? what Jawse shall mee devower ?
What death shall dawnt mee ? goest thou to hell, and hast no power
To come agayne ? alas why do I wast the day in teares and playnte ?
O wretched lyfe why dost thou last ? thou shouldest droupe and faynt,
And loath this dreary daye : how can I beare to Jove agayne
Another noble Hercules ? what sonne may I obtayne
So valiant to call mee thus (Alcmena mother myne) ?
O happy spouse Amphitrio, twyse happy hast thou bene
In entring at the dennes of death, and through thy noble sonne
The Devils at thy presentes quake to see thee thether come.
Though thou but forged father wert to Hercules of late,
Whether shall old beldam goe whom many kinges do hate ?
If any prince remayne with blody breast and murdring mynde,
Then woe to mee : if groning babes be any left behynd,
That sorrow for theyr parentes deathes now, now for Hercles sake
Theyr mallice let them wrecke on mee, on mee dyre vengeance take.

If any young Busiris be, I feare the Persians sore
Wil come and take me captive hence in chaynes for evermore.
If any tyrant feede his horce with gubbes of straungers flesh,
Now let his pampred jades unto my Carkasse fall afresh.
Perhap dame Juno coveteth on me to wrecke her yre,
And on us of her burning breast wil turne the flaming fire :
Her wreckful hand doth loyter now sith Hercules is slayne,
And now to feele her spurning spyte as harlot I remayne.
My valyant sonne is cause of this my wombe shall barrayne be,
Least I should beare another child as hardy as was hee.
Oh whether may Alcmena goe ? or whether shall she wend ?
What countrey or what kingdomes may my careful hed defend ?
Where may I couch my wretched coarse, that every where am knowne ?
If I unto my native soyle repayre among myne owne,
Euristeus is of Argos lord thus woefully forlorne.
I wil to Thebes where I was wed, and Hercules was borne :
And where with Jove I did enjoy dame Venus deare delight.
O blessed woman had I bene and in most happy plight,
If Jove with flash of lightning leams and blasing flakes of fyre
Had smolthred me as Semele was sowst at her desyre.
Would God that Hercles whyle he was a babe had rypped bene
Out of my wombe, then wretchedly I should not this have seene
The pangues and tormentes of my sonne, whose prayse doth countervaile
Even Jove : then had I learnd that death at length might him assayle,
And take him from my sight : O child, who wil remember thee ?
For now unthankfulness is great in men of each degree :
(That for thy sake I do not know where entertaynd to bee)
The curtesie of the Cleonies I wil attempt and trye,
Whom from the Lyon rescewde he and made the monster dye.
Or shal I too th' Archadians go where thou didst slea the boare ?
Where thy renowne remaineth ryfe of great exploytes before,
The parlous serpent Hydra heare was slayne, there fel he dead,
That with the flesh of slaughtred men his greedy horses fedde :
And yonder were the Stimphall burdes compelde to leave the skye,
And tamed by the handy toyle, now doth the Lyon frie,

And belketh stiffling fumes in heavens whyle thou liest in thy grave.
O if mankynd but any sparke of thankful nature have
Let all men preace to succour mee Alcmene thy mother deare.
What if among the Thracians I venter to appeare,
Or on the banckes of Heber floud ? thy prowesse every where
Hath succoured all these soyles : for earst in Thrace thou did put downe
The fleshy moungers of the King and put him from his crowne :
By slaughter of the salvage prince the people live in peace.
Where diddest thou denye thy helpe to make tormoyling cease ?
Unhappy mother that I am, a shryne where may I have
To shrowde thy coarse ? for all the world may strive aboute thy grave.
What temple may be meete to shryne thy reliques safe for aye,
And hallowed bones ? what nations unto thy ghost shal pray ?
O noble sonne what sepulchere what hearse may serve for thee ?
The world it selfe through flying flame thy fatal tombe shalbe :
Who taketh here this payse from me his ashes which I beare
Why loath I them ? imbrace his bones keepe stil his ashes here,
And they shall be a shield to thee, his dust shal thee defend,
To see his shadow, princes prowde for feare shal stoupe and bend.
Ph. O mother of noble Hercules forbeare your dreary playnt :
His valiant death thus should not be with femal teares attaynt.
Ye should not languish thus for him, nor count him wretched man
In dying, who by noble mynd prevent his destny can.
His chevalry forbyddeth us with teares him to bewayle :
The stately stomacke doth not stoupe : they sigh whose hartes do fayle.
Alc. (Ile mone no more : behold, behold, most wretched mother I)
Have lost the sheild of land and seas, where glittring Phœbe displayes
With whirling wheeles to foamy gulphes, and red and purple rayes
The losse of many sonnes I may lament in him alone.
Through him I lifted Kings to crowne, when crown my selfe had none
And never any mother livde, that neded lesse to crave
Of Gods, then I. I asked naught while I my sonne might have

What could not Hercles tender love like on me to bestow ?
What God would once denye to graunt, or what he held me froe,
Twas in my powre to aske and have. If Jove would ought denye,
My Hercules did bring to passe I had it by and by.
What mortall mother ever bare and lost so deare a sonne ?
Earst downe the cheekes of Niobe the trilling teares did runne,
When of her deare and tender brattes she wholly was bereven,
And did bewayle with strayned sighes her children seven and seven :
And yet might I compare this one (my Hercles) unto those,
And I in him as much as shee in all her impes did lose.
The mothers that are mourning dames do lacke on hed and chefe,
And now Alcmene shalbe shee deprivde of all releefe.
Cease woeful mothers cease, if that among you any are
Constrayne to shed your streaming teares by force of pensive care :
Ye Lady whom lamenting long of women fourmed rockes,
Geve place unto my gluttyng greefe, beat on with burning knockes
Ye handes uppon my riveled breast, alas am I alone
Enough for such a funerall to languish and to mone,
Whom al the world shall shortly neede ? yet streach thy feble armes
To thumpe uppon thy sounding breast thy griefe with doleful larmes,
And in despyte of al the gods powre out thy woeful crye,
And to receive thy flowing teares thy watry cheekes applye.
Bewayle Alcmenas woful state : the sonne of Jove bewayle,
Whose byrth did cause the dusky day in kindly course to fayle,
The East compact two nightes in one : Lo, lo, a greater thing
Then glorious day the world hath lost. now let your sorrowes ring,
Yee people al whose lowring lordes he draw to dennes of death
Theyr blades (that reekt with guiltles gore) he put into the sheath.
Bestow on him your Christall teares, which he deserved well :
Howle out ye heavens, ye marble seas, and goulphes with gronings yell.
O Crete Deare darling unto Jove for love of Hercles rore,
Ye hundred cityes beare your armes : my sonne for evermore
Is gone among the griesly ghostes and shimmering shades of hell,
Lament for him ye woeful wightes, that here on earth do dwell.

HERCULES ŒTÆUS

HERCULES. ALCMENA

Why Mother wayle you mee as tost in torments hoat of hell ?
Or plonged in panges of death, sith I among the Spheares doe dwell ?
Forbeare, forbeare to moane for mee, for vertue opened hath
To mee the passage to the Starres, and set mee in the path
That guides to everlasting Lyfe, whence coms this dreadfull sounde ?
Whence roares this thundring voyce, that doth against mine eares rebound,
And biddeth mee to stint my teares ? I know it now I know,
The darksome dungeons daunted are, and Dennes of Lakes alow.
O Sonne art thou returnd to me from Stygian gulph agayne ?
And can thou twise of ougly death the conquest thus obtayne ?
And brast the balefull prisons twise, of glum and gastly night.
Against th' infernall fyrrpes foorce prevayling thus by might ?
May any scape from Acheron ? Or dost thou scape alone ?
Hath hell no power to holde thy sprite, when breath from breast is gone ?
Or els hath Pluto baalde thee out, for feare least thou alone
Should cloyne his Scepter from his hand, and pluck him from his trone ?
For I am sure I sawe thee layde upon the burning trees :
And from thy Corps the flame and sparkes agaynst the welkin flyes :
That sure thou wast to poulder burnt, and feeble lyfe was lost :
But sure the deepes and pits of hell did not lock up thy ghost.
Why were the devills afrayde of thee ? why quaked Ditis grim ?
And did thy noble ghost seeme such a gastly bug to him ?
He. The dampy dikes of Cocitas coulde not keepe me from light.
Nor Carons fusty musty Barge transported hath my sprite.
Now Mother mourne no more : once have I seene the Hags of hell,
And all the stearne and steaming fiendes in dungeons deepe that dwell.
That mortall moulde I tooke of you to nought the flames have fryed :
Heaven hath the substaunce that I tooke of Jove : in fier yours died.

And therefore pawse your playntive teares, which parents use to shed,
When wretchedly they wayle their sonnes, that dastardly are dead.
Thus vulgar varlets weepe: loe vertue hopes the Starres to get,
But faynting feare stil dreames on death: from heaven where I am set,
You heare my voyce: Euristeus now shal byde the deadly push
With charyot sway his cracked scull ye shal on sunder crush.
Now must I hence advaunce my Ghost up to the rolling skyes,
Once more I daunt the devilles, and do the goblins grim aggrise.

ALC. But stay awhile my sonne: he fades and shrinketh from my sight,
Advaunst he is among the starres: doth this my charmed Spirite
Dote in a traunce? or do I dreame that I have seene my sonne?
A troubled mynd can scante beleve the thinges he seeth done,
But now I see thou art a God possessing heaven for aye:
I see it sure. I will to Thebes thy triumphes to display.

CHORUS

Lo vertue scapes the gastly shades of hell,
Ye noble peeres that shyne in vertue bright
Dire desteny cannot constrayne you dwell
Among the glowming glades of ougly might,
Nor sinke your fame in loathsome lakes of spyte:
But when deaths day drawes on the gasping howre,
You purchast glory shall direct your right
To fynd the passage to the heavenly bower.
When flesh doth fall, and breathing body dies
Then (Fame the child of Vertue) doth arise:
But sluggish sottes that sleepe their dayes in sloth,
Or geve their golden age to loathsome lust,
Them and their names the wretches bury both,
When as their bones shall shryned be in dust:
The clay shall cover their carkases forlorne,
As though such kaytiffes never had bene borne.

But if that ought of memory they have,
In thafter age it shalbe filthy shame.
The gnawing wormes torment not so in grave
Their rotten flesh, as tounges do teare their name,
That dayly kild to further mischiefe lives.
Lo both the fruites, that vice and virtue gives.

FINIS

Ovid.

Omne genus scripti gravitate Tragœdia vincit.